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ROBERT · SHACKLETON

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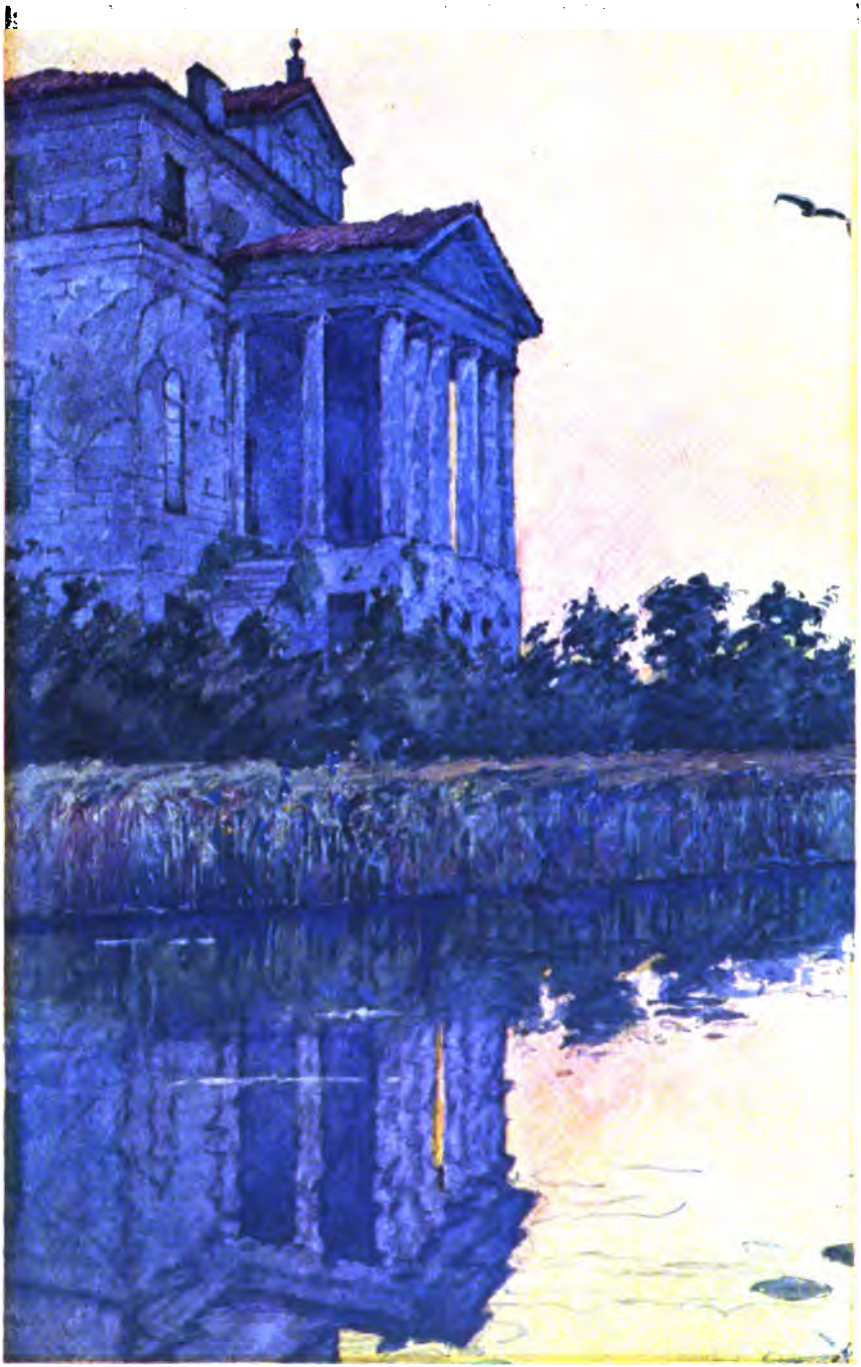

POPE.

THE FORGOTTEN PALACE OF MALCONTENTA

UNVISITED PLACES OF OLD EUROPE

By

ROBERT SHACKLETON

Author of "The Quest of the Colonial," Etc.

Illustrations by
WALTER HALE AND RALPH L. BOYER

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Unvisited Places of Old Europe

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UNVISITED PLACES

OF

OLD EUROPE

I. THE BEGINNING OF IT ALL

"YOU are the first American," said the hostess of the inn, beaming coincident hospitality, curiosity, and surprise; "you are the first American to enter this principality!"

And that was really the beginning of it; the incitement, the stimulus, the cause. For there comes a thrill, in the very heart of the old and traveled Europe, in learning that you are the very first of your own people to find out something new; something important and interesting and new. It made me realize the charm of it, and I felt that this should but

be the beginning of seeking out interesting and unvisited places.

And next day the feeling was conclusively confirmed, for the Governor called upon me and said, with a dignity which carried his full impression of the distinction of the fact: "You are the first American to enter the limits of Liechtenstein! We know of America, and letters come from America, for to your land some few of our people have gone, but never before has any one from America entered this principality."

Yet it is an autonomous, independent principality, nooked among mountains, between Switzerland and Austria. It gave me a new idea of the possibilities that lie before the traveler who wishes to find the unknown or little known, yet would like to find it in connection with the usual tourist journeyings, but has neither time nor money and perhaps not even the inclination to travel far from the usual paths. And the very fact that an unvisited place is near the beaten track gives a tang and a zest.

In Liechtenstein there came a keener pleasure, a finer savor of discovery, in the knowledge that the old white castle, perched precipitously upon its cliff of white rock, is every year seen from car windows by hundreds of Americans going past Liechtenstein on the other side of the valley.

There are two Europes. There is the Europe

visited of Americans and the Europe unvisited; the Europe known and the Europe unknown; the Europe of the well-traveled routes and the Europe so much away from them that, so far as the mass of tourists are concerned, it might just as well be non-existent.

And unless one visits the unvisited it is impossible to have a just understanding of what Europe really is; unless one goes where few or none, among travelers, have been before him, he misses the most subtile of traveler's pleasures. For the sake, therefore, of really knowing Europe, and for the sake of one's own enjoyment, satisfaction, gratification, both the unfamiliar Europe and the familiar Europe should be seen.

For Europe is more than the tourist hotels, the famous cathedrals, the dimly glorious Old Masters, the great cities; it is all these, and very properly these, but it is also life and customs that have remained unspoiled by thronging visitors, castles that have never known the footsteps of the traveler from across the sea, regions where one finds all the fascination of discovery.

And there is another and delightfully unexpected side. It is, that if one learns the charm of seeking out the unvisited or little visited, it adds so vividly to his experiences that ever afterward he seeks for the unknown even in the best-known places. Yield to the fascination of the long and lonely roads

of the Forest of Arden, and you will seek for the unusual in the very heart of Paris; follow the ancient line of travel into ancient Venice, and you will look with confidence for the unexpected along Fleet Street and the Strand.

But acquiring a love for half-hidden corners ought not in the least to cause one to lose his sense of proportion and belittle the places that are commonly seen. Because you come to know and appreciate the charm of Vaduz as one of the independent capitals of Europe, you should not underrate the value of such capitals as Vienna or Rome. It is the man who knows Germany best who will most appreciate Moresnet, the man who knows England best who will most appreciate the Scillys.

The charm of seeking out the little known is infinitely enhanced by the fact that it may so easily be done. For there is a vast deal of the unvisited that is readily reachable, lying as it does in an accessible seclusion, off the usual routes, but delightfully near. Yet the mistake should not be made of going to places that have remained unvisited because they are not particularly worth visiting; it is better to go to places that are of essential significance and charm. Fortunately there are many such places, and each discovery is an incentive to the search for more.

Throughout, in Liechtenstein, the first of my unvisited places of old Europe, I felt like a Colum-

bus. For a discoverer needs not to find an uninhabited region; it need only be new to his own people. Columbus discovered America, but the native American was there before him; Livingstone explored Africa, yet none the less there were Africans there before his explorations; and so any of us may truly discover a region, so far as we ourselves are concerned, even though we find the native Europeans there. The fact that I found Liechtensteiners in Liechtenstein did not at all affect the point of view of those Liechtensteiners that I was a discoverer, nor did it affect my own.

The old inn was delightful, with its floors of stone or of waxed and polished wood, and for the first day I ate in a delightful old room with walls of paneled wood that had long since mellowed to a soft nut-brown. The tables were hand-hewn and bare, and the chairs were products of peasant handicraft, not without sturdy distinction of outline. The hostess was eager to please the stranger, and I was given the best of the inn's few rooms, a room low-ceilinged, immaculately clean, with an ancient smell of wood-fires and beeswax, the beeswax being on the floor, and the wood-fire (for it was in winter) being within a great cube of stone, at the side of the room; an ancient stone stove, stoked only from the hall—the stoking being frequent and generous, with much dull and deadened noise of stirring poker and hurtled logs. There was *vin de Vaduz;* there was

peasant bread baked by the village baker from home-grown village-milled wheat—bread that made fragrant half the capital when the oven was drawn—there were vegetables that had been grown in the inn's own garden and stored in its great cellars. And there was the daughter of the hostess, the pretty maid of the inn, she of the black hair and lips of dewy red, and frock and apron in a harmony of brown and black, and a manner of shy curiosity as to the explorer who had ventured into Liechtenstein. It was charming to hear her prettily talk long-syllabled German, and still more charming to hear her chirp a pretty French, which she, like the other children of the principality, could freely learn at the liberal schools of the liberal ruler. In all, I felt as if living a traveler's tale of old, for all was so different from the usual impersonal service of these modern times.

With the coming of the second day I had to relinquish the delight of dining in the paneled room, and must sit in state in a stiff and formal apartment on the second floor, while the hot dishes, devotedly cooked for me alone, cooled as they were carried through cold corridors and up the stairs—a room, however, which gloried in shelves of fine old pewter. And I yielded to the change, for I saw that it was due alike to the dignity of the house and of myself; it was because of the call of the Governor, beyond which there could not be

greater local honor, for the Prince himself lives in Vienna.

When I add that the name of the Governor is Carl von In der Maur, auf Strelburg und zu Freifeld (I quote his card), that to his title of Cabinetsrat he adds that of Landesverweser im souveränen Fürstentume Liechtenstein (Governor of the sovereign Principality of Liechtenstein), and that he is the trusted personal representative of his absent Prince, it will not seem surprising that the innfolk and townspeople stood properly in awe, not only of him, but of any to whom he unbent.

I returned his call, and the day following that he came again to the inn, this time to cicerone me to the ancient Liechtenstein castle that stands in perched ruin far above.

To do proper honor to Liechtenstein and to America, we were to go in the Governor's carriage (the only carriage in the principality, so far as I remember), in full form, with coachman and footman in brilliant liveries, and it was amid the respectful awe of a group of gathered onlookers that we made our triumphal start.

But the road shortly became steep, and then steeper; it had really been made for a period antedating carriages, when men rode only on horses and trained their horses to climb like goats. Unobtrusively, the footman dropped off and fell in close behind, thus becoming a footman in fact as

well as in name. Up and up, higher and higher, steeper and steeper, the road mounted, and soon the horses were laboring so hard that the coachman was fain also to take the ground and coax and lead his panting pair of roans. It was evident that seldom before, if ever, had the horses been set to clamber up this mountain road.

Meanwhile, with fine detachment, the Landesverweser im souveränen Fürstentume Liechtenstein spoke, charmingly conversational, of this thing and that, of world-politics, of the splendid scenery, of my own journeyings and of America.

But the time came when he could no longer remain oblivious. "I am about to get out and walk," he said, "but I beg of you—"

But, of course, then I also walked, and thus, through groves of noble beech trees, we attained the splendid cliff and drew up in front of the castled ruin; yes, "drew up," for the horses were still with us, and liveried coachman and liveried footman were still with us, dignity demanding that there be no such weak giving up as would have been involved in halting twelve legs of the party on the mountain side and sending them back crestfallen to the capital; we drew up, I say, upon the noble cliff, beside the noble old ruin, and looked off at the noble view.

That was the beginning of it. Once tasting the fine flavor of untrodden ways, I determined not to be

content with a single success, but to find other unknown or little known places quite as important and quite as interesting. And from time to time, since then, I have sought such places out, without ever departing widely from the paths followed by those who go to London, to Paris, to Venice, to Berlin.

And in this book I write of some of the places I visited, reaching them by train, by diligence, by wagon, by little boat, by sledge; a number of localities that make an easy zigzag from Land's End to the Adriatic; localities that can be visited as a series or which can readily be explored on little trips just off the customary routes. And I found a never-failing joy in thus journeying about old Europe.

II. FINDING THE STRANGEST CORNER OF EUROPE

I HAD long been impressed by the bleak savagery of the Scilly rocks, the dangerous and desolate aspect that they offer to those who view them from the decks of the passing liners; the low black reefs, and the rounded, wicked heads of rock, some greened over with slippery growths, some bare, that seem to emerge and sink as the water goes over them; and so, when it came to me that there was another side to it all; that those rocks, so bare and black and ominous, so apparently uninhabited and uninhabitable, really sheltered a district glowing with a lush and tropical growth and lived in by a unique community, it seemed as if it must be particularly worth visiting. And it was.

I went there from Plymouth, leaving my steamer there and taking a train for Penzance, the sailing-point for the Scillys.

Plymouth itself no longer has anything of the past to show the visitor. It is a clean, comfortable,

pleasing little city, neat and new—far newer than the Plymouth of America!—but in connection with its harbor there are two impressions that will be forever memorable. For it was from Plymouth that the Pilgrims sailed to a future, for themselves and their descendants, beyond their wildest imaginings, and it was in Plymouth harbor that the great Napoleon, a captive on an English ship, had his first and last view of the country that he had so recently dreamed of conquering, but which was, instead, sending him from his empire of Europe to exile and nothingness.

From Plymouth to Penzance is a charming ride of eighty miles; and the English trains, of whose swiftness such wonderful tales are told, cover the distance in the dignified dilatoriness of from three to four hours. But you have no desire for haste; you are in England to see England, and this is one of its most picturesque regions; for the gardens and fields and trees, the hedges and winding roads, the gently rolling land, the houses of weathered stone, all glimpsed successionally, are a delight to the eye. From London the ride to Penzance is a little longer; take a night express, and you will leave London at nine and reach Penzance for breakfast, but it is more pleasurable to take a day train and reach Penzance in time for dinner. In fact, the wise traveler in Europe to whom time and money are important, seldom travels at night except between

England and the Continent, for so much that is of interest and importance, in any of the countries, may be seen from the car windows.

Penzance itself is a pleasant town, but when that has been said all has been said. In spite of operatic fame there are not even pirates there!—no, not even, so far as my experience goes, among hotel folk or shopkeepers. It is itself ten miles from Land's End, but there is no town nearer than it to that point of jagged rocks, and so, being the farthest of towns and harbors, it is the point of departure for the Scillys, and little steamers ply from the town to the islands several times a week; in summer for the English boarder and casual tripper, and in winter for the chief industry of the islands. Thirty miles out beyond the supposititious *ultima thule,* Land's End, and completely out of sight from where its sentinel rocks watch over the sea, the bleak-black islands lie; and there are somewhere from two score to two hundred of them, the computation being dependent upon whether a good many of the islands are classed as rocks or a good many of the rocks as islands. It takes some four hours or more to reach the Scillys from Penzance, and as they are right out in the ocean, with nothing between them and North America, the winds come sweeping with such force as often to rouse tremendous seas. I thought the passage over was rough, with the little steamer standing first on one end and then upon the

AT

other, but it remained for the return trip, some days later, to show what the sea thereabouts could really do.

But one ceases to notice the roughness when, out of the sea, there begin to rise rock after rock, and one low promontory after another; and finally the little boat is steered precariously between jagged reefs, and through a narrow passage, and into an interior island-locked bay, and up to the pier of the capital of the archipelago, on one of the five islands that are inhabited.

The islanders will tell you how, one morning scarce a dozen years ago, they awoke to find that in the night a fleet of British warships, without the aid of a local pilot and following only the leadership and signals of the flagship, had quietly entered through the narrow, reefed and rocky channel and lay at anchor there; and they say with awe (for, descendants of generations of sailors, they are themselves always ready to honor good sailing) that the captain of every British warship must be able to enter, unassisted, any harbor in the world.

And if you should say that it was not always so, even in the good old days of wooden walls, for the greatest of all disasters in English naval history happened on the Scillys because an admiral lost his bearings and ran his ships upon the rocks, they will hesitate for a moment, impressed, and then will reply that it is not precisely a case in point, for the

admiral was not steering to enter the haven, but was trying to avoid the Scillys altogether.

St. Mary's is the principal island and Hugh Town is the capital; a little, low-set town, looking out quietly over the land-locked water. There I landed, and I put up at one of the two little inns, and was fairly within the strangest corner of England.

III. IN THE SCILLY ISLANDS

HERE is fantastic, impossible England—romantic, preposterous England. Also, it is practically an unknown England. Rarely has an American come here except when wrecked, and usually, then, he has been in no condition to continue his journey, and has been fortunate if he was found and a stone placed over him. Even to most of the English the region is unknown. Add to this that it is tropical England, and even then the enumeration of its peculiarities is not complete, for it is a place of contradictions, of contrasts, of incongruities.

And the people set here in the midst of the sea, within barriers of bleakness, within these naked shores of windy desolation, are not principally followers of the sea. They are tillers of the soil! In the Scillys it is the unexpected that one must always come to expect. Beginning with the contradictoriness of being land far out beyond Land's End and continuing with the contrast of palm trees and savage reefs, not in the Indian Ocean, but here in

the North Atlantic, there comes then this further touch that the men of these sea-girt islands have little to do with things of the sea.

The government of the Scillys may be termed an absolute despotism. So the people consider it, and they like it, and they love to refer to their ruler as "the King." And this beneficent despot, this lord of the isles, this ruler who saith unto one man Come, and he cometh, and to another, Do this, and he doeth it, is plain Mr. Smith! It is the glorification, the apotheosis of Smith. In a land where rank is worshipped, no marquis or duke wields such unqualified power as does this simple "Mister."

And, marvels on marvel's head accumulating, he does not even own the islands. He is but lessee from the English government, and while lessee is looked upon as their lord proprietor.

He pays all the taxes, and thereby his people are inordinately pleased. True, they pay "rates" for roads and schools, but they draw a distinction, perhaps not always discernible by strangers, and for that very reason the more delightful, between these payments and taxes.

"What power does Mr. Smith possess?" I asked an islander.

"Oh, he has all power," was the reply.

"But what can he do to you?"

"We'd better be good, for he can do *anything* to us," came, in awed sincerity.

As a matter of fact, he can punish, as chief of the justices of the peace, to the limit of a few months' imprisonment, and if there is any right of appeal from his decisions the islanders have neglected to learn it.

But that is only a small part of his power. He wields absolute control over rents, leases, steamer-landings, all the pleasures and all the business of the islands. He is not reticent in expressing his will, and everywhere his will is supreme.

The people bitterly resent being called "islanders" —as if this were not pre-eminently what they are! Yet they equally resent all reference to their islands as "rocks." Their name, so they insist, is "Scillonians."

In the old days the Scillonians were not a farmer folk. They were, in order of importance, wreckers, smugglers, sailors, pilots, fishermen. Well may wrecking be considered the principal industry of the past, for the wrecks of the Scillys are numbered in thousands. Every rock has its remembered wreck or wrecks, and the number of unremembered wrecks is legion.

Steam changed the Scillys. Wrecks grew fewer. Steam fishing-boats competed too successfully with sails and oars. Few ships sought refuge in the roadstead. Poverty impended. And then, three-quarters of a century ago, came the advent of the first Mr. Smith, Augustus Smith, an uncle of the present lessee.

Augustus Smith was a wise, farseeing, arbitrary man; a beneficent tyrant. He instituted an iron rule, and exerted vigorous oversight. He ordained compulsory education forty years before it became the law of England. And education was needed. It was only a century ago, so old men say, that there were no books upon the islands except a Bible and a *Doctor Faustus*. The people decided to secure a new library—and sent to Penzance for another copy of *Faustus*.

This greatest of all Smiths was a miracle worker, in the sense, that highest and best sense, that a man can be a worker of miracles who is able to perceive the possible at the very heart of apparent impossibility. He saw that here and there in sheltered nooks the primrose and the violet grew wild and the wall-flower tossed its perfume to the winds, while snow fell swirling in London streets. But to him it was more than a phenomenon; it was an inspiration. It was more than a curious contradiction; it pointed out the way to give to his unprosperous people prosperity. If a few flowers could grow by chance on those windswept islands, a great many flowers could be grown by cultivation; whereupon he instituted the growing of early flowers for the London market. He showed his amazed people how to make the almost deserted islands to blossom with narcissus and jonquil and daffodil and lily.

He divided the arable ground into little holdings,

and taught the protective virtues of hedges and stone walls. And he decreed that no family should keep more than one son at home, to make his living from the tiny patch, nor more than one daughter to assist with the flowers and with the household tasks. Surplus sons and daughters were to go to sea, or the army, or the mainland, or find definite employment, or marry and secure little holdings of their own. Many were banished; but the grief and rage of the islanders gradually turned to devoted love, for prosperity came; and now, from early January and throughout February and March, the shipments of flowers are estimated only in tons.

And winter is the time for the seeing of the Scillys. True, the sea is rougher, and the night wind is more chill, but it is in winter that the splendid fields of flowers may be seen. They are not on every island; like the inhabitants, they are on but few, making of those few, to quote a Swinburne line: "a small sweet world of wave-encompassed wonder."

And Despot Smith did more. He planted trees and plants where there was but windswept heath. And what trees and what plants! Giant palms of the tropics; rhododendrons twenty feet in height; camellias flowering gloriously. There are bamboo and aloe and magnolia. Within his private estate, on Tresco, where he has wrought all this, are the crumbling arches of an ancient abbey, now tropically embowered, where anciently monks prayed in an

infinite bleakness. He has made Tresco a garden which, considering everything, is the most remarkable garden in the world.

But Smith died, and another Smith reigned in his stead. Like his uncle and predecessor, whose rule of almost forty years was despotism tempered and controlled by wise beneficence, the present Smith wields a similar power in a similar way. He does nothing illegal, and all is for his people's good, but in practice it is an anomaly. And as if with intent to accentuate the glorification of the family name, his forebears doubled his cognomen, he being not only a Smith, but a Smith-Dorrien-Smith!

For centuries islands predominantly of wreckers and smugglers, they are now islands of the law-abiding. Schools and lighthouses, churches and wireless telegraphy have come, but wrecks have decreased, and crime is rare. Yet there are no lawyers, the people having inherited deep-grained dislike of all legal procedure. The four subjustices, seldom disturbed by official duty, foregather every Saturday evening for friendly confabulation. The police force of the islands is never overworked.

That force consists, to be precise, of part of one entire man. The sole policeman is contrived more than a double debt to pay, for by day he winds the town clock, inspects sundry school and sanitary matters, sweeps the council-chamber, busies himself diversitively, and not until nightfall does he assume

the simple insignia of his rank. "A man must live," he says, with a futile attempt to veil his pride as cap is assumed and baton grasped. Proudly he parades; and when, once a year or so, he goes to the mainland with a prisoner requiring more than the simple restraint of the Scilly lock-up, it is with apprehension, for he realizes that he leaves an archipelago unprotected.

There is a town-crier, too. He labors with hands more than voice, for it is seldom that there is forthcoming the needful shilling. As with the policeman, there is no pomp or panoply. A cap, a bell (diverting juxtaposition), and he is translated indeed. The thatched roof of his cottage caught fire recently, and, while neighbors worked to save it, his own distress was deep, perplexed as he was as to whether to join the fire-fighters or for once go through the town shouting news that was worth while.

Seen from the ocean-liners the Scillys are but naked shore and windswept reef. But the liners are of vast interest to the islanders! They are far nearer to Scillonian life than is the nearest land. These sons of the sea not only differentiate line from line, but often ship from ship, and have come to know peculiarities of the courses steered by diferent captains—uncanny, this silent watch by these people who have the blood of countless generations of wreckers in their veins.

A taciturn, reticent folk; yet, coming to know

them, you will be told such tales as that, but a few months ago, one of the islanders saw, looming out of the close-clinging mist, a giant liner bearing straight upon his little patch of flowers. There was no opportunity for warning—but, by some miracle of swift reversing, the great steamer quivered and stopped, then slowly vanished into the deep, shivering grayness.

They point out, gravely and quietly, these folk, where they expect the next great wreck to be. Not by that flower garden; that was of the aberrant. Nor on the rocks beside that most exposed of all the lighthouses of the world, the Bishop; although there, years ago, a steamer from New York lost more than three hundred of its passengers. No, it is upon a certain obscure reef that the islanders expect some twentieth-century racer to rush; for the captains of that line steer too close to it, they say.

The talk one evening turned to tales of that great Bishop wreck. "The islands were covered with American money," croaked an old man who had dodderingly listened. My silence, thinking of what this vivid indirectness implied, seemed to them to imply criticism. "Why should we not have what we find?" said one, defensively. "It would only go to the government!"

As far back as the time of Henry the First there were royal grants of "the islands and their wrecks," and frequent was the phrase in centuries following.

With royal encouragement, why should they not be wreckers!

One Sunday, long ago, service was in progress when there came the cry of "Wreck!" The men started from their seats. In a moment there would have been a stampede. But they cowered back as the minister sternly thundered a warning. He strode to the door. There was a moment of suspense. Again his voice arose. "Let's all start fair!" he shouted, throwing off impeding cassock as he ran, while his congregation labored at his heels.

Most curious of all wrecks was that of a bark, with a cargo of beads, that went ashore more than two hundred years ago. Nothing was ever known of it, for only some unidentifiable wreckage and a single dead body were found—an uncanny custom of the currents is to carry dead bodies away—so, nothing was ever known but that it was a ship with a cargo of beads; and so generous has been the ocean with this treasure, that throughout these two centuries it has intermittently been tossing beads ashore, yet so frugally that the supply is not yet exhausted, for in a few minutes' search I found some that had been thrown there since the last search of the islanders.

Dire tales cling grimly to these reefs: of false lights, of lights extinguished at most bitter need, of shipwrecked men fighting off apparent rescuers and deeming the sea the less ferocious foe.

Upon St. Agnes there is a frightful cove which bears St. Warna's name; rock-hemmed, with merciless rock covering what ought to be a beach, and with nothing to relieve the rocky savagery. At the edge of the rocky shore is a well; and beside that well, in ancient days, islanders gathered, once a year, to pray to St. Warna to send them plethora of wrecks. They prayed for wrecks, those men, as the inhabitants of happier regions pray for harvests. They were sincere; and they deemed that the answers justified their faith—as, indeed, the number and frequency of wrecks in the old days of sailing ships might not unfairly seem to imply.

A religious-minded folk, judging from the sainted cognomens of the isles, the Scillonians must anciently have been. St. Helen, St. Warna, St. Mary, St. Agnes, St. Martin—such are names which the old-time devoutness applied.

And, grim though are the islands and their history, the Scillonians are not without a certain sense of salty humor.

A ship was sailing home from the Indies. The night was tempestuous and fog crept over the sea. The captain feared the Scillys. "Is there any one who knows the rocks?" said he.

A Scillonian responded and was given the helm—and suddenly there came a crash.

"You said you knew the Scillys!" cried the captain, furious and aghast.

"Yes; and this is one of them," was the reply, as the ship went shivering to pieces.

And the sombre tale of Sir Cloudesley Shovel is still told; of how, with a gallant fleet, he was sailing home from the Mediterranean and, nearing these reefs, was warned by a Scillonian of his crew.

But the admiral paid no heed. The weather was thick and foggy, and the admiral's bearings were lost, but he arrogantly refused to believe that there could be danger. When he was told that the Scillonian insisted that they were steering for the Scilly rocks he ordered the man hanged as an example to others who might mutinously hold opinions contrary to their officers.

The man yielded stoically to his fate, begging only the single boon that he be permitted to choose a psalm to be read before he died. The psalm was read, the 109th, with its maledictory lines:

"*Let his days be few; and let another take his office.*
Let his children be fatherless, and his wife a widow.
Let there be none to extend mercy unto him: neither let there be any to favour his fatherless children.
Because that he remembered not to shew mercy."

The man was hanged. In a little while breakers were discovered in the very path of the ships; it was too late to escape, and the ships were dashed upon the rocks with the loss of the admiral himself and two thousand of his men.

The admiral's body was tossed ashore, high in a grassy cove; but never afterward did grass grow on the spot where the body lay. A punishment, this—such is the naïve view-point of the true Scillonian—not for losing two thousand lives, but for cruelty to one of the islanders.

Alas, poor admiral! As if all this were not enough, he is commemorated in Westminster Abbey with so absurd a monument as moved Horace Walpole to the jibe that it made men of taste dread such honors.

Franklin, in his autobiography, records that just fifty years after the wreck of this great fleet the ship on which he himself was going to England was almost wrecked on the Scillys. It was midnight, and the captain was fast asleep; all sails were set, and Franklin, who was on deck, tells of how unexpectedly the ship was almost upon the rocks, and of how it was saved only by the dangerous operation of veering swiftly around with all sails standing. It was probable, he adds, that they were in the grip of the "strong indraught which caused the loss of Sir Cloudesley Shovel."

Behind the ragged-tempered sea, the wrinkled rocks, are long slopes covered thick with yellow gorse, with furze, with sturdy grass, with tossing fern. Rocks are gray with fungi and lichens in innumerable hues, and seaweed clings in endless variety. There are puffins and shags and terns; there are the

kingfisher and the giant cormorant. And gulls love to whiten the rocks like snow.

Inside the roadstead, the island-locked bay, are wimpling waves and stretches of white-gleaming sand; yet even this roadstead is often rough for small craft, and the people watch anxiously when the doctor is rowed over by twelve sturdy volunteers. As to dentists, there is none; although the teeth of the islanders give way early, owing, so they believe, to the preserved rain-water which they perforce drink.

Less than two hundred feet is the greatest height upon the islands, and yet from many a headland there is a far-reaching and delectable view.

Although the Scillonians have mostly ceased to be men of the sea, there are still splendid boatmen there, and it is a keen delight to go sailing with one of them. On a windy day, with the never quiet surf raging furiously, it is thrilling to be with him as he goes veering and tacking in and out and around with his flying craft, missing a deadly reef by a hand's-breadth and the next moment just escaping a foaming rock.

Right brave blood there is in these island folk. Charles, afterward king, found for six long weeks a refuge here from the Parliamentarians. Later, the islanders gallantly but vainly fought for royalty against a powerful fleet, and a stone fort of that period frowns over one of the channels. Another stone fort was built in the time of Elizabeth.

It was natural that this region should stand for

the monarchy, for legendary belief holds that the Scillys are all that are left of royal Lyonesse, the land that sank in the depths of the sea.

Lyonesse! There is magic in the very name. It stretched out from Cornwall, this land of Round Table history, and the Scillys were the projecting headlands or islands at the very end. Within the land that sank in the turbulent ocean were a hundred and forty parishes, so the old chroniclers aver, and one tells of seeing ruins far beneath the water. Seen with the eye of faith? Perhaps. And what a touch! Yet when mists of the mighty Atlantic close between Land's End and Scilly, even the most meagre imagination may be touched with venturesome insight, and even the dullest ear may hear the vague echoing of ancient parish bells. Curious, too, that from time immemorial the island folk have called the intervening sea the "Lioness," and that tradition has insistently pointed out the reef of Seven Stones as the site of the principal city of the kingdom. Where there is so much smoke of legend there is surely some fire of truth.

It is as unscientific as it is unjust to require that an ancient legend shall absolutely prove itself. Justice and science alike demand that a legend of a respectable appearance should be considered innocent unless it be proved guilty, and this more especially when it has so charming a savor of the saltness of time.

In the Scilly Islands

From Lyonesse King Arthur came; it was across the dales of Lyonesse that his followers fled when he was slain; and Lyonesse is inseparably connected with the story of Tristram and Ysolte, for Tristram was the son of its king. It is more logical to believe in the essential existence of a Lyonesse than to doubt. Geology notes the similarity between the granite of Cornwall and that of the Scilly rocks; and there are so many Druidical remains, so many rude stone crosses, as to point out the unlikeliness of these islands always having been so far from the mainland as now. And for some centuries historical records are scanty. There are also ruins of ancient castles and churches, but of these few vestiges remain. Fishermen and wreckers, finding blocks of stone ready to their hands, built these seats of the mighty into huddled huts.

One feels the fascination of what may have happened many and many a year ago in this kingdom by the sea. Walking at random, I came to a pathway on the top of a wall. Below me lay an ancient moat, long since dry. The pathway led me to a flight of stone steps, at the foot of which, in solid rock, were ancient grooves for the oaken doors and chain of a portcullis. An underground passage led from this sally-port, and opened upon a charming little garden, the ghost of a garden fronting the sea, where the ladies of the vanished castle whiled away the hours till their knights returned.

In a shadowed corner is an old stone bench, narcissus and jonquil grow rich and lush, and the enclosing wall dips straight down to the rocks and the restless water.

Tennyson wrote feelingly of "the sad sea-sounding waves of Lyonesse"; of its "trackless realms," of its glens, all "grey boulder and black tarn." And he visited Lyonesse. But local tradition retains nothing pleasant in regard to him; on the contrary, it holds only the memory of a bitter dispute with his landlady as to the cost of some broken china. It is a pleasanter literary tradition that fixes, upon the now deserted island of Samson, the ruined house supposed to have been the home of the heroine of that most charmingly named of novels, Armorel of Lyonesse.

There is no middle class in Scilly, and the good policy of this is evident from the standpoint of an absolute ruler. To compensate for the littleness of public power, there are many to wield it. Almost every man is councillor or justice, alderman or health officer, or has to do with rates, schools, police, or other department Lilliputian. And it keeps the people contented and proud.

With such a subdivision of honors one should expect the pluralist to be unknown. But herein lies another of the delightful contradictions. Not only does the policeman perform duties multifarious, but there is another man who is at the same time clerk to the guardians of the poor, clerk to the

FIELDS OF NORTHERN MID-WINTER FLOWERS

magistrates, clerk to the council, registrar of births, marriages, and deaths, clerk to the education committee, and officer to the coroner! Yet time often hangs heavy on his hands.

For centuries there has been a curious cosmopolitanism here. In the blood of the islanders there are strains from every maritime nation. The reefs took their toll of the Armada. Wounded British were landed from the battle of Bunker Hill. And from time to time the wrecked and the refugee made their home here.

But the cosmopolitanism of the living is as nothing to that of those who came so far to drown. They that went down into the sea in wrecks were of every nationality, of every variety of wealth and power, fame and obscurity.

Some of the old-fashioned headstones of the islanders carry the very flavor of the sea; such as the one which piously tells that, "Though he's been where billows roar, still, by God's help, he's safe on shore," and which concludes with the asseveration that "Now he's safe among the fleet, waiting for Jesus Christ to meet."

Ever, at Scilly, the thoughts return to wrecks. And frightful as are the waves in great storms, when deep calls unto deep, it is not from storm, but fog, that the greatest disasters have come. Scillonians themselves, before they became flower-growers, paid with usury the ocean's claims, and it

used to be said that for one Scillonian who died a natural death nine were drowned. And so fierce and treacherous are the currents that the strongest swimmer may be carried away before the eyes of the stoutest rowers. Recently, two boats, returning in company to the roadstead, chose different courses to pass one of the islands. One was never heard of again, neither men nor boat; for the wild current that had capsized and seized the craft had borne it and its sailors far out to sea.

These people, some two thousand in all, huddle upon these rocks like sea-birds in a storm. Their very capital, Hugh Town, has been inundatingly driven from its location, and even now is so exposed that it will infallibly be driven to move uneasily anew.

It is only those who love water who should go to Scilly. One is not permitted to shoot the birds; but one may fish and float and dream.

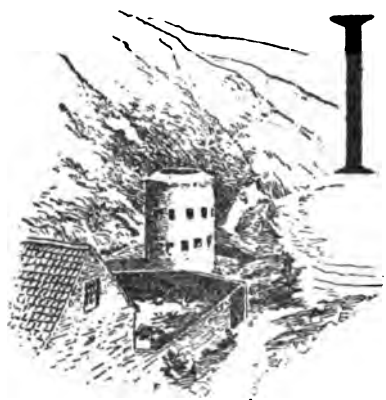
Often an icy wind sweeps over the flower-patches, and often, at night, a bitter chill creeps stingingly in from the sea. And, oddly enough—except that it is another of the expected incongruities—the picturesqueness of fact is not reflected in picturesqueness of appearance, for they look only commonplace. Yet their very commonplaceness makes it possible that men and women are here who have never traveled so far as the mainland.

Always, in the Scillys, romance seems near at hand;

it is a region to stir the heart and the imagination and give a tingle to the blood.

Yet much has suffered a land change. Ships' planking has been eagerly seized upon for fences. Now and then a prow becomes a gate-post. Ships' bells that sounded the knell of sailors now ring gayly for these dwellers on rock. And many a figure-head which erstwhile stood at the prow of some stately ship sentinels a gateway or stares impassively over a field of narcissus. For these people love figure-heads, and describe them with uncanny pride. This was from a Spanish ship; that, a Dutch; this one, a saint, bore to safety the sole survivor from a Portuguese bark. Thus the long list goes on. The estate on Tresco is particularly rich in this spoil of the sea. And, final incongruity of all, a noble Neptune watches patiently in the garden of that beneficent untitled ruler, Mr. Smith.

IV. GETTING TO GUERNSEY



IT seemed particularly desirable to go to Guernsey, even more than to Alderney or Jersey or Sark, those others of the islands that are still more French than English, although they have been in English possession since the time of the Conqueror William; for I understood that in Guernsey, to even a greater extent than in her sister islands, were retained the ancient ways.

And there are various ways of getting there. I might have taken a boat that runs, for at least part of the year, from Plymouth, but was told that it was temporarily out of commission. Steamers sail twice daily, except Sundays, from Southampton and from Weymouth, direct to Guernsey, giving passengers the choice of a ride by daylight or at night, the trip taking some four or five hours. But I learned that a little boat puts out twice a week or so from Cherbourg, and, as I had a steamer stop-

over at Plymouth, from the liner by which I had arrived there, and could conveniently arrange to be at Plymouth on the necessary day, I decided to cross the Channel from there and then take the Cherbourg boat. This insured, too, a pleasant crossing of the Channel, for however rough it may be for the ordinary boats, the big liners are seldom affected by it.

That matter of steamer stop-overs is one that is worth noticing. I found it convenient, this time, on my way to Cherbourg; another time I ran back to Plymouth from London and caught a liner to Hamburg, thus making a delightful and restful way of getting there; and the same thing may conveniently be done with stop-overs at Gibraltar and at Naples.

The steamer from Cherbourg for Guernsey was more tiny than the one that had taken me to the Scillys. A sudden storm had delayed its arrival for a day, and I watched it come bobbingly in. The captain, exasperated by having his schedule of sailings interrupted, exclaimed in picturesquely determined language that he would return at once, even though the shades of night were falling fast. Within three minutes, however, the deserting tide so left his boat in the mud, such being the excellence of vaunted foreign harbors for craft that venture to the piers, that, unsubmissively acquiescent to fate, he announced postponement until six in the morning.

An uncivilized hour, I protested, but he declared that needs must when a floatable tide drives. So at six I was there—only to learn that he was still fast asleep in the hotel I had reluctantly left! Yet I am glad I went in that particular way, for there was far more of amusement than annoyance in the man's declarations and shortcomings. And the very boat itself, so impossibly tiny for a rough voyage, seemed a joke. After all, too, we cross the Atlantic for things that are different. If all one looks for is a good boat, to run on time in an ordinary way, it is not necessary to leave America.

Cherbourg is an ancient city, in modern dress, which has hid its few vestiges of the past by tucking them out of sight and out of mind in narrow and forgotten back ways. Yet there is an extremely interesting exception, an old church, of the fourteen-hundreds, a church faded and gray with age and with an ancient inscription over its altar that carries a note of pathos in its patriotism, for in few and simple words it expresses thanks to God for the deliverance of the city from the long dominion of the stranger; meaning the end of a long occupancy of the city by the conquering English.

A spirit of welcome is permeative throughout Cherbourg; everywhere the present-day men of the city show no desire to be rid of the stranger, but to welcome him—at least, if he be an American!—and to make his stay comfortable.

At the hotel—and at different times I have found two in Cherbourg that are excellent—after learning that the boat was not to go that evening, I went to the writing-room. A cold wind was blowing in from the sea, and the room was chilly, and the fire, in an open fireplace, would not draw. It was a coal fire. It had been lit for me, almost the sole guest at an off-season time of the year, and was filling the room with smoke.

I rang, and a green-aproned porter made his appearance and looked with concern at the little fire and much smoke.

The fireplace was between the two front windows, and I did not see any signs of a chimney rising above. Nor was there any there!

The porter vanished, but with a sign that he would return. In a few moments he reappeared with a can of kerosene. "Ah!" I thought, "he is about to encourage the fire in the good old American way!"

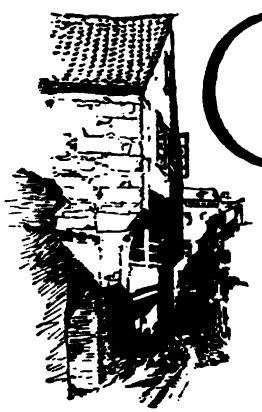
But it was the American way with French variation. For he uncovered a plate in the floor, right at my feet, in the middle of the room, and raising it, showed the flue, for it ran down from the fireplace and right across the room under the floor to the rear wall, and there into a chimney.

I watched the porter with fascinated interest. For he soaked a rag with kerosene, stuffed it into the flue, touched it with a match and clamped back

the plate, leaving the oil-soaked rag to burn; and then, with a look of ineffable but calm-faced pride, watched the coal in the fireplace until, in a few moments, it responded to the stimulus of the restored draft in the kerosened flue and blazed up.

The ride out from Cherbourg around Cap de la Hague and through the Race of Alderney is a never-to-be-forgotten experience, if taken in a tiny steamer at the tail-end of a storm. Even in the calmest weather there are currents and cross-currents that boil and swoop and rock and clutch and tear. Gilbert Parker somewhere terms this passage "one of the death shoots of the tides," and I should suggest the crossing in the bigger ships, from Southampton to Guernsey, rather than by the little boat from Cherbourg, for those who would not enjoy a fairly wild experience.

V. WHERE KING GEORGE IS STILL DUKE OF NORMANDY



GUERNSEY is only a few miles from the English coast; it is in daily communication with English ports; practically all of its intercourse, alike business and social, is with England; and yet King George is given allegiance as heir of the Norman line rather than as King of Great Britain. When, here in Guernsey, his accession was officially proclaimed, it was as Norman Duke as well as Indian Emperor and English King—and the people take it seriously, and not as an empty form. They bitterly resent any naming of their isle as one of the British, and equally do they resent being accounted French, for they are Norman.

Nowhere in the world do conditions so inexplicable exist, for there has not for centuries been a concomitant Norman environment to preserve the Norman tradition.

Magna Charta has never touched Guernsey; there is no trial by jury; there is a general absence

of supposedly indispensable adjuncts of liberty and good government. Many of the people still speak the Norman-French, which long ago vanished from Normandy itself. And, with Guernsey's fascinating survivals of the ancient, there goes a delightful charm of roads and coast-line, of flowers and houses and sea.

Now that Africa and the frozen Poles have yielded their mysteries, one wonders, at times, what is left to explore. For civilized man eternally demands the titillatory touch of novelty! And more marvelous than to find novelty in Africa or the Arctic is to find it at the very edge of England, just off that beaten path which is so submissively trod.

If I begin with William the Conqueror it is not that I am about to write history; I shall write only of the present day. Yet to do that in Guernsey is always to go dipping back into the misty past.

When they prepared to bury William in the great abbey church which he had built at Caen, a poor man fell upon his knees and cried aloud: "*Ha! Ro! Ha! Ro! Ha! Ro! A l'aide, mon prince! On me fait tort!*" ("To my aid! They are wronging me!") And the burial of the puissant duke and king did not proceed until the appeal had been listened to and the wrong set right. William had taken the man's land, so it appeared, in building the church, and, as is sometimes the way with great men, had conveniently forgotten to pay.

This Clameur de Haro, as it is legally termed,

this very perfection of injunction peremptory, had long been recognized even in William's time, and it is formally set down in the code which, compiled from the most ancient laws and printed at Rouen centuries ago, is still in daily use in Guernsey.

For the Clameur is no mere antiquarian dead letter. It is with dread that the conjuration is employed, for it is like the calling of spirits from the vasty deep, yet seldom does a year pass without its being heard. And when invoked there is no man, however high, who dares disregard it, for it would bring down extraordinary penalties from an extraordinary and arbitrary court.

It was but a few months ago that an unhappy citizen applied the injunction to one of the rulers of the island who was tearing down a building whose ownership was in dispute between them. He knelt upon the steps of the court-house, and his voice went quaveringly as he began the ancient cry, and then shrilled high and loud; and people stood about in silent awe until, the rite complete, the man arose, all trembling, and looked about him, uncertain and in fear. And the rich man desisted instantly, and when the court heard the case it decided for the demand of the poor.

I talked with both appealer and appealed against. "He had to stop," said the poor man, quietly; "he had no choice." "I had to stop when he cried *'Ha! Ro!'*" said the rich man, quietly. "I had no

choice." And this in the twentieth century, at the edge of England, because of the memory of a certain Duke Rollo, contemporary with the English Alfred, who was so stern for instant justice, with none of those civilized delays which make lawyers rich and justice difficult, that merely to call thrice upon his name (Ro being an abbreviation of its Norman form) had become incorporated as a legal proceeding of highest moment long before the time of William the Conqueror! And that there were a King Alfred and a Duke Rollo contemporaries, and that law could be superior to castle and sword, shows, too, that feudal days were not of unmitigated savagery. To hold men to be savages merely because they fought one another would lead to embarrassing conclusions even in these modern times.

St. Peter-Port, the capital of Guernsey, rises steeply from the sea, in red-tiled houses, narrow and gabled and tall, and upon a rock in the midst of the harbor an old castle sullenly thrusts up its walls from amid a rising huddle.

Not an ancient town, this; and yet, as you mount its streets, you see aspects of age in their wavering, doddering lines, and now and then you find old-time buildings with projecting stories nodding over the ways. Many a street is but a lengthening stairway of stone; and in its Sunday calm the town is lighted up by the red-coated soldiers marching in a body to church.

AN ENGLISH CAPITAL UNDER OLD FRENCH LAWS

Unvisited Places of Old England

Where King George is Duke of Normandy

Outside of the city there are Norman houses and Norman roads, and the green and glimmering hedges are Norman, and there are tandem teams so dear to Norman hearts, and Norman roses clambering over Norman walls, and Norman blouse and gown in red or purple or blue, and ancient white-capped women endlessly knitting just outside of Norman cottage doors. Guernsey, and not England, is the "mother country," asserts the islander, for Guernsey was Norman long before the Conquest.

Forty thousand people there are upon the island. They are not all of Norman type, business having led many others hither, and this but adds to the marvel of it, that forty thousand inhabitants, of mixed race, should continue under the control of laws ten hundred years old. For Guernsey is ruled by a court and parliament which date back their forms and powers a thousand years, and in which judicial and legislative functions are inextricably blended.

The island is divided into douzaines, each with its twelve douzainiers. A few of the douzainiers are also jurats. The jurats and bailiff (he being appointed by the Crown and having only advisory powers) form the lower and higher courts; and those of the higher court, with the rectors of the island, who are a politically powerful body, form the parliament or States. A few deputies, added recently, have not altered the conditions. Dou-

zainiers, jurats, and rectors—not clad in a little brief authority, these!—are all in office for life, and when a douzanier or jurat dies his fellows fill the vacancy. Never was there so striking a division into political "ins" and "outs," for those who are in can never fall out. And yet it is believed that the political machine originated in America!

There are few crimes committed in Guernsey. The knowledge that the accused is seldom acquitted acts admirably as a practical deterrent. And there is a very amusing side to it, were it not so serious for the prisoners.

The accused is first subjected to a private *interrogatoire* before he is allowed to see a friend or lawyer. The bailiff and two jurats searchingly question him, alone and uncautioned and unadvised of any rights. Indeed, a man accused has no rights that a jurat is bound to respect. "The private *interrogatoire* is often necessary for a conviction" is the way it was naively put to me.

The prisoner next appears before the *Cour de Police*. (Not the "police court"; for in this part of the English Channel French is the official language, in which every law is recorded, every contract made, every parliamentary resolution written. Even the parliament only recently resolved that English may be spoken when preferred, and now a meeting is a babel of tongues. In Guernsey a man becomes a linguist perforce, there being the English and

the Norman and the French. I even noticed the crowning absurdity of an *Ecole Wesleyenne;* one would think that that, at least, would remain English under the English flag.)

In the *Cour de Police* the unhappy prisoner finds himself facing the same two jurats and bailiff, who, having heard him in secret, are quite prepared to reward him openly; and they have brought two more jurats with them.

He had best be content, now, with whatever fortune gives him, for should he appeal to the upper court he is led from his cell through an underground passage up a straight and narrow stair, and finds himself, emergent, confronted by the four jurats and bailiff, who, with their minds quite made up, have brought along several more jurats for good measure. It is as cumulative as the nursery-house that Jack built, for the prisoner, all forlorn, finds that nothing which is added to the jingle is ever allowed to drop out.

Any person may be arrested on the bare word of a complainant, and no action for false imprisonment lies. A man's house is not his castle, for the police may search without warrant. *Ex post facto* laws may be made. A stranger, arrested, is not admitted to bail. The whipping-post is in constant operation (not, however, for wife-beating), and the punishments are precisely graded, as, from twenty-five to fifty strokes with a twelve-thonged whip, or

from eighteen to twenty-four with a vicious bunch of jagged twigs. In Guernsey mercy does not always fall like the gentle dew from heaven.

Indefinite imprisonment for debt is in force, even when there has been no fraud. There was but one debt-prisoner when I was there, however. And there is even banishment! It was but a few months ago that a long-time resident, convicted of forgery, was sentenced to an imprisonment of two months and a banishment of six years. Strangers may be banished if deemed undesirable sojourners. And all this in the Channel, in an island doing a heavy business with England in quarried rock and prosaic tomatoes!

Peculiarly a people, these, who must not throw stones, for that very tomato business has put more glass houses in Guernsey than are in any other place of similar area. And the island would have given a chivalrous revel to Don Quixote, for in every direction wind-mills are seen flinging their giant arms.

History here is suggestive rather than insistent. For people who so adhere to the old in customs there is a curious disregard for the old as expressed in buildings. So much has been destroyed that the past never obtrudes. There is never the sense that here is a history lesson that must dutifully be learned. To find details of the iron past one must scrape away the accumulated rust of centuries. Yet, for those who care for it, there is much to

summon up remembrance of things past. There are ruins on rocky headlands, and on isolated heights rising out of lone and level flats, and every solitary inlet has its tower of stone.

There are splendid views of cliff and sea, the water is tropical in its coloring, and by the lonely shore you forget that you are on an island of business and population.

Those who seek for memorials of "The Toilers of the Sea" will meet with disappointment. The haunted house still stands, and it still stands lonely on a cliff-edge, but it is prosaically altered and fenced, and is used for a signal station for ships. At Sampson, where Gilliat lived, not only have all reminders of the story disappeared, but it is a part of the island which business has made quite unpicturesque; a pity, too, for it is the only point to which electric cars run, and so every visitor naturally makes his initial trip in that direction. But even at Sampson there is a ruined monastery, built in the long ago by monks sent here on account of ungodly lives; and one wonders to what torturing use they put, those men of evil, certain deep-sunk dungeons within the rocky walls.

A high and violent tide is that of Guernsey. The sea goes sweeping out, laying bare bleak secrets for daws to peck at, and leaving ships high-stranded in the harbor; and then it comes hurriedly racing back, as if to catch some victim unawares.

To know any people one must know their monuments; and the fact that Guernsey set up a costly memorial to that Albert who did nothing to distinguish himself but be married to the Queen, shows the innate absurdity that one is all along expecting to find. For you cannot always take Guernsey quite seriously; it takes itself too seriously for that.

But they honor others far more than Albert. Where, as here, the footprints on the sands of time have been blurred and mingled by the centuries, such individual prints as are preserved gain thereby an access of importance; and so, when a right brave son of Guernsey fights a right brave sea-fight, they put up for him a shaft of ninety feet. And when a governor devotes himself to the making of roads they raise to his memory a shaft six feet higher than the other! It is as if the mathematical islanders figured it out that as ninety is to ninety-six, so is the fighter of fights to the builder of roads.

And many a road is a road of allurement. There are miles and miles of twisting, labyrinthine charm. Many of the lanes are so narrow that two wagons cannot pass. There are myriads of flowers. There are endless stone walls. Horses and oxen plough together, attached in anomalous fraternity. Men and women out of Millet's paintings go stoopingly together over the soil. Roofs are of time-stained tile and age-bent thatch. Cottages are tucked into

corners with that haphazard instinct which, when it is a true instinct, is so much superior to art.

In everything Guernsey is the place that is different. Men are of age at twenty; the weekly half-holiday is on Thursday; the gallon is five per cent. smaller than the English; cabbages grow so tall that the inhabitants dry and varnish the long stalks and sell them as walking sticks to English visitors; to reduce English pounds of weight to Guernsey pounds one must multiply by twenty-nine and divide by thirty-two; and one is given thirteen Guernsey pennies, expressed in terms of the "doubles" of its own coinage, for every English shilling. He who handles money in Guernsey is as certain of trouble as that the sparks fly upward, for there is a hopeless mixture of French and Guernsey and English coin, all of which is legal tender.

Is it tax-paying day or quarter day? Behold a long line of islanders with wagons, and other islanders with paniers, for great part of rents and taxes is payable in wheat and corn, in butter and eggs and chickens and eels; and contracts calling for chickens are likely to specify the minimum length of "queue."

Does a man wish to sell or devise his real estate? He is not a free agent. The eldest son has the right indefeasible to the house and to part of the land, and the other children have the right to the remainder. If there are no children, and the man makes a deed of sale, it must be publicly announced, and

any one of kin as near as the seventh degree may stop the transaction and purchase the land himself. One easily understands why land remains in the same families for generations.

A man dies, leaving personal property. It is divided into as many shares, plus one, as there are children; the eldest son selects two shares, and the other children choose one each in order of age—the original division, by a clever device to insure fairness, having been made by the youngest, who, perforce, takes the share that is finally left!

But the inhabitants themselves see nothing curious in all these things. They are merely matter of course, and the visitor learns of them only by patient inquiry and observation.

The other Channel Islands, alike remnants of old Normandy, have their own survivals of the old, but they are not nearly as strange as those of Guernsey. And Jersey and Alderney and Guernsey are jealous rivals in every particular, and especially so in regard to cattle and foot-ball. When Eve, in naming the animals, came to the cows, she remembered all three of these bits of land, and a most rigid quarantine against other cattle preserves the strains. And as to football: I saw the Guernsey eleven hailed with mighty acclaim returning from Jersey flushed with victory, and I saw the Alderney men come and play them; and all Guernsey was in excitement, and the Governor himself appeared at

THE FASCINATING SHORE OF GUERNSEY

the game amid clamor of band and acclamation of people.

The Governor, appointed by the Crown, has charge of military affairs. He may sit in the States, but has no vote. He may veto, but that power has practically lapsed through long disuse. Guernsey seriously holds that the British Parliament has absolutely no power over it; that the only power is with the King (the Duke of Normandy) and his privy council.

The high court meets with formal informality, turning readily from criminal cases to laws. Every law must be originated here to be passed on by the States later. And if any private citizen wishes to express his opinion regarding a proposed law he steps out, as I have seen one do, to a railed space, says his say, his neighbors meanwhile watching and listening open-mouthed, and then shuffles back with bashful haste, rubbing a reddening nose as he furtively tries to gain some indication of how well he played his part.

Purple gowns, and square-topped caps, and white "rabbet" ties are matter of moment to jurats and douzainiers and bailiff, with cognate question of ermine or silk or cloth inferior; but they are chary of wasting their regalia on the outside air.

A tranquil, placid, contented island, in spite of the Draconian severity of its laws and the Vehmgericht powers of its rulers. A law-abiding people, in spite of

the petty thefts requiring flagellatory discipline. A beneficent people, in spite of a firm dislike to give aid to those who ask for it. A fund, established over three centuries ago, yields five hundred pounds annually for the help of people who help themselves, and it expresses the Guernsey standpoint. There must be no begging. If an islander should beg he would be imprisoned instantly. A stranger, begging, is shipped to a point "as near as possible" to his home. And what that place may do with him is of no manner of importance to Guernsey.

This illustrates a certain canny quality that at times peeps out; as it does in the long lists of corporations whose headquarters are printedly supposed to be in lawyers' offices near the court-house, because articles of incorporation mean revenue for the island and advantage to the corporations—as in some of our own smaller Eastern States. And speaking of our own country, one is reminded of the fact that in Ohio there is a county of Guernsey, so named from a large emigration on account of financial troubles due to the Napoleon wars.

Though Guernsey has preserved her usages for a thousand years immutable, the end of their long dominion is approaching. Less than another century, perhaps only another decade, will see their obliteration. And with the passing of the old there will likewise be a passing of the picturesque. Glass houses are encroaching upon the bleakness of the coast,

upon the hills yellow with gorse, upon the paths zigzagging steeply downward to the sea. Quarrymen are blasting underneath the walls of ancient castles. The British Parliament has begun to inquire, with curious belatedness, what manner of folk these are who claim exemption from Parliamentary control and get along so comfortably without modern individual rights. And among the inhabitants themselves there are numbers, of stone and tomato interests, working quietly for a change; and, indeed, the nature of the rule of the potent signiors is disconducive to wide popularity among men who have lived under systems different.

And so, the long shadows are falling and the evening of Guernsey's romance draws nigh.

VI. A PENINSULA OF PATRONYMICS

RETURNING to Cherbourg from Guernsey, it might have seemed that there was nothing to do but go on to Paris, with possibly a stop at Caen or Beauvais; although it is seldom that the tourist stops even there, as his steamer-train takes him on a stopless run and Cherbourg itself is but a landing or sailing point.

And, so far as Cherbourg itself is concerned, there is little to interest the sightseer, unless he cares to become acquainted with life in an important provincial city. For myself, I came to like the people there, and the shops; I found a pleasure in such signs as "Perruquier" and "Chapeaux et Casquettes"; and in a peninsula whose greatest charm is in its reminders of England, it really pleased me to find a reminder of America—only with a difference!—for a smiling citizen, asking me for the time, explained, not that he had "left his watch with his uncle," but "*J'ai porté ma montre chez ma tante.*"

A Peninsula of Patronymics

That their ways and customs and frugalities are different from ours is a never-ending charm. One day, as I was looking out over the harbor at a great liner that had just steamed stately in, I noticed that into the water, from a point quite near me, there drove a little cart, crowded with big tin cans, and that these the driver proceeded to fill with sea-water, and, having done so, drove leisurely back to shore.

I wondered. It was the waterfront of a city: a land-locked, breakwater-locked bay; the water was assuredly not clean; but it was evident that I was not looking at a case of mere lacteal dilution; the fact that salt was in the water and publicity in the view shut out the supposition of its being a Frenchman's milky way; and so I made query as to what it really was.

"Oh, that is only a baker's cart," was the indifferent reply, familiarity having taken off the edge of possible surprise or disapprobation.

"And do other bakers do the same?"

"Yes, indeed."

Salt is very dear in France, being an important source of governmental revenue, and so bakers carry sea-water to their bakeries for the sake of the profit in thus getting salt for nothing.

And there are customs more romantic, just as interesting, and less utilitarian. When, one evening, I met a veritable Rembrandt picture on a lonely

street, a Night Watch, with ten or a dozen soldiers, some armed with guns, and the others like policemen, hand-free for the easy seizure of offenders, I felt that even in Cherbourg one may step back into the ways of the distant past, and especially did I feel this when told that this military Watch patrols the streets till daylight, in supplement to the activities of the few real policemen of the town.

But in the country round Cherbourg I found a greater and keener pleasure. I knew that from the peninsula of the Cotentin, on which Cherbourg is situated, came many of the best of the soldiers of William the Conqueror, and when I also learned that there were in that neighborhood numerous little ancient places still bearing names made famous in English history or inseparably associated with English life I set about discovering some of them. And it was a fascinating quest. Humble places, too, all of them, and this added to the interest. Cherbourg itself, the only important place of the Cotentin, figured in the Conquest with a Count of Cherbourg, but, unlike many of the humbler men, he left no mark on English history, although the name itself, of Cherbourg, is understood to be perpetuated in the English Scarborough.

In merely going along the roads of this region there is fascination, for over these very roads many of the conquerors of England used to walk or ride, so many centuries ago; and upon this water they

used to sail, those men—not the "English" Channel, but merely *La Manche*, "the" Channel; for in repudiating the arrogance of "English" there had not been shown the opposing arrogance of "French."

I have seen, from the Norman shore, the Channel all a level stretch of glorious greens and blues, with the blue sky overhead and the white forts looking out over the water; I have seen it roaring tumultuously against the rocks and dashing up great clouds of spray; I have seen a fleet of French warships there and heard the bugle calls come over the water; and always I have thought that this is the sea upon which William the Conqueror looked, this the sea across which he sailed with his many thousands of men, and his vast number of little boats, and his own particular ship, Spanish-named the Mora; though why a man so intensely Norman in spirit and so watchful of signs and omens should have chosen a Spanish name for the flagship of his expedition is most curious. I have thought that upon these rocks the wives and children of the men of the Cotentin stood to see the men sail away to the gathering place for the English expedition, and have wondered what they thought. And what they certainly did not think was that humble names of the Cotentin should come to mighty prominence in the unknown land; that their local names should become common family cognomens of England.

From the Cotentin went Percys and Grevilles, here were Devereux, Tankervil, Talbot, Mortimer, here were Kirk and Fleming and Mowbray, Neville and Pierrepont and Hay, here was Vernon, here were Bedfords, here was Vere, here were St. John and St. Clair (no wonder they are still pronounced, in England, Sinjen and Sinkler!), here were Beaumonts and Montagues, and from here went the Bruce.

It is fascinating to find, too, that in the Cotentin there are both a Tessy and an Urberville, and that a Hardy (Hardi) figured prominently in one of the early French battles of the great Conqueror. And I have met a Tess, looking as she is described in the novel, and driving, as Tess drove, in a high-wheeled cart in the dim light of just before the sunrise.

To learn and see what I wished to learn and see, to seek out the places of origin of some of the Norman-English names, I did not rely upon the railroad. First of all, I aimed to go to the very point of the peninsula; still called, by the French themselves, the loneliest and least frequented part of all France! And I found that the best way to get there was by diligence. Now, by far the greater number of Americans never imagine that the diligence, for practical travel in Europe, still exists; but in quite a number of places I have found, in seeking out the particularly picturesque, that the local diligence may be a most convenient aid.

A Peninsula of Patronymics

And so I took a dingy diminutive diligence, early one morning, out from Cherbourg. It was a raw and chilly morning, and there was a drizzly rain, and it was very, very early. In fact, travel in Normandy is apt to be travail! Local trains come in before dawn, and the passengers, after having sat and jerkily dozed for hours in uncomfortably small compartments, may have to continue their journey in an uncomfortably small diligence.

The one that I took in beginning my expedition of discovery was certainly of small enough dimensions to be uncomfortable, for it was so low that one had to stoop, and so narrow that knees were an incubus, and there was such an absence of ventilation as almost to put me out beside the driver in spite of the chilling rain. Always, on a diligence, except when there is a rainy reason, I secure the seat beside the driver, to have fresh air, and to see the country, and to get information from the man who can tell you so many things you want to know. But this was a day for an exception, and inside I went; and found that my only companions were to be a man of seventy and a shyly pretty girl of seventeen; and with these, the diligence ride, far from being uncomfortable, was a constant pleasure.

The man was simple-hearted and delightful. He spoke to me courteously as a stranger. Then his face became aglow with communicable news. "The great Lafayette went across the ocean to help

America!" he said; and he became almost inarticulate with joy when he realized that I had understood him and when I replied that Lafayette was the friend of Washington; for, peasant though he was, he had heard of Washington. His genial old face beamed as he turned to the girl. "He understands me!" he said, exultantly.

Then he essayed again: "It was, monsieur, a Frenchman who made a great statue for the harbor of America," he said, and fixed his eyes upon me, eagerly intent, to see if again I comprehended. And when I told him that I had but recently seen the Statue of Liberty, and tried to give him some idea of its appearance, and when, following this, I mentioned that Bartholdi had also made another statue for New York, and that it was the statue of Lafayette, the friend of Washington, he could only look from the girl to myself and myself to the girl with an awed pleasure that it was a delight to behold.

Then he took from his pocket his precious pocket-piece; this, he said, I, his friend from America, must accept from him; and with real dignity he offered it to me: a copper coin of Louis XVI, of 1792, the year of the king's captivity and the abolition of royalty.

"And this," said the pretty girl, blushing, "monsieur l'Americain will surely accept from me as a memento"; and she shyly gave me a silver coin of Napoleon, of the time of the Empire.

It was literally an embarrassment of riches; I certainly did not wish to take their prized pocket-pieces, yet they both—they were not father and daughter, but were strangers to each other—insisted that they would be grieved if I did not; "desolated" was the old man's word.

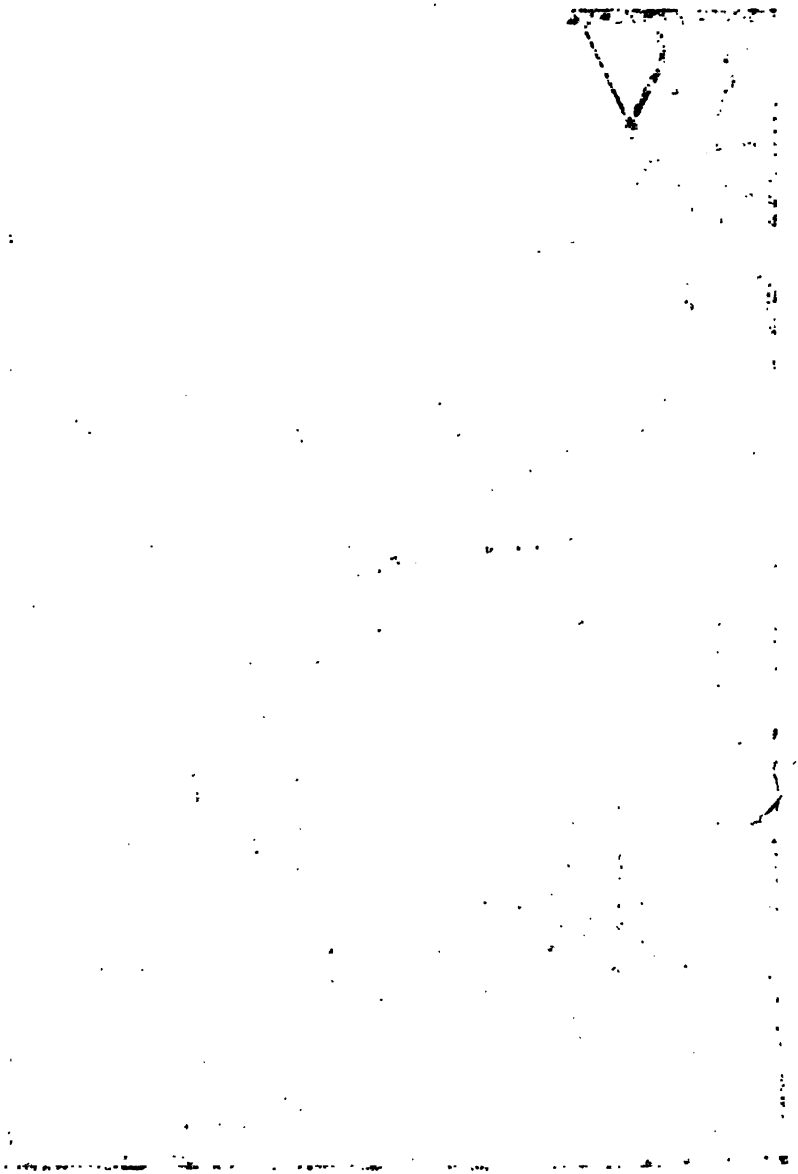
It was a delightful drive, and none of us minded the stuffy chill of the air, the windows that could not be opened, the slanting rain that drove drearily down; for we talked together, they of Normandy and I of America, with friendly laughter when there was halting or misunderstanding and with patience in picking out meanings; and somehow we learned much of one another's lives, surroundings and thoughts.

For one of the things that a traveler should early learn is as much of the language of the country he is visiting as possible. But it is still more important that he should realize that with but little knowledge of a language he can, if he have confidence and readiness, make himself understood. No European is ever rude or surprised at a visitor's limited knowledge of his language. In America foreigners are looked upon as subjects of barely tolerant amusement if they do not pronounce every word correctly, but when Americans go abroad their shortcomings as to language are not in turn viewed critically, and foreigners are quick at understanding. Manage to say half that you

mean and they will guess correctly at the other half. Always have with you a dictionary of the language—French, Italian, German, according to the country you are in—a double dictionary, with words in English for one half, and words in the foreign tongue for the other. Then when you come to a halt for a word, turn to the dictionary; or, when your interlocutor cannot give a word that you understand, show the dictionary and have him or her point out the word, and then you will read its English meaning. It is amazing what progress you can make, what a range of subjects you can discuss.

That dripping day, as we rode out toward the end of the peninsula, passing rain-swept villages and gray-misted fields, we learned how much a little friendliness may brighten dull hours, and at Beaumont, with the sun coming out and the clouds breaking away and the rain ceasing, we parted like old friends.

It was at Beaumont that our trip ended; a name sufficiently Anglicized in the course of the centuries, while at the same time it has remained a family name in France. A one-streeted old town of white-shuttered gray houses is Beaumont, with an interesting ancient church, with oddly round-topped tower, and an inn where the service was delightfully simple and old-fashioned; where a line of candlesticks, remindful that the day of primi-



A Byway in a Norman Town

tive lighting has not yet ended, stood on a shelf in the sitting room for the use of guests setting bedward, and where, in short, as the inn-sign had it, there was "*Logé a Pied et à Cheval,*" lodging for foot and horse; this sign pleasantly alternating, in the Cotentin, with "*Herbage les Bêtes de Passage*" —although, except for the diligence horses, there are few "beasts of passage" ever seen in this particular corner of the peninsula.

I noticed when my luncheon was served that there were still in use in the inn, along with more modern dishes, some pieces of old-time copper lustre. The landlady did not prize them. They were of English make, did I say? She had not known; she knew only that they were from her mother; and so, at a very moderate cost, I carried away with me the few pieces still unbroken (a sugar-bowl, a jug, a cup and saucer), to add to my china collection at home; for the collector must always be ready to discover what he wishes even in an unexpected place—and must also be watchful against imitation pieces. But one need not fear imitations in regions unvisited even by Frenchmen themselves, and especially when the price is less than that for which imitation pieces are made. And perhaps I should add here, for it is in the line of what the visitor to the unvisited may find, that at other points in the Cotentin I acquired some specimens of another kind of pottery, some bowls

of a rare Norman ware in dullish-white and reddish-brown.

Beaumont is in the midst of great bleakness and loneliness, and not far away, and reached by a rough and winding road, leading through a succession of "*landes*," as they are termed, is Greville; these *landes* being stretches of bleak moorland thick-grown with a prickly and yellow-flowered shrub that grows freely in the poor soil and is utilized as fuel by the people and especially by the bakers!—a class, as will be noticed, who have even more than the usual Norman share of thrift.

Most of the Cotentin is of lush richness of soil and growth, with little fields where fat, sleek cattle graze, but this particular section is mostly desolate, and the principal industry is fishing, though even here there are fields where cattle may be seen and where the *vachère*, the cow-girl, goes with her easy stride with the great brass jug, delectable of shape, perched, full of milk, upon her shoulder; or one may see her, out in the field, milking a cow right into this narrow-necked jug, such being the custom of the country.

Greville not only bears a name that has become well known in England, but has a still greater distinction, in that it was the birthplace of the mighty Millet, the peasant-born painter of peasants. And there is a monument to him here; an unheroic, inartistic figure of a man, sitting gingerly upon

a leafy seat as if there were thorns among the leaves.

Out in the middle of a bare field, and then in another and another, I noticed stone posts, and they looked so interesting and old, discolored as they were by the weather of centuries—for everything is remindful of centuries here!—that my mind went at once to possibilities Druidical or Roman. "But no, monsieur; they are for the cattle, they; for the cattle to scratch against; and when they scratch themselves with freedom, monsieur, with an energy, we say that it will rain. And when rain is coming, often the beasts will go to a corner of the field and they will turn their heads away from the direction in which the rain is to come, and we say that the rain will come in from the Manche or that it will be a landward rain."

Out toward either of the principal points of the peninsula, the Nez de Jobourg or the Cap de la Hague, the bleakness of the landscape increases, and the diminutive fishing hamlets are set in a great bare shore; but the fishing folk, men and women alike, with their curved fish-baskets fastened at their waists, or their fish-hampers standing ready for a trip, are friendly and gossipy and companionable, ready for a smile or a pleasant word, as if in instinctive defense against the dreariness that surrounds them.

One must not always expect to find names spelled

in Normandy precisely as they are spelled in England; one must seek for Kirk in Querqueville, for example; but often the names are the same or almost the same. And I shall not describe many places in detail, for over and over it would be but to describe a tiny huddled town or a shapeless ruin. But there comes with particular insistence the pleasant memory of Becquet, a fishing village on the shore not far from Cherbourg.

Thomas à Becket was half Saracen, for his father, a Crusader, had fallen in love with the daughter of the Emir of Palestine, and she had loved him in return. But they were separated, as he thought hopelessly, for she was placed under close restraint, while, as for him, sickness and wounds sent him back to England an unhappy man. But the girl escaped, and set out for England, seeking him, knowing nothing but his first name, Gilbert, and the name of "London"; and she found him!

The fiery-tempered Archbishop of Canterbury was their son; of partial Saxon descent, some have said, but his name was Norman, as was his fierce earnestness. Norman, with Saracen and Saxon mixed—no wonder he ruled England and that his violent death stirred the world for centuries!

So it was with peculiar interest that I went to Becquet; and I was none the less interested that I found it but a few houses, a clustered conglomerate of weather-grayed stone, huddling on the water-

side where the surf comes rolling magnificently in over rocks and jagged reefs. A protecting wall of huge-blocked stone shelters the harbor, which is just big enough for a few fishing boats, and that some of the huge stones have been tumbled and displaced tells vividly of the storms that come whirling against this coast.

I sat down at a table in front of the fishers' inn, and found that there, as everywhere in Normandy, the cooking was palatable—a trait the Normans omitted to take to England with the Conqueror!—and beside me, at another table, were seated a couple of lovers, as devoted to each other as were the father of Thomas and the Saracen girl, though my couple were but the humblest of fisher folk. Lovers they, although married for probably fifty years!—both of them myriad wrinkled, she white-capped and he blue-bloused, he as devoted as a youth, she as affectionate as a girl, and both with the shining eyes of love.

They carried their own luncheon—dry bread and snails—and each grasped firmly in the right hand the working knife that is the Norman peasant's knife and fork and spoon. And they ordered cognac and coffee, and the woman laughed and put half her cognac into her own coffee and the other half into the coffee of her husband, and their cheerful words, their cheerful happiness, their unfeigned and simple pleasure in each other's company

were good to see. Intently they watched a little girl, a stranger to them, but full of interest none the less—it was long since they had had little children of their own—as she played a solitary little game of hop-scotch with a flat pebble which she skipped through mazes marked upon the ground. Few things are older than the games of childhood, and I did not doubt that little Norman girls played solitary hop-scotch just like this centuries ago.

It was Easter Monday, and the old couple were bent on enjoying the holiday to the utmost. I noticed that they whispered together, he proposing something with the boldness that goes with a mighty suggestion, she shyly protesting, urging doubt, yet with eyes aglow with happiness that her husband should wish to do so great a thing! And I saw that he put aside, with smiling triumph, the remonstrance that could not veil her longing for the treat, and I heard him boldly order it—a flask of white wine; not an expensive treat, as rated by the world; it cost less than a franc; and yet it was clearly such a momentous and unusual thing for them to do with their slender pocketbook.

It was the man who took the responsibility and gave the order, but it was the woman who paid. Indeed, it is the woman who pays—but not in the ancient proverbial sense—throughout Normandy, although at the same time she is apparently and

ostensibly the weaker half of creation. For it is the woman who carries the purse.

Women in Normandy are frankly the inferiors, and as frankly accept the position—yet somehow they manage to manage things! They are often railway ticket agents, they are often flagmen—flagwomen!—at crossings, and may be seen, with apron clean and hair carefully brushed, proudly holding the flag while the train passes by. Often you will see women driving the market carts; and, following the world-wide tendency, if a woman is alone upon the seat she sits squarely in the middle, instead of, like a man, at one side. Women work in the fields; they help to handle and clean the fish when the boats come in. I have seen women—not a pretty sight—working as street cleaners in Cherbourg in a wet and chilly dawn.

And always the peasant woman carries the purse; when in a shop with her husband, as with the old couple at the inn, it is she who pays—and she who has the last word! The peasant women, the farmer women, look happy, doubtless are happy, in spite of the inferiority of which they have so evidently made essential mastery.

There were ancient words in Normandy, other than names, that are familiar in England, and it was like meeting old friends to come upon some that figure freely in the old-time novels. "Gammon" is here; although, of course, it is but "jam-

bon"; and the rolling "gramercy" comes readily in recognition of special kindness. I have known a tip of six cents for a trifling service, to fetch it, and once, when a young man specially obliged me and a tip of a franc was his meed, there came such a splendid "Gramercy!" with long-prolonged accent on the first syllable, as could scarcely have been expected had the tip been a Napoleon.

Although the characteristic Norman temperament is one that displays hospitality, and especially, I take it, to Americans, the people do not, as a rule, open their hearts to strangers; I was fortunate in meeting with unusual cordiality, and always, beneath the cordiality, there could be discerned the basic sternness, the aloofness, of an all-conquering race; and also a not infrequent hardness as well as hardiness. On the whole, they suggest *fortiter in re* rather than the anciently companioned phrase of *suaviter in modo!*

There is little of dancing, little of music; sheep and cattle are often cruelly hobbled, and the dogs of Normandy are a cowed race, with too many of them chained. Yet it is no contradiction to say, in spite of this, that, on the whole, they are a kindly race; I merely set down that they can be hard as well as kind. And as to hardiness, no further proof is needed than that it is the custom to take newborn babies to church for baptism when they are less than a day old; when, indeed, they may have

had but three or four hours of life!—the father walking exultant by the side of the *bonne*, whose face is one broad smile above her white-clad burden—and the day perhaps a day of drizzling cold. No marvel that Europe was at the mercy of the Normans—no wonder the ancient Norman prayer ran: "O Lord, I do not ask you to favor me with good things, but only to tell me where they are, so that I may go and get them myself."

And the thought comes of that day in the English Parliament less than a dozen years ago when the First Lord of the Treasury rose to demand that the custom of using the Norman tongue by the King of England, in approving or rejecting a law, be forever ended, whereupon the Prime Minister replied that it was impossible to do away with a custom so based upon historical tradition. How the Norman still rules!

An independent folk are those of the Cotentin, and of a stern directness. "Is a man poor?" said a farmer to me one day. "Then it is because he will not work! A man who will work can live." And, after all, it is a farming, grazing, fishing country, full, therefore, of opportunity. It is a region where most of the people, though far from what may be called independently rich, are at least in the highly desirable condition of being independently poor. Here and there is a château, towered conically, avenued magnificently, with spacious grounds, en-

vironingly walled, but the typical homes of the countryside are the farmhouse and the cottage. It cannot be said that the richest is poor, but the other half of the familiar couplet is possibly enough true, that the poorest may live in abundance.

It was in a different direction from the coastwise points, in a rich country inland from Cherbourg, that I came upon the original home of the Montagues, or Montaigu, as it is here spelled; a name famous in English history and associations, yet here represented by a tiny church, an ancient graveyard, a petty village, and a few huge stones scattered and almost buried in the soil, marking where stood the ancient castle of the Montaigus; all set upon a low-lying hill.

Small though the church is, it has at least the dignity of age, and it stands among beech trees that are gnarled and twisted and moss-grown by time. The interior of the church, never impressive or beautiful, has been whitewashed into utter commonplaceness, save for the interest which a few old inscriptions give and that which goes with any ancient building in this ancient land. The neglected graveyard, with its stone wall grayed and greened with mosses—the mosses so thick that one can scarcely see that there is the wall beneath —gives an unmistakable impression of great antiquity, even though there is no very ancient inscription legible. In the center of the graveyard

A Village of the Cotentin

A VALVE OF THE CONTAIN

stands a squared-in vault, some fifteen feet by twelve and a trifle over six feet high; a stone-walled vault, that has always been without door or window, always open to the sky, without a roof. A couple of stepping stones, set into one side and a few inches projective, are the means of reaching the top of the wall. Erect upon one corner stands a canonical Chrysostom in stone, three feet in height; at another corner stands a plainer saint with a book; at another is Peter with his keys; and the fourth cornered saint has vanished into that limbo into which all, whether saints or sinners and of flesh or stone, in time must go.

Down at the bottom of the walled-in space I saw vines and moss growing in lush lavishness; and the cause was evident, for fully twenty skulls lay whitened there; and each of those that was turned upward had upon it that awful skull's grin, which seems to find such humor in the joke of Death. It was a grisly thing to come upon; and that I was alone, and that a drenching rain was sending drenching streams down through the black and ancient trees upon the ancient stones and into this dismal vault, added to the grisliness of it all.

The grim receptacle, evidently replacing an earlier one, bears an inscription two centuries old, asking for prayers for the soul of the man who built it. It has not been used in recent years; the ancient custom has fallen into abeyance; the

priest was absent, and a few peasants from whom I asked for information could only shake their heads. "It was, monsieur, that bodies were put there"; that was all, and how and why the custom originated, and why the skulls and bones were not buried when the custom ended, they could not even guess. I did not follow up the quest; it was really more effective, more impressive, as an uncanny thing come upon with entire unexpectedness and left entirely unexplained.

Among the picturesque customs of Normandy there is one that should specially be considered by any who look into the influence of one side of the Channel upon the other, for this custom, though it has nothing to do directly with English names, has at least a great deal to do with the most prominent of all Englishmen—the King himself. It is a custom which is typical of not only Normandy, but of all of France and of Italy, yet, strangely enough, it never obtained a hold in England, the country that it has most of all influenced. And it is the custom of washing clothes.

For the washtubs for the clothes of Normandy are, just as they were before the Conquest, the running streams, or little slab-lined pools at their edges; and that the drainage of a village or of many villages is mingled with the water has never been held to be a disadvantage. The women and girls kneel confabulatively, on rows of stones laid

just in the current of the stream, or around the more popular and unsanitary pools. Washing clothes is a sociable, gregarious, conversational rite. Seldom have I seen a woman washing alone. The cleaning of the clothes of Normandy seems to demand companionship, and it is a pretty sound to hear the humming buzz of the talk and laughter, and it is a pretty sight to see the dark hair and flashing eyes, above the red or purple waists, bending up and down as the clothes are dipped and pounded and wrung. Of course, it is hard upon the clothes to beat them so vigorously upon rocks, but one must have his clothes washed in this way or not at all. And the only unpicturesque feature is the wheeling of the clothes home, for it is hard for a woman to look picturesque when pushing before her a loaded wheelbarrow.

The father of William of Normandy looked down from his castle window one day on a line of washers by the streamside, and his fancy was fascinated by the peculiar grace and beauty of one of them, a young girl of humble parentage. He ordered her up into the castle, such being among the pleasant prerogatives of a duke, and she became the mother of William the Conqueror. There is wonder and irony in it, there is curious commentary upon supposed standards, for the long line of British sovereigns, and the present British sovereign himself, have depended for their place in life, and their

right of succession, upon unlegalized love for a peasant girl who pounded clothes upon a stone beside a Norman stream!

VII. THE NORMAN HOME OF THE BRUCE

THE name of Bruce is so intimately, so particularly, so inseparably associated with Scotland that it is scarcely possible to think of it as ever having been anything but Scotch. No other stands so markedly for antagonism to Norman-English things. The name of Bruce is representative of Scotland. Yet the Bruces were really Norman, and here in the Cotentin is the place from which they came. A Robert Bruce crossed with William to the Conquest, and was granted lands in Yorkshire. A later Bruce became a friend of King David of Scotland and was by him given Scottish possessions. The father of the greatest of all Bruces was a friend of Edward the First. That greatest of the Bruces was also, like his father, a friend of King Edward, and a trusted adviser, and long wavered between the Scotch and English sides. Indeed, it was only a sort of belated comprehension of his practical interests that made him finally throw in his lot with Scotland.

And here in Normandy is the village of Bruce; and that it was the birthplace of such a mighty line makes it of fascinating charm. But the finding of the village was not easy, for it was unbaedekered, and is spelled, quite unexpectedly, "Brix"; and even after discovering the village the finding of the remains of the Bruce castle was also matter of difficulty. In fact, it occurred to me that if the enemies of the early Bruces had half the difficulty in finding their stronghold that I experienced, they were pretty safe from intrusion, except from the persevering!

I found Brix in the course of some drives that I took from the town of Valognes—a town that is reached by a short railway ride from Cherbourg.

I chose Valognes because the map showed it to be a good starting-point for drives, but perhaps its close association with William the Conqueror had something to do with it, too, for William, some years before the battle of Hastings, was near Valognes when he received news of an uprising that had his own capture as its aim, whereupon his court fool advised him to forget his dignity and flee, and he "took a fool's advice"—a phrase that has remained colloquially in the English language—and barely escaped with his life. And it is among the many ironic facts of history that William would never have lived to be a Conqueror had it not been for the prompt urgency of a fool!

Valognes is itself a typical, pleasant spot, with an

old church, an old marketplace, surrounded by houses not so old, and some really ancient houses tucked away along the course of a brook that goes deviously, out of sight and in sight alternately, under streets, or between the back doors of these ancient structures, lapping gravely against moss-grown steps. So very much is moss-grown in the Cotentin!

At Valognes I inquired where I could find a horse and driver, and was referred to a prosperous farmer in the outskirts of the town, who met my suggestion with cordiality, and led me with pride, which was barely repressed exultation, to his stableful of horses. "Choose, monsieur, *sil vous plait!*" And I chose; and his eyes twinkled pleasantly when I picked a well-set-up bay. He hitched it to a two-wheeled high-seated cart, and thus charioted we set forth to bowl over miles and miles of the countryside.

Rich farmer though he was, as a matter of course I spoke of payment, and as a matter of course he met me naturally and named his price—some two dollars a day for himself and outfit. It is always best for a traveler to speak of payment for any service, and to do so in advance. The supposed delicacy, which is merely finicalness, which makes one fear to speak of money, has led to many an unpleasant misunderstanding. People are seldom displeased with the idea of receiving money for

services rendered. I have heard warnings, in various parts of both England and America, against asking a price or even offering to pay, but I have yet to find the man who—having expressed a willingness to do a service; not, of course, a service by a friend for a friend—has been offended by a frank offer of money. Rather, a man would be offended by the failure to offer it! But, naturally, offense could easily be given and taken by an offensive way of speaking of this subject.

The Valognes farmer was intelligent, fine of face, large and well formed of body; in these respects a typical Cotentin peasant, who are a good-looking, large framed, intelligent folk. He was anxious to oblige me and frankly curious as to what I wanted to see and learn; and both the obligingness and the curiosity came largely from naive interest in me as a stranger and an American.

He drove without protest, although sometimes with mild wonder, in whatever direction I indicated. I had supplied myself with a local map, but when I did not indicate he chose the roads himself. And such charming roads! Such delightful old houses! Such hospitality!—for he knew everybody, was acquainted or related everywhere, and everywhere we were treated as honored guests.

He was not garrulous, but was ready to talk when he saw that he was pleasing me, and his concern when I did not precisely catch his meaning was al-

most touching! And whenever, on one side or the other, we came to an *impasse*, it was a matter of carefully aiming words at each other till one of us hit the mark and mutual understanding resulted with also resultant glee.

Now and then there was use for the invaluable dictionary; as when he referred to a tree, looking like an American beech, as what sounded like an "ate"; whereupon seeing that I did not catch it, he took the book and turned its pages, first in confidence, then with growing doubt, finally with long-faced certainty of failure. "I cannot find it, *moi!*" And at length, "But no, it is not here!" His face perceptibly drooped as he handed the book back to me. His disappointment was great. Not for an instant did he, as the average American would do were the circumstances reversed, seem to think that the fault or the shortcoming lay with the stranger who had not learned the language. His regret was only that he could not make me understand. It was unthinkable! It was a calamity!

Taking back the dictionary, I looked under "beech," and found that it was "hêtre"—but I assuredly did not let him know that he missed the spelling when he had looked only under the "e's," as I had noticed that he was doing! After all, he was only making an error similar in character to that of the distinguished American lawyer who, preparing to crush his opponent with the dictionary

meaning of "wholesome," looked in vain under the "h's."

It was a day of uncertain glory, for now the sky was clear and the landscape was the perfection of delightfulness, and now there were flying clouds and showers of gusty rain. For it rains very easily in lower Normandy.

The men whistling to their horses to guide them as they hauled or ploughed, the tiny canals for irrigation, criss-crossing the fields, the stone-walled pools of green-scummed water, with their great aspect of age, the brimming little streams suddenly expanding into shallow ponds, and then, as if in panic at their own daring, as suddenly closing in again, the fruit trees, the splendid hedges, the cattle browsing drowsily, the tiny school house, with a noise issuing from it as of the droning of an immense hive of bees, but caused by the children studying aloud, the little slopes, the winding valleys, the men belted with scarfs of red and wearing wooden shoes stuffed with straw, the roadside walls, so covered with the gradual accumulation of the dust of centuries as often quite to hide the stone and make the walls, with moss and flowers and vines and shrubs and trees growing richly out of them, seem like walls of earth alone—this was fascinating in itself, and even more fascinating when met in the course of an expedition to Brix.

I did not try to go straight to the place; I wanted

to see other places too, and to see the entire countryside in the most charming way, and so we twisted and circled about, mainly along retired roads, away not only from railway points, but also from any diligence route, for in that way I found a country with its characteristics unaltered by contact with strangers.

Now and then we came to some little village, and then it was a pleasure to go into the little inn, and sit down at a little table while the cheerful landlord—or more often landlady!—set forth some simple refreshment; and always my companion, like the other farmers and peasants of the Cotentin that I had noticed, used his own knife, and did not care for fork or spoon. Doubtless, the men who went to the Conquest ate likewise with knives alone!

At every inn it is expected, as a matter of course, that coffee and cognac will be ordered; wine, indeed, may be, or cider, but even so the coffee and cognac will almost be a matter of course as well. Coffee-and-cognac is the typical drink of the region. The cognac is very coarse; it is practically unrectified spirits; it seems strong enough to kill a live man or bring to life a dead one, and yet, somehow, I did not notice any one affected by it. And, after all, I remembered that I had seen the mountaineers of Georgia and the Carolinas drink unstintedly of stark moonshine without apparent effect.

Always the cognac and the coffee are taken to-

gether. The man who takes cognac without coffee or coffee without cognac is rather disapprovingly known for miles around as a curiosity. The coffee itself is largely chicory—but even the coffee of Paris is that!—and both cognac and coffee together cost but a few coppers for the twofold tipple, the double drink.

Our real luncheon that day, as distinguished from the numerous tastes and snacks, was at an inn at the very edge of an alluring forest, and we sat on a bench beside the table, at the door, and the repast was a savory compound of I know not what ingredients that had boiled and bubbled in a great caldron that was twice as large as the little stove that upheld it.

Even more interesting than the inns are the country homes, the houses of the farmers, mossy-walled, mossy-thatched or tiled, nestled beside little streams or ponds, shaded by tall trees that are ivy-clad to their summits or thick-balled with mistletoe or made marvelously grotesque by the pollarding of many generations.

The white-capped farmer's wife gives a cheerful welcome; the farmer himself will probably within a little while appear. The room we enter is large and low; the floor is of cement or, more likely, merely hard-packed earth; the ceiling is beamed with oak that is black with age; there are shining rows of copper pots and pans.

In such a house, of the prosperous sort, there may be a four-post bed standing right on the floor of earth; there may be an ancient eight-foot clock; there may be a great carved ancient time-darkened cupboard.

An open fireplace in the kitchen serves for the household cooking, and in front of the fire the dog, the yellow cat (a feature of rural Normandy), perhaps even a few chickens, are gathered in fraternal friendship.

It is this getting at the heart of things that gives the keenest zest to travel; one realizes how much is gained by getting away from the usual, and by seeing a country in an unusual way. It is among my pleasantest memories, this driving about in out-of-the-way corners of Lower Normandy, partly with definite aims as to destination and in part just for the general pleasure of it. Had it been only to reach Brix, so I found afterward, I could have taken a local train out of Cherbourg, stopped at the station a mile from Brix and walked up, as indeed I did in the course of another visit in another year—for I came so to love the country as to like to get back again. But this first visit, this driving about for the pure joy of it, with only now and then a fixed objective, remains in my memory as an experience of singular charm. And this part of the Cotentin, round about Valognes, has more of intrinsic attractiveness than the sterner

portion around Greville and toward the Nez de Jobourg.

Great black and white magpies flitted across the roads; often I saw the robin, the *rouge-gorge;* there was a glory of flowers and greenery; there were roses paramount in beauty—somehow, one comes to expect roses in bloom at any time of the year in France! Many a road rises above the general level of the land and many a road runs felicitously below, between banks topped by wall and hedge. The stone cottages of the humbler folk, the wagons topped with cloth of green, the washed clothes drying on the hedges that were flaming with flowers of pink or yellow—everything was a delight.

It struck me as curious that, in spite of the war-like reputation of these people, there is no great abundance of castles evident; there are some parts of Europe where one is continually impressed by the frequency and the greatness of the strongholds, but the general Cotentin castles were rather small and were long ago pretty much quarried away for building stone to meet peaceful needs, and it is comparatively seldom that one still finds where the splendor falls on castle walls.

The thatched roofs of the countryside are, too, a never-ceasing delight, weathered and mossed into subtly harmonizing shades of green and yellow and red and brown and black; and that thatched roofs

are now forbidden to be made, on account of fire danger, adds additional interest, for thus they become of the things that must pass away. And one finds that the peasantry are shrewd as well as picturesque; for although thatch roofs are now forbidden, the repairing of thatch roofs with thatch is still allowed, and here and there you find a cottage which has secured a needed new thatch roof in the course of judiciously separated periods of repair!

At length, after hours of devious driving, we turned toward Brix, and we drove along a lonely road and through a great wood, and there came anew, as there had come at other times that day, a sense of wonder that there should be so much of solitude in a region of good soil, richly farmed, which has been for so many centuries settled.

The solitude was broken as we turned a bend, for two old women were walking toward us with huge bundles of faggots, twice their size, upon their backs; they walked slow and stoopingly, now and then rising painfully erect for a moment's rest as they tipped the huge bundles back on a roadside log or bank. And yet the crones looked happy!

At length, up a winding road, with an ascent so gentle that one is later astonished by the far-spread view, and we are at Brix.

The village itself gives at first a certain sense of disappointment, for its houses, rather plain and modern, do not measure up to expectations con-

nected with a glorious name; and then one realizes that this adds to the dramatic sense of it; the fact that this ordinary little village, not nearly so attractive as many another Norman village, should be the cradle of the mighty Bruces. And one sees, too, that the village, with its plain stone houses set closely about the edges of a bare and open square, closely resembles villages in Scotland and northern England; it is closely remindful of Norham, built in the shadow of a mighty Norman castle on the Scottish border.

After the first dash of disappointment one also sees that there is something of peculiar interest here: a very old church, not large, but of very unusual shape; for it is built with four wings of equal size standing out from a central square, above this centre rising a small and ancient square-sided tower. There is the tiniest of tiny galleries, reached, oddly enough, by an outside stairway, and as if one outside stairway were not enough for one little church, there is another one also, this second stair leading above the body of the building and into the tower. And the stone steps of both these stairs are smooth-hollowed by the footsteps of generations and grayed and mossed with age.

Looking at the church, it suddenly flashes upon one that its shape (that of a *crux decussata*) is that of the St. Andrew's Cross, the cross of Scotland!—more than a coincidence, this, one thinks, in the

AT THE NORMAN HOME OF THE BRUCE

home of the Bruce; surely some early Bruce had this church thus built to symbolize his Scotch glories and affiliations. Not, of course, but that other churches have been built in this unusual shape, but that in this case there was most likely the Scottish reason for it.

There comes to me, in particular—for I have more than once visited Brix—the memory of an Easter Sunday, when this church was plethoric with white-capped women and black-bloused men, sex sitting strictly apart from sex; with one priest to officiate and another at the organ; and with two white-gowned laymen, metamorphosed from the farm, blowing on long brass horns, their heads angled awkwardly forward and their eyes starting, as they not only jointly blew, but jointly read their music from an ancient-looking book, arm-long.

Where the graveyard has long gathered its dead under the walls of the church there rises an "if" tree, a mighty yew, extravagant of shape, preposterous of convolution. "It is a very, very old tree," said one of the priests, walking with me there after the service. "It is much older than the graveyard, and this old graveyard is older than the old church. Perhaps—who knows!—perhaps it is as old as the castle!"

One of the strong impressions that remains with me has nothing to do with a Bruce; it is but an inscription on an humble stone above a woman's

grave. "Infinite regrets"—that is all, except the name of the woman. "Infinite regrets"—indicative, that, of a sorrow deeper than could be expressed by loquacity of gravestone grief.

Although the village houses are but ordinary, there is, at the edge of the village, an old-time manor-house, large, almost stately, almost impressive, and in its rambling garret I found, and secured for five francs, a splendid Norman milk jug—one of the big brass jugs such as milk-girls carry on their shoulders, and of which models, of all sizes, little and big, are offered, brand new, to the visitors to Cherbourg. Few things are more interesting and more satisfactory than to secure beautiful and typical articles in the very regions where they have been made and used for centuries.

Unless one should specially inquire and urgently search, he would not see what remains of the ancient castle. It is off at one side from the village, and reached by narrow and seemingly purposeless roads.

The ruins are on a hilltop from which there is a fair and radiant view, stretching off to shadowy forest and duskily remote mystery.

Considered merely as ruins, never were ruins more triflingly fragmentary than those of Bruce. The original castle seems to have been nearly destroyed, and another, centuries ago, raised upon its foundations, only to be itself captured, dismantled, deserted, destroyed. Likely enough the

ancient church is built of castle stone; likely enough the village houses were similarly castle-built; it having often been found convenient for practical needs to have a supply of shaped and squared stones ready to hand, and it thus coming to pass, in many a place in Europe, that the peasants sit in the seats of the mighty.

Here and there, at the Bruce ruins, is a bit of foundation wall, projective through rich green turf, and by dint of patient study the outlines of the ancient structure may still be traced, though the remains are quite too fragmentary to identify the early architecture or even find a rounded Norman arch. Along one side may still be found the line of the moat, and on the other side is the edge of the hill and a precipitous dropping away toward a hurrying brook, far below, that is half hidden among greenery.

In the cliff-like bank I found an opening into a subterranean apartment and passage, and there I found an inscription, evidently a copy of an inscription far more ancient, telling, in ecclesiastical Latin, that all this was the land of the Bruce (spelling it here "Bruis"), from the forest to the church, according to the charter of Henry II. Apparently, the Bruces retained their Norman possessions at least a century after the Conquest, and England retained the sovereignty of Normandy not only to the reign of Henry II, but to that of King John—

John Lackland; whom one recognizes under the delightful name of *Jean sans Terre*, as they call him —who lost it to France.

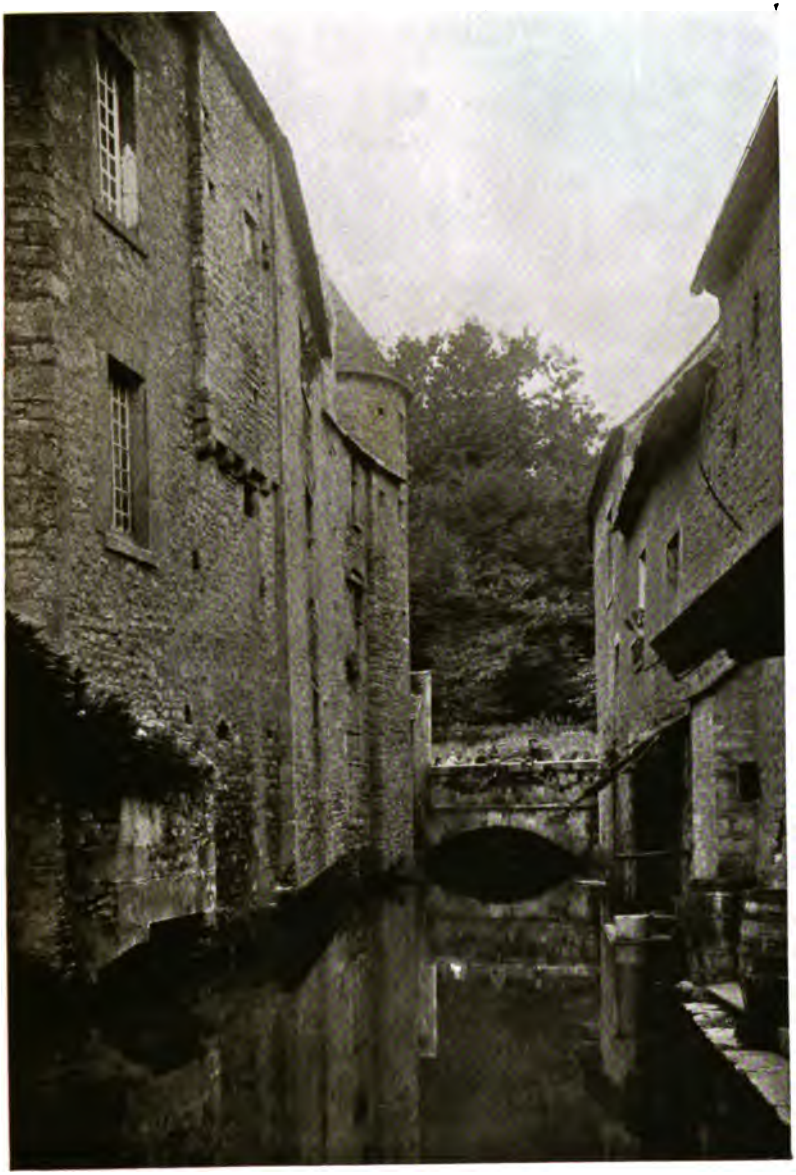
I went along the passage, down a flight of mouldy steps of stone, then a little distance farther and down a slope, and there found the passage, still descendent, so narrow, so black, so choked with débris that to pass farther would be impossible unless with destruction of clothes and with moiling of the hardest. "It goes for many metres," says, quietly, the old peasant who has hoveringly accompanied me and who now comes closely up.

Does he know anything of it? But no! "*Moi*, I cannot say. It was here before my father's day, before my grandfather's!" Clearly, to him history can mean nothing more distant than that.

But one does not want such a passage at the Norman castle of Bruce explained, accounted for, made plain. There is much in Europe that must be learned, many a date and fact that must needs be acquired, but happily there is also much that can be left as it is, with its interest dependent upon precisely what is visible.

At Brix there are other mementoes of the past than a church, a graveyard, the remnant of a ruin, for there are old-time Norman customs, beliefs, superstitions. The superstitions are of less grave character than some I came across in the bleak region of the Cotentin, along the coast, where the

IN A TOWN OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR: VALOGNES



fisher folk tell whisperingly of the ghosts of the drowned and of powers direful. Here at Brix, in the midst of a rich and a smiling Cotentin region, not only are the beliefs of a lighter character, but most of them, such as that concerning the ill-luck of breaking a mirror, are the common property of the superstitious of the world. I noticed with interest, too, the superstition in regard to the overturning of the salt, for that is a belief which has persisted throughout the world for so many centuries, and can at least be traced to the legendary overturning of the salt by Judas at the Last Supper.

The tale of the priest who, having hidden away wrongfully acquired money, denied it with vehemence, is typical of the mild lengths to which local superstition goes. The priest, still denying, cried at length: "The devil take me if I have the money!" Whereat the devil promptly appeared in person and personally conducted him away. "And," said an old woman gravely, "once a year, still, after all these many years, the devil appears and again takes the wicked priest away. You have but to be at the right place at the right moment and you will see!"

A buzzing in the right ear means good fortune, whereas—so slight a difference in this world so often marking the difference between good and evil!—a similar buzzing in the left ear bodes some-

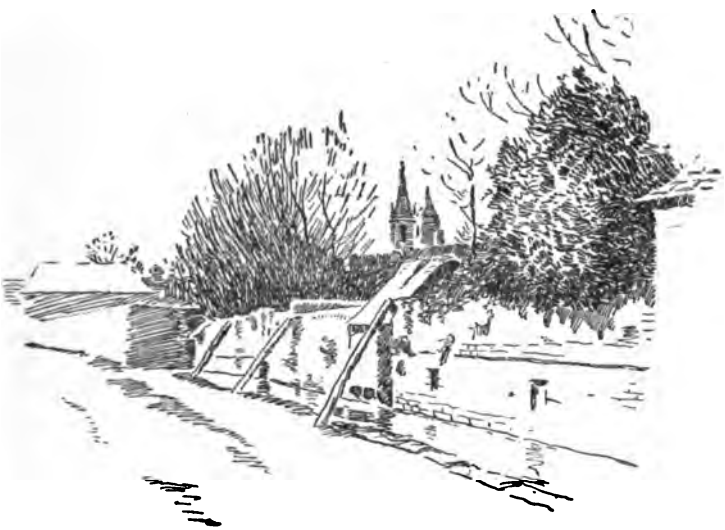
thing ill. If a chimney draws poorly and the smoke comes pouring out into the room, "There is money coming," you will be told. And yet, as a peasant said to me with humorous deprecation, when a puff of smoke came out of his fireplace: "Often has the smoke done thus, and still the money has not come!"

Weddings are times of prideful display, with plenty of simple fun and homely jesting. A bright day is hoped for, as it is the world over; here they say: "Rain is bad, for it means for the bride a lifetime of tears."

The wedding party walk to the church. The bride is dressed in black, but sometimes wears a veil of white lace. Guns are fired as the party start back to the home, and the guns are hymeneally celebrant later, too, as a means of enforcing a welcome for the uninvited, and some prefer to be of the uninvited because they find a great deal of enjoyment in making a tremendous firing din outside and then going in with a sort of triumphant and conquering glory.

It is still the custom for some young man to crawl beneath the table at the wedding feast and possess himself of the bride's garter, and as this has been regularly done for centuries, any bride with Cotentin self-respect would feel really slighted were there no young man daring enough to do this; and it may be added that in anticipation of such a

feat the bride always wears her garters below the knee! *Honi soit qui mal y pense!*



VIII. UNEXPECTED SURVIVALS IN AND NEAR PARIS

EUROPEAN distances are a great surprise to Americans. We have all been told, over and over again, that the distances over there are really nothing at all; that it is only in America that there are distances; that in Europe the going from place to place takes so little time that one may count upon spending all his time sight-seeing, the travel itself being negligible. Whereupon the American expects to flit from London to Rome, Paris, Berlin more easily and quickly than from New York to Philadelphia, Boston, Washington. All of which makes for disillusionment!

In the first place, the distances in Europe are long, and in the next place the trains are very slow. That there is no trip so long as from New York to San Francisco is the basis of the mistaken but generally inculcated belief in the short and easy travel of Europe.

As to trains, it is true that Europeans boast of their fast ones, and that many Americans accept their boast without examination; it is true that there are really a few fast ones; but it is also true that the great majority are slow and that European travel is both lengthy and leisurely.

The mere getting from Cherbourg, on the coast, to Paris involves quite a journey, as the distance is 231 miles and the trains take from seven and a half to twelve hours for the trip. Take a train which lets you stop at one or two of the fascinating places on the way and you are in for a pleasure long drawn out. It is only an express train that stops nowhere at all that gets through with even an approach to speed.

Paris itself I shall not attempt to describe; myriad of guide books and books of description have been written about that wonderful city; and yet even in Paris he who looks for the unexpected, the unusual, the unknown is sure to find it.

I remember that one day, when walking at random through the region between the Jardin des Plantes and the Pantheon, a region desolate in itself and more desolate from a number of dreary prisons and asylums, I came upon a street which meant the French Revolution to me more than anything else in Paris; far more than anything in the Rue St. Antoine region, connected though that is, in history and the Tale of Two Cities, with revo-

lutionary activity; for the Rue St. Antoine is now a street mainly of mechanics and artisans and modest prosperity, whereas this street upon which I happened—I think it was the Rue Mouffetard—is a street of ragpickers, chiffoniers, as they are called, who prowl the gutters with hook and broom; a street of poverty, gaunt and grim and terrible; not a street of "show" poverty, to impress strangers, just as there is "show" iniquity, but of the real poverty, of snag-toothed, crouchy, hungry, gnarl-bodied people who step aside on the crowded walks or come creeping emergent from the entrance-ways of the tall and tremulous tenements. I think I never saw so many one-eyed wretches. The vaunted economies of the French show here in a most unpleasant way, as indicated by the treasures gathered to be sorted over and sold; not only rags, but bones—cellars of bones!—and little bags of canine refuse gathered in the parks and destined for the leather factories.

It is a district where the essential backwardness of so much of Paris as to water-service and sewage is most marked, and where ancient doddering women carry water from public hydrants up endless flights of stairs in cone-shaped vessels of tin that are black with age and dirt.

It is well to know that there are such districts, for thus alone can the France of the past and of the present be properly understood; and it is also well to know, on the other hand, somewhat of the length

to which arrogant royalty and wealth once went; and this can be understood by little journeys to royal places about Paris; not only the famous Versailles, but such places as Meudon, St. Cloud, St. Germain, Marly-le-Roi.

And the ideal way to see these places, and, incidentally, much of the unusual and unvisited in the country close around Paris, is to take a day's excursion to some selected point and then take random walks along the terraces, along the country roads, and through the forest paths; one sees in that way, in pleasant weather, so much that is charming, and sees it in such a charming way. Take a train to the chosen point of beginning, walk as long as you choose, and then aim for some little station and a return train to Paris.

One hot day, walking on an offshoot from the old royal road that leads from Marly-le-Roi to Versailles, I saw some big ripe plums fallen from the trees and lying in the road. I picked up two or three of them—they were delicious!—but, chancing to speak of it, in the evening, to a French friend, he was horrified. "A Frenchman would not dare!" he said.

"Then it is not proper?" I asked, wondering.

"Not in France! Had you not been an American there might have been trouble."

"Yet I picked up not more than three plums, and they were not in a field, but lying in the grass in the

very road. In America a pedestrian would do that on a country road without hesitation."

I felt rather proud of America by contrast with this closeness of France, and perhaps I showed that I did, for he retorted, with a smile: "But the matter of boundary—is it also in America that a chicken is safe only if it is not in the road?" And I had to laugh with him.

I thought again of the French Revolution, that greatest of all facts in French history, when, running down into Touraine, and seeing there the most beautiful, the most exquisite of all châteaux, representative of the glories of the days of the ancient nobility, the contrast of all this with the poverty of the old-time peasants, as described by historians and travelers, came to me. And one day, after viewing the glories of Amboise, with its splendid architecture, its circular towers, the marvelous spiral inclined road built to minister to an extravagant fancy for the impossible, I walked back into the country a little and, in the face of a cliff, caught sight of ascending smoke. Something made me look more closely, and I saw that it came from a chimney—that there were other chimneys—that people lived there! Whereupon I climbed up to see.

Yes, they were there; cliff-dwellers, families who lived in caves hollowed out of the soft rock of the countryside. The tiny rooms had natural stone

floors, natural stone ceilings and walls; only the front walls in each case had needed building to take the place of what was necessarily destroyed in the hollowing out.

I learned that this kind of rock-living is quite ancient and is not uncommon in that region, and I afterward came upon a whole village of it at Montlouis, below Amboise, on the Loire, and upon other similar places; and always with the sense of the tremendous contrast between lives lived in caves, with children born and reared there and people cooking and eating and sleeping—and dying!—and lives lived in those most beautiful homes nearby—the world-famous châteaux of Touraine.

One of the pleasant discoveries that the visitor to Paris can make is that the well-to-do Parisians, supposedly the most sophisticated of all people, the most worldly, the most blasé, the most sated and surfeited with pleasure, know how to go out and enjoy a simple childlike day at an outing! It is therefore well worth while being at St. Germain at the time of its annual fair, early in September, to watch the Parisians go in care-free gayety along the avenues of the forest when they are lined by temporary booths. It used to be that my most interesting memories of St. Germain were of its connection with that picturesque monarch Francis the First, and that unpicturesque exile James the Second, who was given a home here by Louis the

Fourteenth, and used to pace up and down the long terrace on a length of carpet—two lengths, to be precise—for flunkies would lay each in front of him in turn, so that his delicately royal feet should not touch the earth; running back and picking up the one just left and then running forward with it to get it down in time. But after seeing a day of the annual fair I realized that it was equal to the other St. Germain associations in interest; although it should never be thought that one class of interest needs to discourage or belittle other kinds, for one may find enjoyment in the things of present-day human life, and yet find no lessening of enjoyment in architectural beauties and historical associations.

The annual fair, the "gingerbread fair," of St. Cloud follows the St. Germain fair with largely the same booths and amusement makers, and is even more interesting on account of the nearness of St. Cloud to the city, making the crowds far larger; and for several days and nights grown-up Parisians are children, reveling in penny purchases of gingerbread, in the deafening noise of organs, in the horses of the merry-go-rounds, in the clutter and hubbub, the talk and the laughter of the throng.

It was at St. Cloud, one summer day, that I came upon an ancient observance, an ancient celebration that I had never before heard of. It was a feast of the gardeners; and it gives quite as vivid a pleasure to discover an ancient observance,

of which no one has told you and of which you have not read, as it does to discover an unvisited locality.

St. Cloud is a little old town that, from the place to which it seems to have scrambled, on the steep hillside above the Seine, looks out brightly toward Paris. The tourist usually sees St. Cloud only in passing through it if driving to Versailles; but the place is itself of pleasing interest, with its many associations, its zigzag streets that attempt the perpendicular, and the great royal park and gardens around the site of the château, now vanished, that was so loved by the great Napoleon.

In the park are endless forest aisles; there is water spouting through great carved heads and trickling softly away through long hollows of wrought-out stone; there are pleached walks and ancient retaining walls; there is the glory of countless flowers; and in all the countryside round about there is likewise the splendor of flowers, with magnificent riot of roses reigning supreme. St. Cloud is pre-eminently a place where a feast of the gardeners should still be observed.

I went to the church, and before the people came I spoke with the serene-faced priest. Often, in Catholic countries, I have found the priest the communicative and courteous source of information, just as in Protestant countries it is often the local rector or minister.

"For hundreds of years," says the priest, "this

festival has been observed; for six hundred—perhaps for eight hundred—" he waves his hand impressively. And distant music sounds in momently increasing clamor—a cheerful clamor, full of life and energy—and toward the open space in front of the church, from the streets which twist and climb so tortuously, people of the town begin to come.

The priest hastily gathers together some boys who are playing gleefully about, and sweeps them into a porch-entrance, and in a little while those boys will be scarlet-gowned, white-surpliced acolytes, sobered into transitory gravity.

Nearer and nearer comes the music, and around a sharp corner appears the head of the procession of the ancient Association of Gardeners. For this is the day of Saint Fiacre, their patron saint, and from farms for miles around the gardeners have gathered and are marching to the St. Cloud church.

A drummer heads the line, and close behind him are the band—ten or a dozen young gardeners, briskly blowing on horns and trumpets and making an inspiring din. Following the band are boys in couples, bearing between them great panniers filled with *brioche*, a feathery and unsweetened kind of cake, piled in squares and circles and surmounted by bunched flowers.

Behind the boys and the panniered *brioche* comes a triumph of the gardener's skill, and the watching groups are quite breathless with admiration as the

chef-d'œuvre passes. It is a huge vase, made of close-cut flowers, woven and wrought into symmetrical designs and mainly in yellow and red. It is slung upon poles, and carried, a heavy load, by four strong men, and out of its top rises toweringly a waving mass of asparagus plumes, splendid hollyhocks, and the familiar goldenrod.

Behind the vase are little girls, with tiny bunches of flowers, and then, in a long line, and each moving with the brisk and nimble step called for by coercive drum and trumpet, come the gardeners, men and women, old and young. And the face of each is a shining beacon of happiness.

The greater number are well advanced in years, and there is a certain pathos in the fact. One feels that the decline of the ancient custom has begun and that the end is almost in sight.

But there are youthful marchers also, and all go two by two, and most go arm in arm—husband and wife, brother and sister, lover and sweetheart, friend with friend.

In the broad space before the church the paraders take on a yet braver aspect, a mien still more full of gay appreciation of the part they are playing in the public eye. And, withal, on the part of everyone, old and young, there is that complete absence of self-consciousness which is so pleasant a characteristic of the French when they are having a cheerful time.

There is time to look about for a few minutes

while the gardeners are making their way slowly through the broad portal. Facing the church is a curious stone fragment, a section of wall and arch, ancient, half-crumbled, half-destroyed. Lines of beauty are still suggested; dignity indisputably remains; and you are told—such being the received belief in the town—that this was part of the monastery founded here some fourteen centuries ago by Saint Clodoald, grandson of Clovis, the Merovingian king; and the folk-lore of St. Cloud will also tell you that when certain grandsons of Clovis, after the monarch's death, were made prisoners by a claimant of the throne, and the widow of Clovis was asked whether she wished them to be slain or to become monks, for that one fate or the other they must surely meet, she chose death for them, whereupon all were slain but Clodoald, who was saved by a faithful retainer, and, becoming a churchman and abbot, founded the monastery about which the town, named, from him, St. Cloud, gradually arose.

But the gardeners are now in church, and the shuffle of many feet has ceased, and the choir breaks into a rhythmic chant. The monster vase has been deposited at the very altar rail, and on either side are the panniers of *brioche*, and a graceful young girl stands there for a time, holding a candle, lambent burning and tall. The church is decked with ferns, with ivy, with potted plants, and instead of musty

odor, or that of incense, the building is cheerful with the mingled smell of flowers and *brioche*. The men are mostly in drawer-creased black; the women are in the infrequent glory of their very best and probably inherited gowns, bright purple being the prevailing hue. And it is a little fact, but not unworthy of notice, that men and women alike have the broadened thumb that comes from years of pressing of the earth about flower-pots and bulbs and vegetables.

The sermon is especially for gardeners. The serene-faced priest tells them that God is the great gardener of the world, and that it is He who gives the sunshine and the rains, and He who designed the roses and the lilies and the homely vegetables and gave them to mankind.

The sermon over, there comes a burst of unexpected music—a sonorously solemn tune, played by the gardeners' band, stationed in an alcoved space beside the altar. Inside the church the drum is silent, but now, above the sound of horns and trumpets, rises, distinct and clear, the strain of a piccolo, thin-voiced and sweet. The gardeners let a few notes go awry, but the general harmony is effective, and the people listen in pleased intentness. And, indeed, music ought to be loved well and played well here, for in this church Gounod, who lived for many years at the edge of St. Cloud, used often to play the organ at mass, and his memory is held in loving awe.

The panniers of *brioche* are now carried through the church, and every one takes a piece, and, after devoutly crossing himself, slowly eats; and the act of gustatory worship brings anew a smiling glow to every face. And the tall *Suisse*, appareled in blue and gold, and with gold-fringed hat, who, with great steel halberd in one hand and gold-topped mace in the other, has been standing and walking and thumping in front of the altar, now takes himself and his dazzle of glory to a restful eclipse in a chair in an almost hidden nook, and with mace and halberd laid aside and cocked hat doffed, he leans comfortably back against the wall and seems to be a mere mortal like unto ourselves.

With seriousness the service ends, and then the gardeners' band, from its altar alcove, again breaks forth, as if irrepressibly, and this time the tune is so gay, so secular, so frolicsome that every toe in the church tingles with an impulse toward terpsichorean friskiness.

With the great vase towering in the van the gardeners go out again into the bright sunlight, and in front of the church the line re-forms. "*Deux à deux*," says the leader, quietly; and your thoughts are for a moment irresistibly carried homeward, and to the "Doozydoo" which has vigorously danced itself through every town and village in America, with a vim increasing with the increase of distance from France. "*Deux à deux*"—but the words are not

needed, for it is always two by two that the gardeners march.

The groups of townspeople watch with an inward interest, but without outward and visible sign. When you come to know the St. Cloud folk you know that this is characteristic. They never suffer interest or approval to become apparent. The sense of having pleased them must live by faith alone.

The marchers reach the Rue Royale, a street bent and twisted as if with age, as it climbs the steep hill; and, indeed, it might well be so, for there are unmistakable signs of ancientness in its wavering and indented line. It is so ancient that memory of man runneth not to the contrary, and we may feel assured that when, before the Battle of Crécy, the English, as told in the gallant pages of Froissart, burned St. Cloud, on its height looking over at near-by Paris, the knights and men-at-arms of Edward the Third went up and down along the bending line now called the Rue Royale, although no house now standing can tell of such antiquity.

There is no intention on the part of the gardeners to march near places of especial note, and so it is quite by chance that their drummer and trumpeters lead them past the paved passage opening into the sombre court where Henry the Third was slain. The spot is unmarked, and even the court itself is never found by tourists, but the traditions of

the townsfolk preserve the memory of the exact place.

The marchers turn into the broad avenue which leads by the barracks, and hundreds of soldiers stand at the windows or gather at the entrance of the drillyard and watch the gladsome procession. And next the gardeners drum and trumpet their way to the house of the mayor, who, stately and dignified, has been awaiting them; and they formally offer him *brioche*, and he eats it, and he speaks cordially to them and shakes the hands of as many of the women and the men as are not too shy and diffident to be greeted by him.

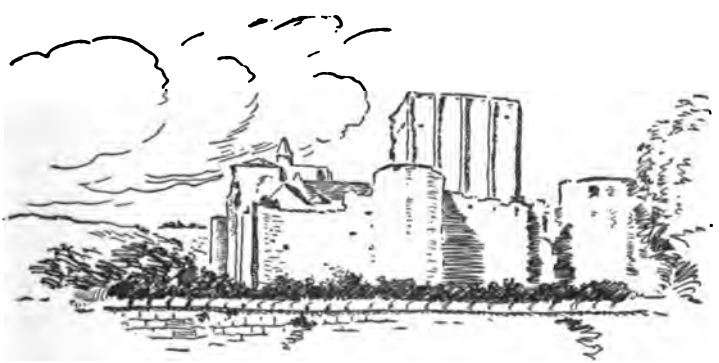
Then, more gay, more blithesome than ever, this semi-serious visit over, they march to the Park, the ancient Royal Park—and the great gates are swung wide, and in they buoyantly go, as a right, where of old their ancestors humbly entered on sufferance; and white-capped peasant women, endlessly knitting, glance at them, from benches of carved stone used of old by nobles and courtiers.

Following the march comes a great dinner at a restaurant near the park, and then, with the early evening, after several hours of intermission, there begins the gardeners' ball. And numerous young gardeners, youths and maidens, too shame-faced to march in the parade, in these days of change, are now among the happiest and most conspicuous.

Never at any ball did one dance more swiftly

succeed another; never did musicians work harder; never were partners more gallantly sought out, more tirelessly spun about, than by these broad-thumbed men. Indeed, when one knows how uncourteous a saint was Saint Fiacre himself, it is diverting to see his fête day concluded with such gallant devotion; for Saint Fiacre would not even allow a woman to come near his home!

But no thoughts of the crusty grumness of their patron saint disturb these celebrators of his day. The music grows more brisk, the dancers more frolicsome, and Saint Fiacre is thus honored till the coming of daylight.



IX. IN THE FOREST OF ARDEN

ONE day I set out from Paris to go to the Forest of Arden. Yet even as I started it seemed a fantastic impossibility. To find and explore the forest beloved of Shakespeare and Rosalind would be like the coming true of a fairy tale. It was really too incredible to be true.

The Forest of Arden is the Ardennes of Belgium; and I entered by driving over from Sedan, stopping off for two or three hours on the way from Paris to Sedan, at Rheims, to see the famous cathedral there. One may leave Paris in the early forenoon, make the stop at Rheims (which, by the way, is pronounced by the inhabitants "Ross," with the "o" very short), and be at Sedan in the evening, ready to start next morning for Bouillon, the center of Ardennes. From the northward Bouillon may be reached from Brussels and Namur, and thence, by several changes of cars, to Paliseul, and finally by a narrow-gauge that goes twisting down among the hills. From either southward or northward the Forest of Arden may be reached only by taking some trouble; and this is

fortunate, for its unfrequented character is a principal charm. I could not find that an American had ever been there before me; even of the English it was clear that but few have ever visited Arden; some French and Belgians go there, mostly by motor car. Arden, I was glad to find, still fitted the Shakespearean description of being exempt from public haunt. Neither at the inn (which gives good service) nor elsewhere did I find a soul with a knowledge of a single word of English; at isolated villages I found not even French, but only Walloon.

Sedan is a city for an impression. Barely more than forty years ago it drank the dregs of humiliation, when it was forced to surrender a hundred thousand men and the very Emperor himself. Yet now there is evident in a myriad ways an atmosphere of forgetfulness and peace, and the little red-legged soldiers trot harmlessly about. But when I had settled it that the humiliation was all forgotten, I noticed that not a man, woman, or child dogged my steps to sell mementoes of that bitter battlefield, and that if I spoke in German to one of the townsfolk who was not in a business demanding the pleasing of strangers, I was told, with dry disrelish, that German was not understood.

Especially in Bazeilles, a suburb of Sedan, was there magnificent fighting in that fateful battle; and to many people it will mean more that De Neuville's "Les dernières Cartouches" is located here than that

the battle marked the downfall of Napoleon the Third. Thus one may, it seems, win fame by the making of pictures, as well as by the making of surrenders.

I was fortunate in entering the forest from the side of France, because from here there is only the diligence; and, as to the charm of Europe, it is still true that they who seek it diligencely shall find it.

I went out before breakfast to arrange for the box seat with the driver of the diligence; an extraordinarily small vehicle considering that it was intended for carrying the public, and yet quite large enough, as it turned out, to carry the very few of the public, farmers or woodsmen, who wanted to go.

It was some time after leaving Sedan before the actual forest was reached. A long white road leads up, and a long white road twists down, and a valley village is reached—Givonne, the center of the French position on the battle day, and on that account possessing a dignity which its aspect would not otherwise command. Continuing, trees more and and more take the place of fields; yet always in Ardennes one is likely to come where peasants arduously enforce a living from the meagre land. The Belgian frontier is passed, and scores of trees, toppled over by a recent hurricane, show that the forest is not always a place to lose and neglect the creeping hours of time, but has likewise a savageness in its nature which both Shakespeare and Ariosto recognized.

In the Forest of Arden

Oak and beech and aspen and willow, heath and pasture, a lone village or some solitary inn, the ever-recurring forest greenery hemming the long white roads, and the town of Godfrey of Bouillon is reached, and the diligence rattles noisily under the silent walls of the great castle.

It was tremendously impressive to realize that the castle from which the great King of Jerusalem went forth to the Crusades that made him immortal was still existent, and that I was actually looking at it. The name of Godfrey of Bouillon had been familiar from boyhood, and yet I had never thought of there being any castle of his name. Bouillon is never mentioned in books except as a name of centuries past; yet here it is, dark, frowning, dignified, and very, very old.

The castle and town of Bouillon are nooked in a bending hollow with the Semois sweeping circumfluent, like the Lehigh at Mauch Chunk. Lofty hills rise on either side; and from its rocky perch upon a river-bound peninsula the castle looks down at the town.

At the hotel I early met with an example of the eternal differences that come from view-points variant, for "This town is unfortunately," said my host, with wistfulness, "off the beaten track." As if that could be a misfortune!

As he mounted the stair to show me to the room to which the third Napoleon was brought after the

surrender, "The Emperor," said he, explanatorily, but in innocence of any knowledge of our expressive Americanisms, "was in Bouillon after Sedan."

A Godfrey goes out from Bouillon to endless fame; a Napoleon goes out from Bouillon to die in humiliation. And it is really astonishing that this still solitary, this still isolated region should for centuries have had intermittent connection with names great in history or in literature—Louis XIV, Henry of Navarre, Charlemagne, Godfrey of Bouillon, Richelieu, the third Napoleon, Ariosto, Shakespeare, Scott. In this section of the forest, with Bouillon as its center, there are probably no more people than there were at the time of the first Crusade; yet it is near great routes of travel, near great cities.

Ordinarily, a castle in a forest would seem an incongruity; but here it is of the forest's very essence. One might almost say that the castle of Bouillon has been here longer than the forest, so many decades before Godfrey's time was its construction begun—certainly, it has been here for longer than any tree now standing—and in the time of Quentin Durward a De la Marck, a wild boar of Ardennes, actually held it. For Godfrey mortgaged it (modern touch!) to secure money for his expedition to Palestine, and on that account it drifted, after his death, into devious channels of possession.

I have never received so tremendous an impression of feudalism as in this ancient pile, rising black

THE CASTLE OF GODFREY DE BOUILLON

The Count of Godfrey de Bouillon

above the white houses of the town. It is not that it displays the magnitude, the parade, of a Heidelberg or a Loches, but that so much of the outward has been shorn away in the course of successive ownerships and sieges as to concentrate attention upon the immense extent of the subterranean. Partly, the impression was due to the situation of the castle, in the midst of the lonely forest and hills, and partly to my going through it when no one else was within its vast extent but the ancient guide. The seneschal of a ruin should always be an old man, for congruence, or a young girl, for contrast.

There is a vivid terror in the heart of the rock, tunnelled and dungeoned far below the castle walls. There are doleful cells of darkness, and torture chambers, and a dreadful oubliette which yields the secrets of its construction to a great blaze of paper, and ever the passages go in grim convolutions. "The very devil couldn't find his way out of here," said the old man chucklingly; and then his voice shrilled on about the kings and dukes and their doings in the dark backward of time. "It is like an ant-hill," he quavered, leading the way into a tunnel which went twisting far downward. And ever and anon we were for a brief space above, and there were fair and lovely views from casement or battlement above those haunting secrets. And on the ramparts the old man swung the clapper of a bell which has knelled to war or to church throughout nine centuries.

Yet feudalism was not all terror and severity. It was terror for enemies and protection for friends. A street which still follows its ancient line and clings at the base of the castle rock shows by its very attitude of trustfulness that it considered the castle to be its defender. And, in those old times, should one's natural protector fail to protect, any inhabitant of Ardennes seeking justice needed but to go to the palace of the Bishop of Liège, and knock thrice with the great swinging iron that was bolted upon the door, and the bishop himself would answer the summons, and hear the complaint, and demand an explanation from the oppressor, and render a decree; and that decree did not lightly pass unheeded, for behind it stood the power of the Church.

The town of Bouillon is comparatively modern; but there are still old houses hidden unobtrusively away, and still there stand six-sided towers marking corners of the old town walls. And there are queer places to unearth: ancient caves in the rock, and remains of primitive structures, beneath or behind houses of more recent times. By mere chance, in a little shop in one of these newer buildings, I saw a hollow in the rock, and there was a running spring, and beside it was an old-time officially inscribed stone of the long-past Duchy of Bouillon, and in the stone was a hole for the measurement of money as a safeguard against clipping.

Life is placid in Bouillon. Business is not im-

portunate, a wagon seldom rattles over the stone-paved streets, boys lean interminably over the ancient bridge of stone, gossiping women are ever kneeling by the riverside, giving what is next to godliness to the linen of the town. The very funerals are tranquilly picturesque, for the mourners still follow on foot up the avenue of trees, whose clipped tops lace and intertwine, which once led to a monastery, long since destroyed.

But if one does not care for the town of Bouillon, in five minutes he may be hundreds of years away, in the castle, or hundreds of miles away, in the forest. And in spite of the interest of the home of Godfrey it is principally for the forest that one comes here.

And it needs to be said that Shakespeare undoubtedly meant this Ardennes—this Arden, as he anglicized the name—for it has been generally claimed that he had in mind an imaginary forest or a little Arden in England.

But he had in mind no imaginary forest. He loved history, and he loved geography, and he therefore loved to give his plays a local habitation and a name. He loved to specify Venice and Padua and London, the Temple Gardens, Black Angers, and the Forest of Arden. Had he wished to write of the forest of an imaginary Zenda he was sufficiently master of the language to have made his meaning clear.

He may never have seen Ardennes, but at least he was acquainted with the forest from cotemporaries and predecessors. And it is possible that he was here. He travelled; and no one knows, no one will ever know, whither he travelled or what he saw. And assuredly it will not be declared that he, of all men, would never step aside from what were even in his day the familiar routes.

And it is certain that he did not mean the little Arden in England. That there is an English Arden is not to be wondered at, for many a geographical name was carried across the Channel from the Continent; but everything in the play points to a region at the edge of France and not separated from it by water.

Shakespeare constantly writes as if the forest is on the French border. He portrays Rosalind and Celia as wearily walking to it from their French home. His description of Duke Frederick leading his army to the skirts of the wood clearly points out that he means the Ardennes that is beside France.

In all this Shakespeare follows Thomas Lodge. Lodge wrote a novel about Ardennes, a story with whose lilting prolixity one might even now be happy if the other charmer were away. With Lodge, "Rosylind and Alinda travailed along the Vineyards, and by many bywaies; and at last got to the Forrest side, where they travailed by the space of

two or three daies without seeing anie creature, being often in danger of wilde beasts, and payned with many sorrowes."

Lodge's story quickly ran through several editions, and Shakespeare dramatized it, and thus gave it popularity anew. And, of course, it was no more plagiarism than is the dramatization of the popular novel of to-day.

Ardennes, on the borders of France, and Rosalind and Celia, and the brother dukes, and the wrestling, and the banishment, all are Lodge's, with some of the names a trifle changed for effectiveness. But the inimitable Jacques and Touchstone and the splendid poetry of it all are Shakespeare's own.

Seldom have I spent more enjoyable days than those in Shakespeare's Arden. For charm and romance are still there, and the boar and the wild deer are there, and Corin and Phebe and Silvius, and shepherds with their cotes, their flocks, their bounds of feed. The banished duke and his companions, in modern guise, still hunt the forest glades, and "fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world." Nay, I even met Touchstone himself, as if he had stepped from an old Shakspearean print. "A fool, a motley fool." Thus he was garbed, with cap of points and clothing striped. But, alas! he would naught of wit or philosophy. He had married and settled here, as Shakespeare foresaw, and marriage had changed him, as it has

changed many another man. Where be his jibes now, his flashes of merriment? Yet he would have me know that he worked hard, here in his garden, and was content; and thereby he seems to have attained the highest of philosophy, after all.

I was in Ardennes in the idyllic glory of early spring. A tender warmth was in the air, and the forest, after the long unresponsiveness of winter, was with shy generosity giving promise of loving opulence to come. The fields were pied with the earliest daisies, buttercups and violets painted the meadows with delight, the first birds were singing, and the trees were gently unfolding their first buds. It was the sweet and happy Arden of the sweet and happy comedy.

Guide-books and atlases use the term "Ardennes" with somewhat of unavoidable vagueness. Originally this forest extended not only over a great part of Belgium, but stretched also into France and toward the eastward. It is curious that at the very time that Shakespeare was writing plays Henry of Navarre marched a force to the capture of Sedan, which was then within the forest boundary. Clumps of Ardennes woodland still break the levels of Champagne; there are remains of it in Luxembourg; and there are still great forest masses in central Belgium, dotted with cities and intersected by railways. But the present center of Ardennes is here, round about Bouillon, along the line of the

Semois, and it comprises a wide area of hill, of river valley, of undulating plateau, of upland heath. And it is this very part, isolated as it still is, with which most of the great names that are connected with the forest have had their association.

Once in the forest, one is continually charmed by the hills and the river. Never, surely, was there another stream of such uncontrolled meanderings. The course of the Semois is a succession of great serpentining bends; and when you have for a long time missed it, and think that it has finally wandered away, it comes purring softly back, around some delectable bend.

It is a charming country for motoring, but the automobilist who penetrates here must cultivate resignation, for he will frequently find a well macadamized road end suddenly in a mere trail. Fully to enjoy this forest, one must be somewhat of a pedestrian, for many of the most charming routes are footpaths only; and so intricately do these paths convolute in making (contradictory as it seems) short cuts from village to village, that no one ever tries to direct a stranger beyond the first turn, but leaves him to proceed after that as fate and fancy lead. And it is delightful to wander at random through great groves of glimmering birch, past the brook that brawls along the road, the oak whose antique roots peep out, the rank of osiers by the murmuring stream; charming to be obscured in the

circle of the forest and to know that it is the forest of Shakespeare.

The people who dwell in the little villages which are so sparingly interspersed are a simple, hardy folk, Walloons, descendants from an ancestry of bravery, and active, dark-featured, inclined to shortness, ready at times for gayety, but, as is natural to those who live in loneliness, mostly silent or of few words. And, in spite of the disappearance, as in most of Europe, of much of the distinctive costuming of the past, there are still the kirtle of green, the sash of blue or red, stockings of purple and shoes of wood, the agricultural blouse, the paniered back, and horses tasselled and belled.

The people are herdsmen, shepherds, farmers of the thinnish soil and woodcutters. Trees are grown in Ardennes for the market, as in other regions there are corn and oats. The forest is carefully cultivated and kept free from underbrush, and, although there are still many trees of great girth, the larger part of the forest is not of huge growth.

The houses of the forest villages are broad-gabled and low, and of stone that is black with age. Broad they must needs be, for under each roof is a heterogeneous huddle of men and women and children, cows and goats, rabbits and chickens, and geese and dogs. And it is in itself a proof of the length of time that this has been forest that the dogs bear a curious likeness to wolves.

Even in Bouillon itself—a place which, with its fewer than three thousand population, would elsewhere be deemed small, but which looms large as the principal town of what is left isolated of Ardennes—many a house is a Noah's Ark in its population, although the newer look of the houses at first conceals the fact. After all, these people and their livestock have been living for centuries in friendly juxtaposition, and an inheritedly ingrained habit is not lightly lost.

"These are the hills, these are the woods, these are the starry solitudes; and there the river by whose brink the roaring lion comes to drink." For Shakespeare even puts a lion here, and it has caused endless trouble. Scott, when he committed an anachronism or an anachorism, always appended a peccavi note; but Shakespeare, never; he divined what his commentators were to do in the way of notes and would not willingly add his own straws to the load of posterity.

As to that lion, it might be enough to claim poetic license; to point out that when Ariosto sent his Rinaldo through Ardennes, on his journey from Paris to Basle, he had him meet in this forest an uncanny monster with a thousand eyes. But Shakespeare frankly took his lion from Thomas Lodge.

In this forest of Shakespeare's the regular roads and paths may often be followed for miles without meeting a human being. There is a deep loneliness

away from the villages; and, as Touchstone remarked, "In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well." From lofty summits the view seems one of wilderness illimitable. When the uncertain glory of an April day changes to sudden storm, the rolling thunder goes echoing distantly among the hills. In the heart of the forest I have come unexpectedly upon a charming and solitary mill. One day I chanced upon a Trappist monastery. "It is desolate here in winter when the north wind blows," said one of the monks drearily.

It seemed to me that it would be of peculiar interest to attend an Easter service in the very shadow of the castle from which the greatest of all Crusaders marched out for the recovery of that sepulchre without whose story there would be no Easter to celebrate. It was merely chance that had put me there at Easter time; and it was unexpected and unhoped for good fortune that, entirely to my surprise, gave not only an Easter service but also a Passion Play.

It was, as the plain little program had it, a

REPRÉSENTATION

DES

MYSTÈRES DE LA PASSION

DE

NOTRE SEIGNEUR JÉSUS-CHRIST

There were sixteen elaborately prepared scenes given by one hundred Biblically costumed characters; or, to quote again from the program, it was a

GRAND DRAME BIBLIQUE EN 16 ACTES

ALLANT DE L'ENTRÉE DE JÉSUS À JÉRUSALEM JUSQU'AU CRUCIFIEMENT

100 ACTEURS Y PRENNENT PART

The audience was not large, and the people found agreeable enjoyment. It did not seem to occur to them that the play bore religious significance; there was no irreverence; it was merely that they did not understand that reverence was expected; it was six long hours of singing and costumes, of picking out their neighbors beneath great wigs or behind false beards; it was a show in a showless town, and those who know only cities do not understand the pathetic excitement of such a condition.

And so, human nature being everywhere the same, the people enjoyed the representation with the unrepressed pleasure of children; they will soon enough learn to look unnaturally grave if the representation begins to attract annual visitors. The young girls were the sweet and natural part of it; the men and boys were inclined to frolic a little behind the scenes as an offset to stage stiltedness.

And in all it was a striking experience to see the Jerusalem scenes thus acted and thus received under the walls of the castle of Jerusalem's king.

Even at the regular Easter service, which preceded the play, the satisfaction had to come mainly from the feeling that it was an Easter service, and in that place. The church was abloom with the flowers from new Easter hats! Thus far has fashion penetrated. And the hats were of a kind that may be bought on Grand Street.

The service was of simple solemnity; the red-clothed *Suisse* deeming himself a weighty part of it, as he decrepitly marched about, proud of being the only man in church permitted to wear a hat, and proud, poor old fellow, of a childish medal, pinned prominent, lauding him for "good conduct and morality."

The church itself is Victorian, expressed in terms Walloon. "An unattractive building in an attractive location," said the priest quietly, pacing the terrace with me. It was in my heart to reassure him, but I refrained; I could only speak of the general charm of the country.

But he seemed touched with a gentle melancholy. "Yes, monsieur, it is beautiful"; he shook his head, reflective, dubious; "it is, as you say, beautiful; but the people, to them it is only habitude."

And so, having begun by finding Touchstone,

In the Forest of Arden

I was thus to end by finding Jacques. For this is the Forest of Arden!

X. FREE AND INDEPENDENT LUXEMBOURG

DIRECTLY between Paris and Berlin; only a hair's breadth, indeed, away from a straight line drawn between these two cities, there lies a little and independent country. By Americans it has been inexplicably overlooked. It contains a multitude of ruined castles, perched craggily. It is of the diverting area of nine hundred and ninety-nine square miles. It presents phases of thriving modern life, yet there are extensive sections of wooded wilderness. In its wildest part I have seen the wild deer as I drove along the public road. It is saturated with historic association. There are regions of delectable charm. Its people take their autonomy with great seriousness, yet with the subtle sense of a jest in it all.

Although this almost unnoticed *Grossherzogthum* of Luxembourg, this Grand-Duchy, is in the very heart of most-travelled Europe, one may for a few francs and with the formality of an invitation join in the annual official chase of wild boar! A few dollars buys a license to hunt deer. At an inn one may find the right to miles of fishing included with room and food.

Free and Independent Luxembourg

Luxembourg is not really difficult to reach. One notices again, however, that there are distances in Europe and that trains are easy-going. Luxembourg, the capital of Luxembourg, is a trifle over 250 miles from Paris by rail, and the trains have fairly good connections. It is about as far from Brussels. It is farther from Berlin. From the Forest of Arden, where I was when I wished to go to Luxembourg, I had the choice of diligencing back to Sedan and there getting a train to take me fifty miles, or of changing cars at Longuyon, which is forty miles from Luxembourg.

Luxembourg would not even now be independent had not Queen Wilhelmina been a girl. It would have remained a province of the Netherlands, although hedged in (such, again, the bewilderment of it) by Germany and Belgium and France. But its constitution makes the succession hereditary in the male line of Nassau, and so at Wilhelmina's accession it eluded her grasp and placidly entered the family circle of independent European countries; not large for its age, this new member, for its size is less than a twelfth part that of tiny Holland.

The Grand-Duke William, who died only last year, had six children, all girls, and there were no other heirs. This failure of the male line threatened the loss of Luxembourg's independence, whereupon there was invoked a constitutional interpretation not vouchsafed to pretty Wilhelmina—an in-

terpretation that permitted of female succession, after all; and the oldest of the six daughters became Grand-Duchess. She is just nineteen years old, and her name is Marie Adélaide Thérèse Hilda Antoinette Wilhelmine, and she is not only Grand-Duchess of Luxembourg, but the Duchess of Nassau, Countess Palatine of the Rhine, Königstein, Katzeneinbogen and Dietz, Burggravine of Hammerstein, and so on, such being among the nomenclatural privileges of the nobility.

The people are resolved to give no pretext for the seizing of their land by France or Prussia, and especially by Prussia. The bells of the capital city ring out, preliminary to the striking of the hours, not the grave chorals heard from the church towers of other parts of Europe, but this or that gay selection from opera or song, and nothing is so popular as the much-beloved tune, chimed with clangerous gusto, "*Wir wollen bleiben was wir sind! Wir wollen keine Preussen sein!*" (We will remain as we are! We will not be Prussians!) Thus with characteristic lightheartedness they daringly jest with what they dread.

Luxembourg, the capital of Luxembourg, is set proudly upon a plateau girdled by precipices two hundred feet in height. Rivers wind circumfluent at the foot of the rocks, and from the boulevarded brink there are alluring views.

Until less than fifty years ago the city was of a

strength only second to that of Gibraltar, but by the Treaty of London, of 1867, the powers decreed that the Duchy should thenceforth be neutral, although it was a province of Holland, and that the fortifications of the capital should be destroyed. For centuries the city held a proud distinction, under the oft-alternating rule of France, Germany, Austria, the Netherlands, and Spain; and the change has not come in order that nation shall not lift up sword against nation, but only that in case of war great armies may maneuver without the check inherent in the very presence at this central spot of a powerful stronghold.

And so, the splendid haughtiness has gone, and only fragments of the fortifications remain. But what fragments! Rocks honeycombed with passages and pierced with embrasures; grim piles of stone; and here and there, projecting over the edges of the cliff, the noble Spanish Towers.

The powers decreed, too, that the army be reduced to a paltry three hundred, and the inhibition still holds. But the happy people, making a jest of necessity, smile when the handful march along with pomp of colors and blare of music; some sixth of the total army being band. But, with saving sense of humor, there is no extravagance of military title, and the commander-in-chief is but a major.

The decrees of the great powers may not be defied with impunity, for, after all, the little countries like

Holland and Belgium and Andorra and Liechtenstein and Luxembourg preserve their independence only on sufferance and at the price of a readiness to bow to the will of their powerful and mutually jealous neighbors. It is well when, as with the cheerful folk of Luxembourg, the humors of their situation are appreciated. Smite Luxembourg anywhere and humor bubbles forth.

The fire department of the capital, and its hand apparatus and the few demands upon it, are one of the local jokes; but one of the fire officials, fearful lest I should belittle the basic importance of it all, told me, with paradoxical pride, that a few years ago the city had "one of the biggest fires in Europe"!

Once a year, through the streets of the capital, goes the unique March of the Muttons; a puzzled clump of snow-white lambs making their way through the amused and thronging people, close followed by volunteer musicians playing the ancient Mutton March.

Luxembourg must assuredly be the place to which the Pied Piper led the bewitched children, such a gay and a dancing folk these are.

On the evening of my arrival the people were celebrating the birthday of their ruler; they had really begun the day before, but had found one day insufficient for the expression of their jubilance. It was raining, but the population thronged the streets oblivious. A band was playing, and there, in

A Towered Gateway Left from Old Fortifications

the open square, a great number were dancing in the rain, some holding umbrellas and some not.

The Grand-Duchess and her sisters dwell in what was a beautiful oriel-windowed palace, which has in recent years been unimprovingly enlarged. Her people love her, and not only because she is a woman, but because Luxembourg always did love the titled. Long ago the little country took the side of Spain against the Netherlands. It sided with Louis the Sixteenth against the Revolution, and thereby suffered wild devastation.

A city of some twenty thousand this capital, and there are other and smaller towns, as, narrow-valleyed Vianden, on either side of which the mountains rise in mellow walls; Diekirch, set beside a smiling river, with glimmering meadows sentinelled by lofty heights; Echternach, where, once a year, on Whit-Tuesday, the Dancing Procession gathers from ten to twenty thousand, mostly pilgrims from distant places, under its rhythmic spell, to sway in spiritual ecstasy through the streets, three steps forward and two back, to the monotonous tune of "Adam, he had seven sons," just as pilgrims have done here for a thousand years. There are interesting little villages away from the railroad. There is much of shadowy forest. There are serpentizing streams in such number that one ceases to attempt differentiation. There are quarries and iron mines, but the principal material interests are agricultural.

It is the pride of Luxembourg that the principal reward of those who handle the public money consists in honorable decoration, and that there is consequently no embezzlement of public funds. "Why, if one were to steal he could have no decoration!"—such is their naïve viewpoint in this century of "high-finance."

Under the Grand-Duchess is a Chamber of Deputies, of forty-eight members, chosen by the suffrages of such men of over twenty-five as pay an annual tax of ten francs. The Duchess has the power of veto, but that is but another Luxembourg joke, for she, like her father and her father's father, never uses it.

But between the Chamber and the Duchess, lest there should be too much of democracy, there is a Court; and it is a court of title and ceremony.

There is a grand-chamberlain; there are other chamberlains, with equerries and aides-de-camp, and a maréchal de la cour; there is a *grande-maitresse de la grande-duchesse;* there are *dames du palais, d'honneur, du service, de la cour.*

The national colors are the red and white and blue; there are governmental departments of state, of justice, of agriculture, of the interior, of finance. The Minister of State sees personally the poor and the rich alike. The Department of Agriculture, alert to be of aid, gladly advises any farmer who presents a problem of seed or season or soil.

Free and Independent Luxembourg

Ordinarily, there is dulness in statistics; but I was really pleased with the attention to detail of the official who compiled the census. Out of a total population of 236,543 all are Roman Catholics, with the exception of 1201 Israelites, 2269 Protestants, 49 "other Christians," and 186 who are rated as "not known." At once one wonders who and what are the 49, and what is the religion of the "not known."

An anxious, faithful, worrying man, he of the Census Bureau, one would gather, and one who leaves loose ends through very excess of fussiness. He finds that almost all the inhabitants are natives of the duchy, but that some small number are Swiss, German, Russian, or of other nationalities, with 96 of "nationality not known."

The total annual revenue is small—only from two to three million dollars—yet the treasury always manages to hold a little surplus. The purposes for which a state spends money are always illuminative, and here, quoting from the report most recently published, I find that the Chamber of Deputies costs but $15,000; that prisons demand only $50,000; the civil list and government, $80,000; that religion and the army go hand in hand, each taking nearly $100,000; that justice is given $110,000; pensions, $170,000; and agriculture, commerce, and industries, $200,000; that "interior" expenses, one of the items under which is that of police, require $230,000 (New York City spends annually on its police de-

partment alone more than thirteen millions of dollars); that to public works goes over $600,000; and that, under the noble classification of public instruction and the arts and sciences, Luxembourg gladly expends $300,000. The post-office, with the cognate branches of telephone and telegraph, is not quite self-supporting, it being the policy of the government to encourage increase of the service by reasonable fees.

On the whole, a wise and liberal government, with a watchfulness which shows that the influence has not been forgotten of that old-time ruler who was accustomed to go to Luxembourg in disguise and buy fish and bread so that he might detect any evils, punish the evil seller, and give the food to the poor.

I did not look into statistics of marriage; it did not seem needful to do so, for whenever, which was often, I passed the city hall of the capital I saw the carriages of one or more wedding parties drawn up there. The double marriage, civil and religious, expands the glory of the day by giving wider opportunity to drive in proud publicity through the streets. Sometimes the glory is spread over two days. One chill morning I stepped into a church just as a couple —the bridegroom gray-haired!—arrived. But the priest was not ready, and so the impatient two, with white-clad bridesmaids and black-clad men, stood patiently, while ever and anon one of the

carriage-drivers inquiringly poked in his head, until at last the priest, kindly, benign, and still sleepy, appeared.

It is a land of amenities. Ask a direction, and a man will quit his occupation or turn back in his walk to pilot you. Ask a question of the guardian of the gate at a railway station, and he is likely to lock his gate in the face of the other people and hurry off to find an answer for the stranger.

Luxembourg for centuries had an uneasy existence. In the pathway of the nations, army after army overran and harried it, changes of government were frequent, shadowy claims and actual conquests succeeded one another. It escaped misusage in the Franco-Prussian War, in spite of its situation between the two rival capitals, because its neutrality had been decreed but a few years before.

The most picturesque of the men of Luxembourg was that John, the Blind King of Bohemia—hereditary ruler of Luxembourg, setting forth claims upon the Bohemian throne—who was slain at Crécy after heroically going into the battle linked to a knight on either side. "John the Errant," the old chroniclers term him, for he loved to roam about Europe, taking part chivalrously in as many quarrels as he could assume. Even when blindness came it did not cause him entirely to cease from activities, but permitted him to end his career in unique glory. In the hurly-burly of fight it may not have been

possible to avoid killing him, but there is not in all history anything more unchivalrous recorded than the triumphant taking of the crest, the Three Feathers, of this slain old blind man, by the Black Prince, and its incorporation with the arms of the Prince of Wales as something to be transmitted as a proud heritage.

The general dislike and even dread of Germany are the more curious because the Luxembourg folk are mostly of Teutonic race, and only secondarily Walloon. More German than French is heard, but the common speech is a patois compounded from several languages. Alone among Continental peoples, so they believe, they say "mouse" and "mice," just as the English do (although they do not spell them in this way), and of this apparent connection with England they are inordinately proud.

By diligence or postwagen one enters little-visited portions of the Duchy. I was so fortunate as to choose a time when, at some of the stopping-places, there was not a single visitor of any nationality. There are, however, portions that are freely visited by French and Belgians at certain seasons of the year.

The diligences proceed with restful leisure, stopping at every wayside tavern and many a house. For one family the driver carries a loaf of bread; for another a bottle of medicine, and here he makes solicitous inquiry before going on; at another house he leaves a box, in regard to which there is uproarious

but incomprehensive patois of joke: for, although one may, by dint of great effort, master the patois, he shall never come to comprehension of the patois humor.

One is given a general impression of long drives by the side of sparkling rivers, of villages strung attenuatedly through slim valleys, of idyllic glades where women tend the grazing flocks, of two-wheeled ox-drawn carts, of old, old houses, where ancient women offer snuff from ancient boxes, and where there are black-mouthed fire-places, and enormous beams, and winding stairs of stone, and carven doors, and stately standing clocks.

In considering foreign countries there is usually some specific taste to satisfy. Dickens was eager to see an American prairie and was not satisfied until taken to one. Scott longed to view an American forest. Nowadays the thoughts of the European in regard to America lightly turn to thoughts of sky-scrapers. Most Americans in Europe wish primarily to go where splendor falls on ruined castle walls; and in Luxembourg they may plethorically satisfy this desire, for the number of ruins is astonishing for so small a region. And so loftily placed are these castles of olden time that one sees a new and literal meaning in the terms "upper classes" and "high life."

Among the many are the two towers of Esch, glooming at each other across a rock-bound cleft;

the splendid fastness of Brandenburg, brooding over white houses beneath it; the stern remains of Bourscheid, deployed in crenelated complexity against the sky; mighty Vianden, looming somber and gray, and with spacious expanse of the subterranean.

One will not so much care to learn their definite history. Their greatest charm lies in a glorified indistinctnes of association. Splendidly setting forth the character and life of an entire age, they must needs summon up remembrance of things past, and kindle imaginative fire even in those least prone to imaginative enthusiasm. One loves to wander through the halls where the stately folk of old dined and slept and gossiped and died, and to stand at recessed windows where fine ladies looked forth over delectable stretches of hill and hollow, watching for the return of husbands and brothers from business——that business, human nature being essentially the same as it is now, often being the settling of some account!

Old tales haunt these ancient piles. Penetrate to the nethermost vaults of one, so the peasants believe, and there will be found two mail-clad warriors deep at play. "May the devil take him who first quits the table!" cried the two in unison, some sundry centuries ago, and at once the devil stood there, suave, smiling, expectant. Whereat the players, one may imagine with what chagrin, with what decision born of dire necessity, determined to

IN INDEPENDENT LUXEMBOURG

IN DARKNESS LET ME DWELL

play patiently on till the devil should be aweary of waiting.

Between the rocky point of a castle and a rocky point beyond, there was stretched a slender plank for the convenience of men at work upon repairs. One day a mason hastened across the plank to meet his wife approaching with his dinner; thus doubly weighted the bridge broke, and the man was killed, and the woman, herself unhurt, set up a wail remembered in this land of jests throughout the centuries: "The good dinner; it is lost!"

One ruin is haunted by a fairy who sings softly in the brooding twilight; but woe to him so incautious as to utter criticism, for instantly he is metamorphosed into rock; and the rock-filled glen bears mute testimony to the legend's truth.

A prince, without examining closely into the family connections of a maiden he loved, married her with the prenuptial stipulation that one day in every week she should have to herself unseen. Inevitably came regret and jealousy, and he spied upon her—and found her to be a mermaid who on that day resumed her natural form. Seeing him she fled and disappeared forever; but the peasants still hear her, singing from the waters of the Alzette, the melody coming crooningly like the vague voice of the wind.

Far older than the castles are ancient Druid remains; and upon the summit of one Druid-haunted

hill, topped by a great dolmen, the children build a fire upon one night of the year, and then, waving burning brands, come rushing down through the torch-lit darkness into the village at the mountain foot—rushing down, thus, out of none can tell what mistiness of vanished centuries.

The iron feet of Rome left deep foot-prints here, and great Roman camps are preserved, and there are fine Roman monuments. And among them none is so fine as the monument erected to the memory of a rich old Roman who amassed his wealth in trade. It is worth while being reminded, thus, that the "commercial spirit" is not of modern growth.

Of many things are the people of Luxembourg proud besides their independence. They are proud of their free press and free speech and of their schools, of which the government conducts not alone those for general education, but others for commerce, philosophy, gardening, farming, and manual training, and still others for instructing girls in cooking and house-wifery.

There are agricultural societies for the purchase of machinery, and for combination and counsel in other lines, and for the handling and selling of milk and cheese and butter; and two great societies, one for the southern portion of the Duchy (the "good lands"), and one for the northern (the "bad lands"), are entrusted by the state with the importation of horses and cattle.

Free and Independent Luxembourg

Among the taxes of Luxembourg is an income tax, graded not only according to the amount of income, but according to whether one is a professional man, office-holder, business man, or laborer.

The important day for Luxembourg is that of the patron saint; one who has been honored as such ever since a long-ago time when her image, having been carried away from the capital, miraculously transported itself back again. Every one wishes to be at the capital on the annual day, and the vital point is that the saint must believe that all have pilgrimaged thither on foot. And so—although it is not very flattering to the intelligence of the propitiated one!—trains and wagons stop just outside of the city, and the people go walking gravely in.

A strongly religious folk these of Luxembourg. At a lonely hill village, one Sunday night, I entered the church, drearily perched under the shadow of a ruined castle. Shafts of pallid moonlight came through the narrow windows, but the church was in practical darkness, for the only other light was from three tiny candles that glimmered by the altar. The church was filled with people, almost indistinguishable in the gloom, the men upon one side and the women on the other. There was no priest or other leader, but the men and women were antiphonally chanting, in almost ghostly resonance, a solemn service long since learned by heart. I left the church and climbed to the ruin above, and

there long listened to the antiphon coming up to me so effective and weird.

It is astonishing that in so small a land there are places which give the impression of being at a great distance from the beaten tracks of travel. One finds isolated villages, of houses gleaming white against the glaring green of hillsides, where the landlord of the little inn will evince a desire to shake your hand on arriving, but—to use an expressive Americanism, for which there is really no capable substitute—not to pull your leg on leaving. He will himself serve you with wine, or with strong waters distilled from plum-stone or cherry and bearing names all consonants, and his pretty daughter will wait upon you. You will sleep in a bed piled mountain high, with a mountainous bed to lie upon you. You will wake with the piping of birds and look from your window upon the glory of lofty slopes white with cherry blossoms.

At one little village I was told that there was no means of conveyance farther. I had gone to Vianden by steam-tramway; thence to the northward by postwagen as far as Eisenbach, following the wild valley of the River Our, the boundary between Luxembourg and Prussia; and it was at Eisenbach that I was told there was no way of getting on to Dasburg, that being a tiny town just over the Prussian line, in Eifel Land, and having no connection with the outside world in this direction. "The post-

wagen goes no farther than Eisenbach, and you can only return by it," I was told.

"But I shall hire a horse," I replied.

"Ah! But there is no horse here—not a farmer has a horse—the only horses are those of the post-wagen."

I knew that in many out-of-the-way parts of Europe a great proportion of the farmers get along without horses, where the patches of land are small, but this was the first time I had been told of entirely horseless farming.

Well, if there were actually no horse conveyance, I could at least walk—it was good weather and the roads were good—and so I asked whom I could engage to walk with me and help carry my small amount of baggage; for I had learned the value of traveling light.

Then, unexpectedly to the villagers, a man from a few miles away, who happened to come in, told me that there was actually a horse near his home! —he was sure I could hire it, and for a consideration was eager to hurry off and fetch horse and owner.

It was a queer looking animal, that solitary horse of the countryside. It was the color of soap, and was knobby with bones, yet the owner firmly demanded what, it was clear, he thought a good round sum for the trip to Dasburg. "It will break up my day," he said, and declared that he must have (stated in American money) about a dollar and a

half. He looked positively astonished when I accepted his offer without demur.

The horse was tight strapped within a tarpaulin, the wagon was without springs, the tugs were chains, and the man drove with a single rope—thus evidencing the prodigal waste of other lands, where two lines are required—and the ride was a delightful one.

Dasburg, where I spent one night, before going on in another direction by another postwagen, is a strangely solitary little place, yet I found that at a house on the edge of the village, looking out over a wide and desolate view, lived a man and his wife who had been to America, had lived for a time in Buffalo, but had wearied of Lake Erie and could not rest till they had got back to this, the home of their childhood.

Beside the top of the front door of many a Luxembourg house is a little opening, and to this there runs a narrow ladder, usually placed as a staircase along the wall, but sometimes standing out ladderwise. Bizarre in effect: but perhaps for children? one wonders—till one sees the ladders mounted, as evening comes on apace, by the family chickens, tripping up from rung to rung.

The ploughing-oxen, the houses where wealth of pewter is preserved in deep old chests, the fairs where metal keepsakes are purchased for gifts interpretative by an ancient code of love, the grotto whose iron crowns cure headaches, the discarding

of a lover by the present of a black egg on Easter Day—these are among the things of charm. At fascinating Vianden, which Hugo loved, there is a church around which girls try to dance three times upon one foot and then to throw a stone into the stream that goes twinkling through the valley, for she who succeeds will be married within a twelvemonth. At Diekirch each December a fair is held at which men and women servants are engaged for the following year, each being chalked upon the back as negotiations are completed.

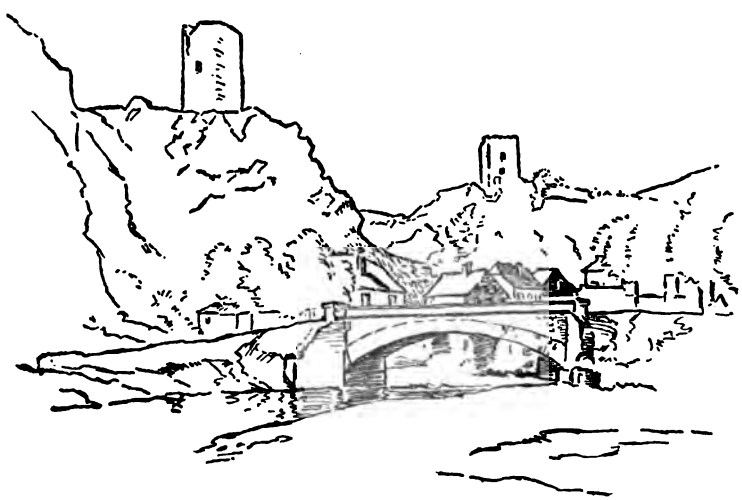
Here "man goeth forth unto his work until the evening," but when evening comes the people gather in their villages for friendliness and gossip. The system which arose in the times when peasants gathered about these castles for protection, not daring to make their homes in isolated spots, still endures, as it does throughout most of Continental Europe, and so there is not that loneliness which so often is the lot of the American farmer.

Land is divided at the owner's death among all his children. It is part of the national policy to have the people become land-owners, and one who inherits none will find the government desirous of aiding him in acquisition.

There is always a subtle responsive smile when one asks, no matter how gravely, where the Prussian boundary is—and it is never far distant in this narrow land. Ask why there are so many emigrants

leaving this delectable country, especially for the United States, and a smile is again the answer.

A country piquant and fascinating. And when, on the postwagen, one approaches a mountain village through the mist of early morning, and the driver blows his horn, and the people gather where he stops, and he feeds his horses with big pieces of black bread, and the black-gowned priest, seeing that there is a stranger as passenger, hovers in the background and, divided between curiosity and dignity, bows till his tonsured spot shows shining, it is hard to realize that this is in the heart of Europe, that this is directly between the two great cities of Paris and Berlin—but in such fascinating incongruence lies much of the charm of this *Grossherzogthum* of Luxembourg.



XI. NEUTRAL MORESNET

WITHIN the triple encompassment of Belgium and Holland and Prussia, and in actual juxtaposition with all three, there lies a bit of land which for almost a century has been under the dual rule of rival kings. Originating in mistake, the anomaly has been perpetuated by jealousy, by the inability of two governments to concur in partition.

There was awe in the conception of the man without a country; but in Neutral Moresnet there are 3781 without a country. "Under which king, Bezonian? speak or die," demanded Ancient Pistol; but change the threat to Moresnian and there would be 3781 unable to give the saving word.

It came about through a geographical blunder of that Congress of Vienna which, after the sending of Napoleon to Elba, parceled out Europe anew. Through a district known as Moresnet, which under the French Empire had been assigned to the Department of the Ourthe, the negotiators drew a line, intending to make division between Prussia and the Netherlands. The northern end of this line de-

marcatory, the point where the departments of the Ourthe, the Meuse, and the Roeure converged, was well known, but about the southern end, so it was discovered, there were views variant. Prussia wished to stand by the description in one article of the treaty; the Netherlands claimed under another; and contingent upon which article was to have force was the status of a triangle of land, in the middle of Moresnet, some three miles by two miles by one, with an area of 850 acres.

A decision was postponed. There were more insistent problems. Part of Moresnet was unquestionably Prussian, part Netherlandian; and between the two portions should be this Neutral Moresnet, this No Man's Land. It was to be under the civil administration of both countries, but under the military jurisdiction of neither.

When the Kingdom of the Netherlands was separated into Holland and Belgium, it was Belgium that retained an interest in the Triangle; when Prussia became part of Germany, it was still to Prussia and its king that the Triangle gave recognition.

Prussia and Belgium unite in the administration and divide the taxes; the money and the stamps of either country may be used; the courts of either may be appealed to; the burgomaster is alternately from one country and from the other. And there can be no garrison and no fortifications.

Neutral Moresnet

From its ancient and still worked deposits of calamine, the hydrous silicate of zinc, the territory is sometimes known as Vieille Montagne, or Altenberg, although the "old mountain" is but a lowish hill. From "calamine" come "Kelmis," the name of the town where, as if by some law of precipitation, the population has settled at the bottom of the Triangle.

Although Neutral Moresnet is but a few miles from Aix-la-Chapelle, and although an electric-car line will be continued from the city to its edge—probably, before this, has been continued—it is a lost territory. It is easily reachable from the village of Hergenrath, but this I did not easily learn. On the evening of my arrival in Aix I inquired at the hotel, at some neighboring shops, and at both of the railway stations, but no one could tell me how to reach Neutral Moresnet; they had no idea at all, or guessed at random at various impossible stations. But I set out next morning on the quest, and after some hours of travel and search was so fortunate as to find it. They love to tell, in the Triangle, of a recently appointed Prussian post-office inspector who went from Aix to visit Neutral Moresnet officially, but who, misdirected from station to station, returned baffled at night to his starting-point.

And I recently had a personal experience that is perhaps still stranger. The division of Neutral

Moresnet has long been intended, plans have from time to time been proposed for it, and it is apt to be accomplished at any moment. This would alter the national frontier of Germany; a matter of such importance that it would be expected that any German official, and especially any one connected with what we call the Department of State, would infallibly and necessarily know all about the entire situation. And so before putting this into a book, I went to the office of the German Consul in one of our largest cities to make certain that there had been no change of status. But the Consul had actually never heard of Neutral Moresnet. "It is on the German boundary, you say?" he repeated wonderingly; and he turned to his books to find it, and could then only shake his head in amazement.

Then I wrote to the German Embassy, in Washington, only to find that even there the boundaries of Germany are not watched! They knew of Neutral Moresnet, but could only "regret to say" that "at this Embassy it is not known" about the long-intended division.

No railway has its line through the neutral bit. Tracks are in Prussian Moresnet on one side, in Belgium Moresnet on the other, but within Neutral Moresnet there is only a short switch for freight-cars from the mines.

The burgomaster, above whose office door are the juxtaposed coats-of-arms of Prussia and of Belgium,

not only dispenses punishment for petty delinquency, but is the active governing power of the Triangle. He is assisted by a Council of Ten, a Committee of Beneficence, and a Committee for Schools; but even the awesomely named "Ten" wield no real power, for counsellors and committeemen are alike chosen by the burgomaster himself and exercise functions that are only advisory. Nor have the people of the Triangle any power of voting in regard to any public matter whatever.

Yet the burgomaster is far from being an untrammeled despot. There are two commissioners, one appointed by Prussia and one by Belgium, who visit the Triangle whenever they see fit and to whom every act of the burgomaster must be pleasing. Should they check or chide him, he must submit; should they give advice, he must comply. Should the two commissioners themselves differ, the matter must at once go to Berlin and to Brussels for decree.

Of the 3781, 1858 are males and 1923 females; 1642 are rated as Prussian, 1302 Belgian, 372 Dutch, 2 Italian, 2 Russian, and 1 Swiss. The remaining 460 are descendants of those who were inhabitants when the Triangle became neutral, and they are highly privileged, for their taxes remain the same as their ancestors paid in 1814, and they are free from any military service whatever. Alarmed at losing men from their armies, Prussia and Belgium some years ago began to claim a few years' service

from such as entered the Triangle from their respective territories, but neither country has ever attempted to alter the status of the indigenes.

Approaching the Triangle from Hergenrath, there are seen a low-rounding hill, a pointed spire, and clustered roofs half-hidden among trees, and that is Kelmis.

The houses are built to the line of cobbled sidewalk, most of them are of two stories, of brick or of brick-trimmed stone, and often a front is plastered in yellow or brown or pink; nor is the town without houses of little windows, wooden-shuttered in white or green. The floors are tiled or bricked, the kettles are copper, the crockery is of ponderousness. I noticed a plate holding up one corner of a heavy and uneven table. "It won't hurt the plate," said the owner, laconically, following my glance. Rain-barrels are of monster magnitude. Mottoes are darned in flaming reds and blues, as, "May the good God give us good luck!" Many a house has flowers in its windows, many a door is iron-knockered, many a fruit tree is trained against the wall. Flowers grow freely, but not in great variety; and most prized is a yellow violet which the people deem infallible as an indicator of zinc, the degree of yellow in the flower denoting the degree of metal in the soil.

When evening approaches, and the men come back from digging in the wet earth and pushing little cars on narrow tracks, the people group genially

for gregarious gossip. The young folk walk together up and down, or gayly and informally dance. The children play. Music sounds from the refreshment-gardens or the casino.

The first of May is moving-day, and then the streets are filled with little two-wheeled carts, heaped high with things of the household, and one gains the impression that nearly every one is changing his domicile—and, indeed, the citizens will tell you, with great complaisance, that each family manages in time to live in nearly every house in town! With all the world before them where to choose they will not leave the Triangle, but variedly find the spice of life within its slender borders.

The water-supply is from a mighty spring just away from the town, and the water is transported by the women and the girls in buckets dangling from yokes borne across their shoulders.

There are many signs for the sale of oleomargarine, drugs, and drink, thus hinting at a possible processional cause and effect. Within this tiny acreage there are eighty places where beverages are dispensed! "*Sang und Liebe, Witz und Wein, Sind des Lebens Sonnenschein!*" Thus, prominently lettered in one of the houses, are the desiderata of this humble Moresnian life expressed; only, in realization, the wine is generally beer and the wit is a humor rather broad.

Taxing is done with cheerful freedom. Restau-

rants and cafés naturally bear an important share, and every dance, every little concert, is a taxable occasion. Dogs, too, are taxed; but only dogs of harness—"*les chiens de trait*"—the poor "dog Tray." Yet taxes, in all, seem to be a little lower than in adjacent Prussia and only a little higher than in Belgium.

The solitary policeman of the Triangle, jocularly known as the "Secretary of War," goes about with hurried assiduity, stooping under his responsibility. Diligent in his business, he stands for two kings. But in case of need the soldiers of Belgium or of Prussia may be called in; and, indeed, Prussian soldiers, patrolling with slung rifles, are a familiar sight along the border-line. Watching the customs, they—for although Moresnet is the only place in Europe where there is not the slightest customs examination for articles entering, everything which goes out is carefully scanned!

On the whole, an honest sort of place, this. "A man can go safely anywhere, night or day," declares the burgomaster; and it is doubtless mere exuberance of heed that leads the barber to take in every evening the gleaming basin of brass that twinkles in front of his shop as the outward and visible sign of his calling.

The Prussian Eagle and the Belgian Lion have lain down together, but one intangibly gains the impression that the lion has not held the lion's share.

Prussian governmental influence seems to be stronger. There is a preponderance of the flaxen hair and blue eyes of Germany. Although Walloon, Dutch, Flemish, French, and German are all spoken, the number of languages being inversely as the population, German has practically conquered the rest; but it bears the marks of the tongues it overcame. It is difficult to understand, as it has become a patois: in fact, the worse one's German is, here, the better it is.

The vaccination of the children is a function civil and military. The burgomaster keeps the record. A Prussian soldier marshals the throng. The lining-up, the registering, the baring of arms, the incision, the relegation to the drying rows—all is swift, methodical, capable, amusing.

In 1903 the absence of definite rule attracted the attention of men who wished to establish a great gambling resort; it was decided to locate here, large sums were spent in preparation, and gambling on an extensive scale was actually begun. The Code Napoleon, still operative in the Neutral Territory, prohibits the gathering of more than twenty persons for such a purpose, at one time, without specific authority. But the gambling promoters proceeded with much circumspection. They first decreed that no inhabitant of the Triangle should be permitted to gamble, and thus there was to be no local injury. And they arranged to play in relays of twenty!

They believed that the burgomaster and Belgium favored them, and so long as the law was observed they believed they could ignore the displeasure of Prussia.

But the man behind the sword cut the cleverly tied Gordian knot of strict legality. The Prussian King declared that unless gambling should instantly cease the territory would at once be partitioned and the neutrality should end. In distinctively Belgian or Prussian territory a Monte Carlo would not be permitted; so the gamblers swiftly vanished, and the neutrality remained.

Within Neutral Moresnet there is no court except the petty tribunal of the burgomaster. A plaintiff may bring his suit in either Prussia or Belgium, as he may prefer. The Code Napoleon, altered from time to time by mutual edicts of the two kings, forms the basis of law, but this law must be administered in accordance with the procedure of Belgian or Prussian courts. Pregnant of perplexity, all this. To Belgian Aubel or Prussian Eugen, to the court of Verviers or that of Aix-la-Chapelle, on appeal to Liège or Cologne—such is the whimsical alternativeness. A criminal may find himself before a Prussian or a Belgian court. A deed may be executed before either a Prussian or a Belgian notary, and may be filed at either Verviers or Aix. The differences of legal expense and procedure, the differences in delay—nay, even potential differences

in decision and in penalty—make the legal complexity a thing of real moment.

My advent caused a genuine flutter. That I could be merely an American, traveling unofficially, seemed incredible; and officials, Belgian and Prussian, and even an English consul from a Belgian town, kept dropping in, one after another, acknowledging to me, over tall beakers, that they had been anxiously wired anent my presence there.

The nearness of Aix-la-Chapelle, the favorite city of Charlemagne, tinges the entire region with fascinating historical color; and here, at the very edge of Neutral Moresnet, is Emmaburg, which was his favorite resting-place. A little stream goes bending about the rock on which the château stands; and one vividly realizes that the brook has gone on, unchanged, throughout the thousand years that have passed since Charlemagne loved to come here, and since the undying story of Emma and Eginhard went to its happy catastrophe.

Emma was the Emperor's daughter; Eginhard, his secretary. A poet, a scholar, a musician, handsome, ingratiating, one whom Charlemagne himself trusted—small wonder that Emma and he fell in love. But, Eginhard being only a secretary, they dared not publicly avouch their affection and they dared not meet except in secret. On one occasion the princess allowed the young man to remain until well toward morning—"And then they parted;

but at parting, lo! they saw the palace courtyard white with snow!"

Confronted by such an emergency, Emma acted with a readiness and decision worthy of her illustrious parentage. She had certainly been imprudent in her entertaining of Eginhard, with her father unaware; but her speeding of the parting guest was beyond all praise. For she promptly took Eginhard upon her shoulders and carried him to where his footsteps would not be deemed evidence condemnatory!

But Charlemagne, unknown to them, was a spectator from one of the tower windows! Yet it all came out right, just as a sweet old tale ought to do, and they married and lived happily ever after. The sour Carlyle speaks derisively of it. "Charlemagne with wanton daughters carrying secretaries through the snow," he jibes; but his intemperate pluralization shows how bent he was upon avoiding all sweetness and charm.

The château has been much bewindowed and largely rebuilt, but tradition holds that the most prominent tower was standing in Charlemagne's time, and there is no reason to doubt that the lines of the courtyard are unchanged.

Trees are attractively massed about Emmaburg, yet do not hide it from the view of Kelmis. Even within Kelmis itself there is a general aspect of trees and greenery. To the northward the Neutral Terri-

tory is covered thick with woodland, as are portions of Holland and Belgium and Prussia there adjoining.

At the extreme northern point of the Triangle are clustered four boundary-stones, one for each of the four jurisdictions.

In the midst of the woods, southward from this boundary point, I chanced one day upon an ancient stone, hidden among trees and bushes. It bore the date of 1615, and was blazoned with a defiant inscription and a long-forgotten coat of arms. Men fought, three hundred years ago, to place that stone there and maintain it. And now, so completely forgotten! stumbled upon by a stranger, and lost to all other knowledge.

Simple and plainly dressed, these folk of the Neutral Land; and they ought to be happy, for they have but little poverty and little riches. Still, there are eighteen telephones in use, Belgium in each case giving the permission, and Prussia putting each telephone in and collecting the eighty marks annually —which, again, is not altogether untypical of the division of power here!

I found even this tiny territory to be not without its own exemplification of the truth, which the traveller should always remember, that the foreign mind works differently from his own. After vainly trying to be pleased with the assimilation of lukewarm coffee, I explained to the excellent waitress

that I desired it hot. Really, my German was right enough, but her comprehension of it was not all that could have been desired. She was unfeignedly joyful at being able to please the man from across the sea—and fetched me, not hot coffee, but a cup heated to untouchableness!

On the first morning of my stay there I laid out a roll of laundry. After breakfast I looked for it, to give to a messenger; but it had disappeared! The maid, so I found, had thought the articles, laid together, to be the American sleeping-complement, and, with imaginable wonder at what she must have deemed an embarrassing multiplicity, but without a particle of hesitation, she had tucked everything, with the pajamas, at the foot of the bed—not even under the pillow, for that would not have been the Moresnet way.

The charivari is prominent among the diversions of the Triangle. Not always invoked for the delectation of the newly wedded, this, but, by a humorous perversion, even more for the distinguishment of such as have not married! The most popular music at these open-air concerts is that made by holding a great scythe against the tire of a revolving wheel; and so shrilly excruciating is it as to make a lapse from virtue a matter for serious regret.

The church of Kelmis is modern, and its glaring interior could add many a hue to the rainbow. But, though without the splendid dignity of an old cathe-

dral, it is also without the beggars who are the sadly familiar sight at magnificent cathedral portals.

Religious feast-days transcend in importance the celebration of any festivals secular. Even in secular recreations the religious element is likely to be conjoined; in parades, priestliness and playfulness may affiliate; and there is no better place for a secular outing than one of the stations of the Cross. Frequently, by the roadside, alike within the village and in the wild-woods, there are seen the crucifix and shrine. "Yet the people are not too good," says the priest, with subtle and tolerant philosophy.

For the First Communion the entire population joins in the celebration. Great banners are hung on the outward walls, and in the cool light of early morning the streets are thronged. Led by a band, playing a stately march, the children come in procession around a corner and, the priest leading, circle through a grove of trees toward the entrance of the church. There has been lavishness of outlay, and there is a really astonishing display of scarlet and blue in the costumes, in addition to the more prevalent white. In the church, every inch of which is crowded, even for standing-room, the service is of simple effectiveness, and the organ is assisted by the band.

For the little girls it is the most important time of all their lives. All day long they wear their veils and dresses; all of the second day they wear another

special suit from morning until night; all of the third day still another—for such is the custom of the Neutral Land.

I saw not only the First Communion, but the Last. One day I met the priest going on his way to the deathbed of a woman. The küster—the sacristan—preceded him, dolefully ringing a little bell and bearing a light which glimmered strangely beneath the hot sun in its cloudless sky. Following was a constantly augmenting group, and each man's head was bared, and all were awed and still. They came to a village house, and the priest went in, and the women silently followed, and the men stood reverently at the door. And with candle and water and sprigs the last communion was administered, and a few great tears rolled from the eyes of the woman dying there.

The amusements of Neutral Moresnet are important and numerous. There are associations musical, associations gymnastic, associations theatrical, associations for bowling, for dancing, for shooting at the mark that dangles from a lofty pole. There is an excellent band; there are two fire companies.

These people, small though their territory, will not be cabined, cribbed, confined. There are two clubs for the training and flying of carrier-pigeons! And I met a man whose delight is the gathering of newspapers in the languages of all the world; he has a wonderful collection, and lamented to me that

A Procession in Neutral Moresnet

thus far he had no newspaper of the Esquimaux or of the North-American Indian.

For the men of the Triangle there are twenty associations, but for the women there is none! There are no club-women, no "advanced" women. "They cook, they work, they make their children's clothes," said the priest, gravely outlining their diversions. "On Sunday they go to church. On Sunday afternoon they walk out with their husbands and children. They know nothing else. They wish nothing else. They are content. Is it not well?"

Yet one need not deem them to be always under repression. I remember hearing a morning quarrel with the milkman; and—such are the geographical advantages of the place—not only the Neutral Land, but Prussia and Holland and Belgium as well, listened perforce to the woman's side of the argument.

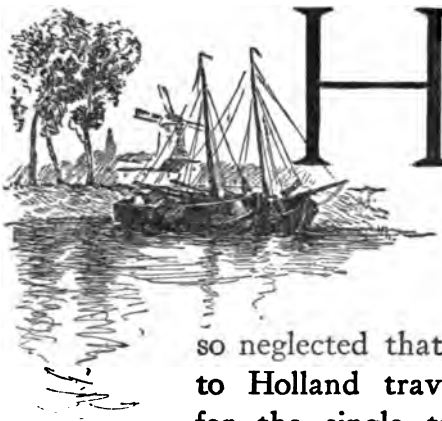
The very intensity of local life tends to hold the people. They are satisfied with their Lilliput. They little care to stir abroad, even for their amusements, or even to near-by Aix. With their many gathering-places, their varied means of pleasurable occupation, they need no outside aids to joyousness.

There is general pervasiveness of content. There is a sort of *al fresco* freedom of life, an untrammeledness which comes naturally from long-continued absence of centralized restraint. The people only fear the possible impermanency of their pleasing status.

Unvisited Places of Old Europe

No man can serve two masters? Why, here is the twofold subjection, the twofold loyalty, of three thousand seven hundred and eighty-one!

XII. WATERTOCHTJES IN HOLLAND



HOLLAND is a water country. Therefore, the way to see Holland is to go about by water. This, which seems a self-evident truth, is a truth so neglected that almost all visitors to Holland travel by train, except for the single trip from Amsterdam to well-staged Maarken; and even that is not a watertrip in the sense that I mean, for it is a trip on the Zuyder Zee, and what I have in mind is the leisurely travel along the rivers and canals.

Holland is so small that it is apt to be too hastily seen; the visitor will not leave enough time for it; it is usually sandwiched thin between England and France. A few cities, a few museums and galleries, a glance at a few canals from the train—and the traveler hurries on to Paris or London, thinking that Holland has been "done."

Holland is so genial, so pleasant, so smilingly sedate, so happy, so prosperous, so scrubbed almost to godliness, as to make it beyond most countries in intrinsic charm. And it is peculiarly a quiet

country, and this because so very much of its business and pleasure traffic is this water traffic.

To know Holland is to love Holland. The people are agreeable to look at and pleasant to meet. The buildings are attractive. The cooking is delicious. Expenses are not high. And in every direction there are things to discover: this feature putting it in the desired class for those who would find what everybody does not see.

I learned, for example, with joy, that the principal literary character of America is Nikkater!—with the accent on the Nik. I came across this fact in conversation with a colonel in the Dutch army, a man of affairs and position. "I admire your Nikkater so much!" he said, raising both hands in a gesture of admiration, while a look of ineffable delight came over his face. "Your Nikkater is so wonderful!" And I did not instantly gather that he meant Nick Carter!

The stories of Nick Carter, in translation, are really looked upon with admiration in Holland, as highly interesting in themselves and as the most prominent examples of American literary art.

The second time that I heard Nikkater spoken of was on a fête night in Amsterdam, when, standing for a few minutes at the corner of a crowded street, I asked some question of a lieutenant of police. He answered my question, and then: "You are an American?" he said, and went on with the same

enthusiasm that I had noticed in the case of the colonel: "You are from the home of Nikkater!" he exclaimed, with awe in his voice.

That the Dutch have a surprisingly small literature of their own for such an intelligent race explains why they depend upon other countries for their supply, although I could find no reason why it is that, in reaching across the Atlantic for books, they especially single out Nick Carter.

The fête day upon which I met the second enthusiast for Nick represents another of the unexpected and worthwhile things I came across in Holland, for the fête is in honor for the birthday of the Queen, August 31, and all Holland joins in it, and the quiet, staid, sedate, prim citizens of Amsterdam indulge in decently dissipated but decorous Dutch saturnalia.

Throughout the day there are marching and music, and carillons during which half Amsterdam stands in a hot square with its collective neck almost broken and its eyes upturned to the bell-tower of the town hall. But when evening falls the revels begin, and they center along the beloved Kalver-Straat.

Anticipatorily, the hotels and restaurants take in their sidewalk-tables and bay-trees, and most of the shops build solid boarding in front of their windows, for the coming of sunset means the filling of the Kalver-Straat and Rembrandt-Plein with a surging mass of laughing, pushing, singing, happy, dancing Dutch.

Numberless street musicians are suddenly in evidence, mostly in bands of four or five, and around each music center the people dance. Introductions are a disregarded formality—everyone seems to know everyone else.

From my balcony I counted ten dancing groups, at one time, within one short block, the groups momently shifting and changing, increasing or lessening in number, as dancers quit and went hilariously down the street or new ones joined. At times it seemed as if there were nothing but swaying, bobbing, bowing heads as far as one could see, under the brilliant street lights.

And with it all there was very little of intoxication; there was practically none at all; it was a gay but after all a sober saturnalia, and an amazing metamorphosis of staid Amsterdam, a city which thus shows that it has mastered the delightful art of being happy in public.

And while the streets were packed and thronged with merrymakers, to honor their Queen, who is immensely popular in Holland, the restaurants were jammed with diners and gay with orchestral music.

In the morning following the fête I went on a watertochtje; watertochtjes being water-trips.

The trip was to an ancient little town called Alkmaar, and I went there to see a world-market—the great market for Edam cheese.

A Shaded Waterway of Holland

The journey, of some twenty-five miles, was by a little steamer, barely longer than an American tug, and was mostly on canals; these being not the usual canals, but great, broad waterways, of very considerable depth; the two greatest canals of Holland. Now and then there was even an expansion to the width of a lake.

It was ideal traveling, the perfection of restful leisureliness. The water was never rough, but at the same time it was never entirely placid; it was really that delightful desideratum, the golden mean.

For a while we kept passing ocean-going ships. We passed huge warehouses, with names upon them that were full of the fascinating call of distant lands: India, Sumatra, Japan, Russia, Brazil; remindful that for centuries the Dutch have gone down to the sea in ships; only, here the Biblical phrase must needs, for correctness sake, be reversed, as the people of this diked-in land go, literally, up to the sea!

There are long stretches of farmland, and there are lush and watery fields of green; there are little villages—and some of the villages are almost altogether inhabited by those whose sole business is the building and repair of dikes, and as you pass you see their piled-up mats and fascines.

There are square farmhouses, low-built, except that the roof rises high in a point in the center; houses intended not only for farmers but also for

four-footed accessories of the farms, with hay stored up in the peak. "They are convenient, and they are warm in winter," I remember a phlegmatic Dutchman saying, in evident assurance that there was no further desideratum.

We passed boats loaded with vegetables, boats piled high with hay, for it is boats rather than wagons upon which the people depend. Yet there are farm-wagons too, and mostly of one type, as if run out of a common mould; high-set wagons, of varnished oak, round-topped, with cloth on slatted frames. The horses, also, are mainly of one type—in Holland, order being Heaven's first law—and that type is a sort of tan-colored, easy stepping, medium-sized draught horse, and from the boat you now and then see one—seldom a pair hitched together—driven along the road, that frequently runs on the dike at the very edge of the canal.

The little steamers are for local freight and passenger traffic, and the rates are very cheap. But although this was in the first days of September, and Europe was full of visitors, we passengers, besides the few local Dutch, were only seven in all! —a family of five Spanish-Mexicans, banished from home through the troubles there; traveled folk restlessly spending their enforced absence from Mexico in revisiting cities they most loved and giving a month to each (Amsterdam standing high in their affections) and already wondering what they

should do when a few more cities and a few more months should be exhausted; and only one other besides myself: a Greek, a man of middle-age, with a really classical face, who could readily be led into ardent talk of Athens and the Parthenon and the blue of the Grecian sky. He spoke a fluent French, but no English, but he listened intently when the Mexicans spoke English to me, and at such words as "enthusiasm" he would go into mild rapture: "A Greek word!" he would cry.

Finding so few on the steamer, I supposed that visitors to Alkmaar must prosaically go by train; by train is the only way in which Baedeker tells how to get there, instead of by this delightful watertochtje; but at least on the day I was there, market-day though it was, none went by train. I saw, however, a couple of English folk who had gone by an earlier boat. In places such as this, not large and with the interest centering in certain well-defined points, one may always know how many visitors there are in town.

At length Alkmaar was reached, and the cheese market was readily found, for it is the point toward which everything and everyone naturally gravitates.

The market is held in a large open space around the ancient weighing-house; a building of the 16th century, built at that period for this purpose; a building of beauty and distinction, constructed of brick and stone, and surmounted by a tall tower

that goes up in diminishing square and hexagon to a crown that overtops all.

Edam cheeses, of the familiar round cannon-ball shape, are gathered and handled for the world in the shadow of this old weigh-house, just as they have been gathered and handled here for hundreds of years.

The yellow balls are for Holland consumption (Holland is loyal to its own cheese!) and the familiar red balls are for the export trade; and all are arranged in numberless long piles, usually upon canvas, with hundreds and hundreds also covered with canvas and protected thus against sun or rain. Men are loading and unloading along the cheese wharf; and it is interesting to watch them handling the cheeses, for they so cleverly toss or roll them; and other men are carrying the balls into or out of the weighing-house. The hundreds of buyers and sellers are in busy confabulation. Everywhere there is an atmosphere of geniality and frank pleasantness.

Bargains are literally "struck"; if an offered price is accepted the buyer claps his hands together and the deal is thus closed. And decisions are quickly made, for the Dutch have so long been a trading race that they know the value of time. Often one hears a continued volley of claps!

Over seven thousand tons of Edam cheese are handled at this market annually, the round balls

selling here for an average of about sixty cents, American, apiece. The cheeses are carried to and fro in boat-shaped cradles, between two men who wear a sort of harness on their shoulders and barely lift the cradle off the ground. They have a curious shuffling trot that enables them to carry pyramided cheese at a quick pace, and never a cheese rolls off. They are a picturesque set of men, these bearers, perhaps some thirty or so in all, dressed in suits and stockings of white (and white means white in Holland!), with hats, according to the color of the scales to which they are to go, of bright yellow, bright red, or bright blue.

The dealers are largely coöperative; most have organized, to build better cheese factories, and get better prices and terms for less expenditure; although still some individual farmers prefer to do their own individual business in their own individual way. The coöperation, among other advantages that are pointed out, has made it possible to hold the market weekly, on Fridays, all the year; because by banding together, and putting their milk together, there is enough for the making of cheese even in winter time, when the supply of the individual might by itself be too little.

The scene at the market—and it is mostly in the forenoon, most of the trafficking being over by noon—is pleasant and animated; interesting in itself and the more so when one realizes that it is

the continuation of an ancient market, in the town that is the center of the region that produces Edam cheese. And every fifteen minutes the chimes in the weigh-house tower ring out strange old tunes.

One need not fear being stranded in an out-of-the-way place with little to eat, for close beside the market is a restaurant frequented by the farmers and their customers; and I remember it, not only because of the throng that literally pack it, upstairs and down, as noon approaches, not only because of the excellence of its service—for almost every restaurant and inn in Holland is excellent and clean—not only because, in spite of its rush of custom, it sees to such nice points as giving its customers real cream for their coffee and the sugar in individual little packages, but from the careful particularity with which the prices are figured; for although I was a stranger, supposedly not over-conversant with a Dutch bill-of-fare and Dutch money, and although there was such a rush that hasty adding might have been excused, the waiter figured my slip, for a generous meal, to the correct hairsbreadth, and penciled for me just 99 (Dutch) cents.

Everything is impossibly shining and clean in Alkmaar: the people, their houses, their little shops, the cheese market itself, the very streets.

This trip to Alkmaar was a watertochtje to get to a definite place, but I think that on the whole there

is even more interest in taking watertochtjes for their own sake, without definite objective. For it is an ideal way to get at the very heart of the real country, and it gives one such absolutely perfect hours of enjoyment. One comes to love the watertochtje for itself alone!

Dordrecht, itself one of the most fascinating cities of Holland, with its amazing number of ancient houses, is the best place from which to take watertochtjes. It is itself a city of water with long lines of canal within its limits; more than any other city of Holland, it may fairly be called a Dutch Venice —and I remember that one morning at Dordrecht I was reminded of the callow traveler who, having visited the real Venice, was asked how he liked it. "Why," he replied, "I really can't say, for I didn't see it properly; I was there only one day, and then all the streets were flooded." Well, I saw the Dutch Venice flooded, after a night of tremendous downpour, and it was certainly a strange sight, for water was up over the wharves, and had flooded lower floors and cellars.

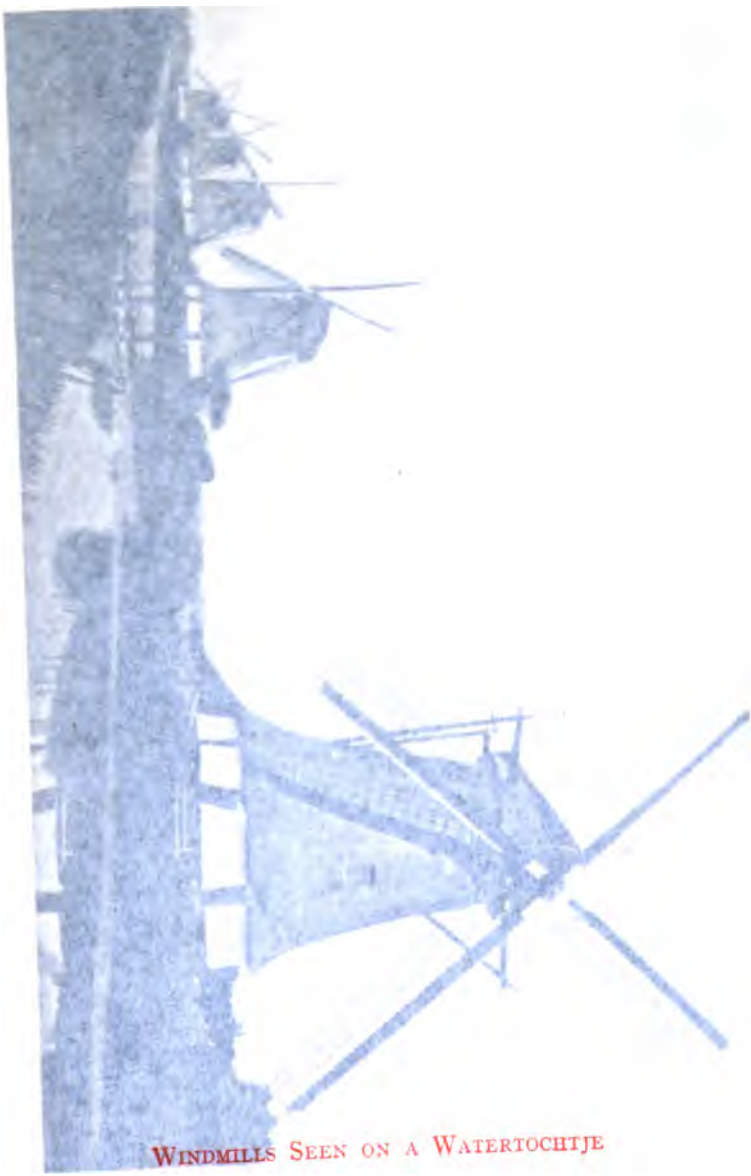
The watertochtjes from Dordrecht can be taken in little sidewheel steamers that, under the management of a man rejoicing in the delightful name of Fop Smit—suggestive of the name of an American artist and author who loves Dordrecht!—ply frequently, at regular intervals, over the Maas and the Waal, to Rotterdam, some miles from Dordrecht in

one direction, and Loevestein, the gloomy old fortress prison, noted in Netherland history, some miles distant in the other, stopping at every little town on the way.

Incidentally, the matter of rivers is itself an interesting one. "Where is the Rhine?" the traveler in Holland will ask. And he will not find it. It separates, and spreads through Holland in a number of great outlets to the sea, and the Dutch give these outlets names, carefully avoiding that of "Rhine," or Rhein, as, of course, the Germans have it. The Waal is a part of the Rhine; it unites with the Maas (known in its southern course as the Meuse), and then, going on to the North Sea, bears neither the name of the Rhine nor Waal, but that of the Maas. In other words, the Rhine flows into the Maas!

The circling windmills, the superb stretches of low-lying landscape, the passing boats, broad-beamed like models for Dutch skirts, the mellow glory of the sky and water, the smiling fields, the red-roofed villages, the river itself, giant-like and slow, sweeping splendidly around mighty bends, the branching waterways shimmering across endless fields of green—all is beautiful.

And you will get off at some little village at random, and you will walk about, nodded to cheerfully by the cheerful busy folk, and it may well be that you are the first American in the place! You will see the homely, comfortable little homes and the



WINDMILLS SEEN ON A WATERTOCHTJE

little shops. I remember, in particular, at such a village a tiny shop where nothing was sold but wooden shoes. "These are fourteen cents a pair [I am translating into American cents], these are seventeen, these are nineteen"; there was certainly no effort to take advantage of a stranger, and, of course, I bought a pair for the pure pleasure of it.

You walk about for a while in these out-of-the-way and fascinating places—out-of-the-way though so near the visited cities!—and you look in at the little shipyard where the resin smells are wholesomely sweet, and then you take the next steamer and sail again on the glorious restful water, and when you feel like it you stop off at some other place that chances especially to attract.

After all, too, this is the country from which our English Pilgrims sailed to Plymouth; and it comes remindfully that they had sojourned in Holland for some years when one sees, here, ancient-looking cradles looking precisely like the cradle in which was rocked small Peregrine White, the first child born in New England.

I think that a part of the charm of these inland voyages comes from the fact that one looks for long distances across level water and level land. For there is a great restfulness in it. One views the scenery with such absolute ease, with no craning of the neck or tilting up of the eyes, that he is ready to appreciate every beauty to the full.

Unvisited Places of Old Europe

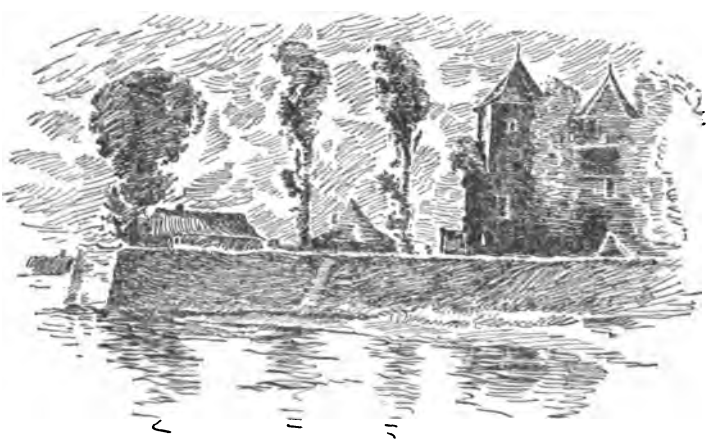
A friend, a London physician, a man of travel and intelligence, accustomed to visit Scotland and the Continent, could not understand why I cared for Holland.

"What is there in Holland that is especially worth while?" he asked. "Frankly, I am puzzled. What is it?"

I thought of the splendid cities, rich in beauty and in brave, historical associations, I thought of the noble museums and picture galleries, I thought of that delightful watering-place, Scheveningen, the home of the hooded beach-chair! But I said nothing of all these. He might have replied that other countries have cities, museums, seaside towns.

"What is there?" he repeated.

And I said, knowing that there was nothing that he could retort: "There are the watertochtjes!"



XIII. THE OLD RED CITY OF ROTHENBURG

THERE are three German cities that are of especial interest from the standpoint of the picturesque; cities with a wealth of the ancient German architecture; cities filled with the spirit of centuries ago. They are Nürnberg, Hildesheim, Rothenburg, these three, but the most picturesque of these is Rothenburg.

It is a marvelous city, this of Rothenburg ob der Tauber; a fascinating city, out of the fascinating past. Everywhere is the unbroken aspect of the centuries that have gone. Ancient walls, deep-moated, loophole-pierced, still engird the city. Every house is of ancient form; almost every house is in actuality ancient, and the few that fill gaps caused by fire or decay have been strictly built on ancient lines, for thus the city has consistently commanded—this city so sonorously named, this Rothenburg ob der Tauber.

It is a city of crockets and pinnacles, of myriad towers in myriad designs, of great stone fountains, of houses illimitably dormered, of lofty gables, secret passages, delectable doorways, windows of leaded glass; of street lines indented by house-fronts progressively projecting, story above story. "Es sieht aus als wenn man ein Bild ansieht!"—thus said to me an enthusiastic admirer from Berlin: "It is as if a man were looking at a picture!"

For a thousand years Rothenburg has been a city. For more than five hundred years it was a Free City of the Empire. It is not like those ancient towns which, through centuries of strife, preserved their entity through being huddled near the base of some great castle; it is not like those towns that were protected by powerful princes; for it has maintained itself by its own unaided sturdiness. If great barons came to Rothenburg, they came to receive protection, not to give it, or else they came to be entertained with the lavish open-handedness that made the city a place to which emperors themselves found pleasure in resorting.

By crusaders and pilgrims, Rothenburg was held in affectionate regard, not only for its generous hospitality, but because, seen from the river, it bore a striking resemblance to Jerusalem. But there was order in those times of turbulence; and in an old, old house, used by Palestine's pilgrims, and still known as Pilgrims' House, there is an ancient stone, bearing

upon it an ancient carving of a hand and a hatchet, with the ominous inscription, "He who quarrels in this house shall have his hand cut off."

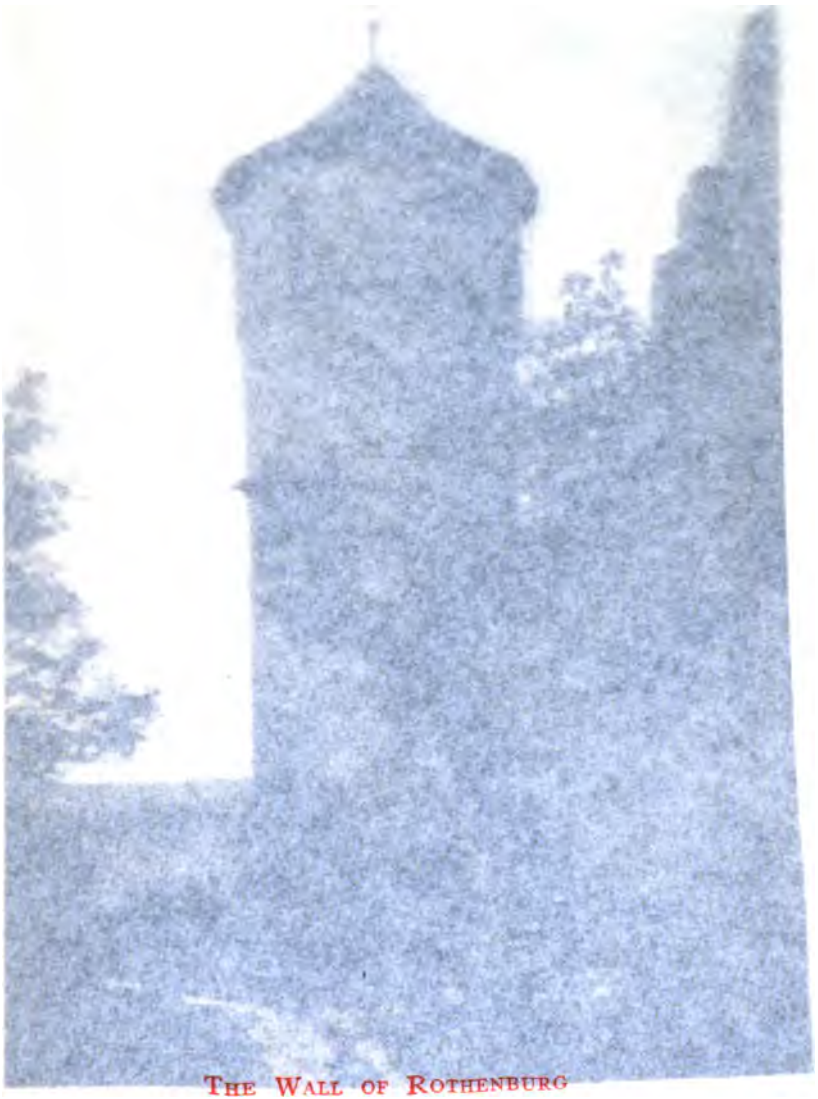
Yet since those early days the town has been comparatively forgotten. Even yet it has not become a haunt of the tourist and the traveler, although each year a few Americans resort thitherward, bringing back tales of this city that out-Nürnbergs Nürnberg. It is easily reached, being on a little branch line from the railway between Frankfort and Munich. The station is well outside of the walls, and the most effective way is to reach the city after nightfall and next morning step out into its streets from dreamland.

It is a place where the sightseer cannot go wrong, for everywhere is fascination. There are both stateliness and beauty. There are towering houses with crisscrossed fronts. There are charming gardens, tucked in between ancient walls. There are ancient stairways of stone or of age-bleached oak, circling upward around a central pillar from basement to roof. There are casement windows, looking into courtyards of alluring charm. The city is steeped in color, for the long-rising roofs are all of old red tile. It was long since that wooden roofs were forbidden. To be precise, it was just seven hundred and nine years ago.

The town centers around its town-hall, its Rathhaus. This is a superb building, huge in size and of

immense dignity. In construction it is a composite of the centuries, a commingling of the Gothic and the Renaissance; yet "Made in Germany" is distinctively in every line. Here are the municipal meeting-rooms and offices, and here is many a record of the past. Here are paintings of long-since-forgotten battles, and great iron coffers, made to hold the city's secrets and its gold; here are archives, running back for over seven hundred years; here are parchments jingling with great ancient seals, some of them imperial; here is the "Richtsstuhl," the stone seat of justice; here are grim records of the dungeons, done in old-time black-letter, telling with dry brevity of trials and punishments, of confessions made under torture by traitors and criminals, and even by old-time robber knights brought by the burghers to a sharp account.

There are deep dungeons under the Rathhaus, reached by stairways dripping with moisture, into which not a ray of light can enter; and in one of these dungeons, some five centuries ago, the men of Rothenburg placed the burgomaster who, more than any other in the long burgomasterial line, gave to the city power and wealth and prosperity. But they charged him with conspiring with the Emperor, and not only gave him no light, but edged their animosity by deliberately giving him no food. It is in all a fiercely dramatic story, for friends who were still faithful tunneled to the cell and madly



THE WALL OF ROTHENBURG

cut through its prodigious wall and reached the prisoner—but only to find him dead.

Nowadays they treat unpopular burgomasters with more consideration. Each burgomaster is chosen for three years, and at the end of that time he is either elected for life or gives place to a successor. But an election for life does not give unchecked power, for it is a simple matter with these townsfolk, if they tire of a life-chosen mayor, to make him "so crazy with vexation," as it was expressed to me, that he is glad to resign and accept the pension that they palliatively offer. Only recently they thus got rid of one.

I climbed the tall tower of the Rathhaus, entering that part of the building through a Renaissance door of remarkable distinction and beauty. I climbed on, tempted always farther by foot-furrowed stairs, quavering floors, crooked galleries, labyrinthine fascination. And in a little room at the very top I found a white-haired, white-bearded man. He lived up there, he and a fellow-watchman, keeping ceaseless lookout for fires in twelve-hour alternate vigils. Eight times an hour by night, and four times an hour by day, the town is scanned; and the old man showed me with pride an elaborate mechanism which keeps check on his faithfulness.

From the summit, above this room, is a never-forgetable view of the congregated roofs, the peaks

and gables, the pinnacle-perched figures of stone, the river, and the far-reaching plains.

Three times a week, at noon, young men clamber to this tower-top, and, in rain or sunshine, in heat or in cold, trumpet ancient German chorals to the north, to the south, to the east, to the west, in turn.

They love music in Rothenburg, and it is an incident of most functions, public or private. In front of the Rathhaus, when wedding formalities are going on inside, hired musicians loudly drum and trumpet, whereat the people come running from all directions. For a wedding is not carried on with the quietness which would please the shy and retiring. Marriage is a sacrament neither lightly nor secretly to be entered into.

On the night before the wedding it is considered *de rigueur* to hurl old pots and pans against the house of the bride, with boisterous good wishes; and without these delicate attentions a bride would be ill-pleased. Her two best friends wait upon her during the din, and give her a wreath and a veil and some verses composed in her honor; and that the verses are curiously like those offered to brides in the past, except for necessary change of name, is not at all a drawback. Weddings are usually on Tuesdays; and they take from seven in the morning till four or five in the afternoon, including the time at the town hall. At the home there will

likely be a little play given, in which are set forth the supposed foibles of the bride and groom; and some friend, masquerading as a gipsy, will come in and give whatever kind of prophecy best accords with his wit. Race suicide is seldom prophesied; it is, in fact, unpopular in Rothenburg, as is seen from the number of boys and girls going with shining morning face to school. If there has been a jilted girl, delicate and kind-hearted friends spread a path of chopped straw from her door to the house where the wedding festivities are in progress.

One day I saw a Rothenburg funeral. There had been services at the church, and I saw a long procession winding toward that one of the city gates that looks out toward the *Gottesacker* beyond the city walls. All were on foot, save a few of the immediate family. Six women, bearing huge wreaths of flowers and greenery, led the long line, and three women, with wreaths of greenery alone, brought up its rear. Following the leading six came round-eyed choir-boys, and behind them the members of a corps, with varnished boots that came far above the knees, and white trousers, and fancy jackets with enormous white cuffs fastened on the outside of the sleeves, and gilt swords, and the most tiny of diminutive caps. Some score or so of elderly men, velvet-capped, white-rabbeted, followed—for it was the son of a dignitary of the town who had died—

and then a long line of men in the unwonted glory of silk hats. Besides the wreath-bearers, there were no women marching, but in the graveyard groups of them hovered vaguely among the trees.

It was a winter day, and every twig of every tree was white with frozen mist. The shrill young voices of the choir-boys rose frostily on the frosty air, and the pastor spoke feelingly of the aged father's grief: "My son, my son, would God I had died for thee!"—and the people slowly dispersed, and the relatives and friends went back to the house of bereavement to partake of the funeral baked meats.

The cozy, cheerful, homelike aspect of the city would point out to even the most casual observer that in the past there were not only steel-clad knights and a humble peasantry, but a prosperous citizen class with delightful home life and sheltered firesides. There is a multitude of homely names for streets and buildings; such names as the Sexton's Tower, the Cheese Chamber, the Vinegar Jug, the Dog Tower, the Pig's Tower, Little Dumpling Street, the House of the Cook of the Servants' Food, and—innocent of all knowledge of Barrie—the Street of the Little Minister.

In the little shops one finds artisans in wood, in copper, in leather, in iron; and it is a joy to come across a maker of knives actually named Hierony-

mus! There are numerous shops bearing the words "Kolonial Waaren," which are apt to give to an American enticing suggestions of blue china and old-time wares, but which, of course, refer only to the spices and coffee of the colonies.

A citizen of the town is a man who pays taxes up to a certain moderate amount in addition to having won by a residence of some years the "right of home." It is well to exercise care in bestowing the right of citizenship, for if poverty comes to a citizen, the town is bound to care for him, and his right to vote remains.

It is amusing to find that ward caucus and vote management are so well understood here that the names of nominees for the office of burgomaster, or for membership in the Gemeindekollegium, can usually be known in advance, as can also the result of an election. After all, these people have voted for centuries, and why should they be unsophisticated!

Inscriptions over gates and doorways are common. "Deutsches Haus—Deutsches Land—Schirm dich Gott mit starker Hand," are the bravely reverent words put up long since by a bravely reverent citizen. Above one of the city gates is the cordial "Pax intrantibus, Salus exeuntibus." Upon one of the buildings is a very old inscription, in the shortest and briefest words, that "He who has no grief may wipe out this rhyme." And the people

tell with awe that a recently married couple said to each other, "Let us so live as to wipe that out!"—and that in two weeks the husband was dead.

Pleasant little customs are still perpetuated. The Thursday before Easter is known as Green Thursday, and garlic is the time-honored dish for that day; but if any green vegetable is on the table there will be money for the household for all the year. The fourth Thursday before Christmas children go from door to door with baskets, and are given apples and nuts and raisins. The city has less than 9000 inhabitants, and each man knows his neighbor.

There are still retained certain pleasant little superstitions. If a girl, drinking coffee, is so unfortunate as to put in the cream before the sugar she is sure not to be married within seven years, and it is amusing to see with what eagerness the sugar is always dropped in.

There were at one time patricians in the city. All cities get them, although they do not always go by that name. But Rothenburg not only got them, but got rid of them.

The patrician class arose naturally, for the early patricians were leaders who deserved to be leaders; men of sagacity and character and wealth and public spirit, and they put up great houses, which are still standing—houses with coats-of-arms and

elaborate carvings, and groined ceilings and oriel windows; houses opulent in size, with infinity of felicitous detail.

But their descendants, taking over the houses and the wealth, were without the sagacity and the public spirit, and Rothenburg decided to be rid of them. The city was of the Reformation, and therefore looked askance at a huge convent within its precincts, with moat and walls and gates of its own. And it came to pass that charges were made that patricians were in the flagitious habit of visiting after visiting hours; whereupon the patricians and their order were done away with and the nunnery suppressed and confiscated. They got rid, too, of the Jews—for it is curious how intolerant a tolerant people can be. The Jews, they said, realizing how much Rothenburg resembles the sacred city of Palestine, intended to poison the inhabitants and take possession of their city as the New Jerusalem! And on the strength of this supposed intent the Jews were killed or banished and their property seized.

Following the seizing of the convent, they also took over a monastery and the Catholic churches. But they were not so intolerant as to destroy this property. There is a distinctly canny strain in the Rothenburg character. They not only found the confiscated churches admirable for the new worship, but also retained many an old religious figure

and painting, and kept in place the altars with their saints and angels.

I saw not a beggar in Rothenburg; yet the city is a tramps' paradise. For tramps and wayfarers are lodged for a night in a building just outside the walls, and are given warm rooms and good food. Each Christmas-tide they are given a tree and special Christmas cheer.

The poor belonging to the town itself are cared for in such an ideal way as to make poverty no punishment, as, indeed, it ought not to be when a man has lived the sturdy life of Rothenburg. For the favorite way of disposing of the poor is to distribute them in wonderfully picturesque little homes in towers and lookouts along the city walls; homes perched and hanging like swallows' nests along the ramparts.

The ancient costumes have almost vanished; and yet there are still women who wear the green or purple sleeves, the bands crossed over the breast, the bright-hued kerchief close-tied on the head; and there are old men doddering about in blue blouses and tasseled caps.

Down whichever street one turns there is a revel of picturesque architecture. The houses are in general from four to six stories in height, built against one another, and usually with half-timbered fronts in intricate and beautiful designs. There is everywhere a charming complexity of gables and corbels

A Corner in the Old Red City

and towers. There are glorious projecting windows. There are dusky niches and echoing corners. There are rude blue-slatted or green-slatted wagons, drawn by a single horse, hitched far over at one side. There is the mail-cart driver who, approaching the post-office, plays loudly on a horn for the full length of the street. "His own composition!" say the townsfolk, with pride.

The city is delightfully seen from the covered way along the inside of the city walls, just under the top, the place where sentinels and soldiers of the past watched and peered and aimed their weapons at the enemy. For not only is the city charmingly seen from this height of vantage, but through the loop-holed apertures one may have piquant glimpses of the country beyond the walls and of the river with its ancient double bridge.

It was back in the Thirty Years' War, it was in 1631, that the principal event in the history of the city took place: the principal event, in the judgment of every inhabitant. It is annually commemorated by a play, a pageant, in which all that happened in the course of the great day—the day of the Meister-trunk, the Master Drink—is represented by generals and counsellors, soldiers and people, costumed in character, in the streets, in the market-place, in the Rathhaus.

For the ferocious Tilly captured the city, and, enraged by his losses, declared that the town should

be destroyed, the leading inhabitants slain, and the rest turned over to the soldiery. But women and children wailed lamentably as he rode to the Rathhaus, and clung to his stirrup imploring mercy. And he flung them mercy with contempt. "Let the dogs live," he said; "I will be merciful. None but the burgomaster and all the counsellors of the town shall die."

He went into the great room of the Rathhaus, and called for wine, and a frightened girl carried in a huge and brimming goblet—a goblet so huge that he burst into a great laugh. "Am I to drink this?" he said, holding it up. And then grim humor seized him. "If any man of Rothenburg will drink this at a single draught I will spare the city and spare every life!"

There was a great silence, and then a former burgomaster, a certain Nusch—his name is worthy of remembrance—stepped intrepidly forward and took the goblet from Tilly's hand. He drank, and the silence deepened as the foot of the goblet slowly rose in the air; he drank and drank till every drop was drained. Then he fell senseless to the floor.

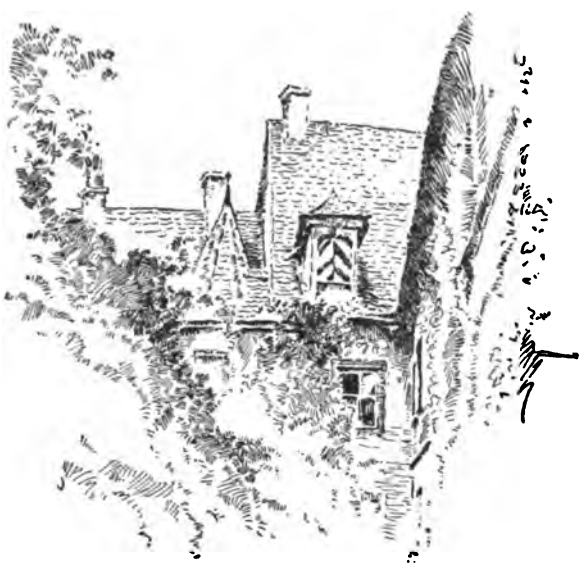
"Revive him!" said Tilly; and Nusch came slowly back to life.

Tilly was a good loser. "You have won," he said, admiringly, as the man raised himself and looked around.

Whereat Rothenburg's hero could only gasp out,

with a touch of good old-fashioned humor even in such a presence:

"I never—could—save—another town!"



XIV. LIECHTENSTEIN: A SOVEREIGN STATE

IT was really preposterous that in spite of the many years during which the many, many thousands have been crossing the ocean to Europe, I should be the first of Americans to set foot within the boundaries of an independent principality in Europe's very heart! But the governor told me I was the first, and the innkeeper told me I was the first, and I assuredly had no desire to find them mistaken.

There are still existent several tiny and autonomous little countries in Europe. There is Monaco—visited by a great many Americans. There is San Marino—visited by a few Americans. There is Andorra—visited rarely by an American. And there is Liechtenstein.

And Liechtenstein, in spite of its being so long a place by itself, is not tucked inaccessibly away. That is the marvel of it! Travelers going eastward to Innsbruck go under the shadow of the Drei Schwestern, not for a moment thinking that on the other side of those mountains is this little

unvisited state, that the towering peaks look down upon Liechtenstein. Other travelers, on their way to Davos-Platz, have glanced at a distant little town at the foot of a castled rock, without suspecting that they were looking at an unvisited capital of Europe.

Liechtenstein is in the Eastern Alps, bordering the upper Rhine. Switzerland is its boundary on the other side of that river. On the side of the Drei Schwestern it is hemmed in by Austria. The frontier of Germany is only a few miles away. It has been independent for over two centuries, and was forgotten by Bismarck, so runs the local pleasantry, at the broad reorganization following the Prussian wars with Austria and France.

It is easily reached from any direction, for it is near the Lake of Constance. I went there from Southern Germany, from Nuremberg, by the way of Ulm; and at Ulm I saw a little river, the Donau, so blue as to call to mind those music-famed rivers, the "blue Juniata" and the "beautiful, blue Danube"—and this is really the Danube, masquerading thus under the name of Donau!—although, of course, its real name is the Donau, and we haven't any right to call it the Danube.

One often comes upon a new city or a new river in Europe, only to find that it is really a very old acquaintance. Vienna, for example, is really Wien; Florence, if given its own name, would always be

called Firenze; the grotesque Leghorn ought really to be the soft Livorno; Hanover should have two "n's"—the English, in taking their kings thence, having dropped an "n" in the process instead of, as might have been expected, dropping an "h"; and the Danube, as has just been remarked, is really the Donau.

Passing Ulm and the Donau, it is not long before the Lake of Constance is reached; the lake of the Zeppelin air-ships; a lake that is somehow more American of aspect than Swiss—perhaps because there is a good deal of rather level land about it and that where mountains are seen they give no impression of great height; at any rate, it looks like the rounding end of one of our own Great Lakes. The train left me at Friedrichshafen, and there I took a little steamer for Bregenz; there are many little steamers plying busily on the forty-mile-long lake; and at Bregenz, which I remember as a pleasant town with some charming *tilleuls* (fetching name!), I spent the night. I forget the name of the inn I chose, but it had a very obliging landlord, and I found it to be a cross between Swiss and Austrian in character. Had I known that I was to be really an explorer in Liechtenstein, I should not have been as patient as I was with the over-night stay in Bregenz, so near the goal; but, although I knew that Liechtenstein had not been written about, had not been exploited, in America, it had never oc-

curred to me that at least some of our people had not been there.

Next morning, a fine, crisp, winter's morning, in February, I left Bregenz and by a typical leisurely train, with frequent stops, arrived after a journey of 25 miles, at Feldkirch. There I found a post-wagon ready to start, as soon as the mail was handed over, for Vaduz, and a short drive of two miles, through a charming hill country, took me into the pleasant, cheerful town, the capital.

For an atmosphere of cheerfulness, of content, of simple happiness was everywhere. This was apparent when I first entered the principality and its capital, and it became more marked, more visible, as day by day I stayed there and went about among the people. And this I found to be owing to their simple and secluded life, for not many visitors of any nationality go there—that being the reason for its being so long overlooked by Americans—and still more owing to the mild and beneficent rule of their prince.

They are allowed great liberty, in a humble and whimsical way, and with seeming temerity can manage to tax their prince—much to his amusement, doubtless, for he is an enormously wealthy man and sees to the upkeep of practically everything in the principality; although this does not mean that the people are not hard-working and frugal, for they are both.

The prince has various homes, for he is one of the wealthiest men in Europe, and owns great estates in Austria, Prussia, and Saxony, besides being hereditary ruler of this region beside the Rhine. His estates total more than two thousand square miles, whereas his principality of Liechtenstein is but 68 square miles!

A very earnest people are these subjects of his in Liechtenstein; a very earnest folk, who seem to feel that they are of quite as much value to their prince as he is to them; and probably they are quite right, for no possession could be better for a prince than loyal and hard-working and cheerful-hearted subjects.

Liechtenstein is a highly elongated principality, with its width squeezed to a minimum between the mountains and the Rhine. One thinks of Mark Twain's jibe in regard to the kingdoms of Palestine in the time of Joshua, when "people had to sleep with their knees pulled up because they couldn't stretch out without a passport." Well, he could have said that in Liechtenstein people have to sleep lengthwise of the country!

"Ah! It is a happy land!" an old man said to me.

And it is. There is no military service. There is no national debt. There is a tax, but it is merely nominal, being only a tenth the size of that of neighboring Austria. The ruling prince gives freely for the good of his people out of his private fortune.

So far from deriving any revenue from his principality, he pays heavily for the pleasure of holding it. But what a pleasure it must be!

There is a customs and fiscal agreement with Austria, but it is merely an arrangement, for mutual convenience, between two independent powers. And the money thus raised from customs, some thousands of dollars annually, is spent within the principality. The insignificant tax paid by the people themselves is mainly for the purpose of keeping up the dike which holds back the Rhine from the narrow stretch of tillable land which the country possesses; for when high winter is over, and the water comes down from the mountains in innumerable streams, the Rhine is no longer a quiet river flowing in wide meanderings over its gravelled bed, but is a great and dangerous torrent.

Liechtenstein—"bright stone"—and the white-built capital, Vaduz, nestles confidingly at the foot of a great white cliff, and on the cliff stands the old white castle, and above the castle there are towering white-capped heights. Yet the whiteness of fact and of name is but a curious coincidence, for the name of Liechtenstein originated elsewhere, and came to the principality when it first secured independence, something over two hundred years ago.

"Vallis dulcis"—from this comes the name of Vaduz; and it is in truth a sweet and smiling valley

in which it lies; a narrow stretch, yet, after all, of breadth sufficient for flax and maize, for apples and pears and plums, for homely vegetables. A valley as level as a floor, yet in Switzerland on the one side, and along the Austrian boundary on the other, tremendous mountains overshadowingly arise.

Like a page from a fairy-book is the story of Liechtenstein, past and present—this independent principality, whose ruler, from his castle above his capital, can see practically all of his domain in one great sweep: the solemn mountain walls, and the level stretch along the riverside, with here and there a spire, a ruined tower, or clustered homes.

The founder of the house of Liechtenstein is said to have been a Lombard who made his way northward from Italy in the twelfth century, and becoming rich through lending to princes and sovereigns, took pay in land by preference, and finally, securing a title, married a princess, and was thenceforth a prominent lord.

Some one has remarked on "how prudently most men creep into nameless graves," but the men of the Liechtenstein family have been of a kind to make themselves uniquely known. Ulric von Liechtenstein, the "Don Quixote of Germany," was of a branch of this house: the poet-knight, who, with suits of apparel of purest white, with twelve white-clad attendants, with spears and helmets all of white, went through Italy and Germany, breaking lances

A Thousand Years Old and Never Captured

with hundreds of knights for the glory of Venus, in whose name he fought.

With the branch that secured this principality the love of land rather than that of Venus seems to have held sway, for the present reigning Prince is well over sixty, and has never married, and his brother Franz, the heir apparent, is also a bachelor. Under such circumstances, other relatives become of importance, and it is interesting to note that a cousin married Mary Fox, adopted daughter of the famous Lord and Lady Holland, and that another cousin married, in 1903, the Archduchess Margaretha, sister of the future Emperor of Austria.

The population of Liechtenstein, with few exceptions, are peasants, self-respecting, hard-working, and shrewd, and in the past they have been a restless folk, vigilantly looking for every opportunity to exact a new privilege.

To their Prince of three-quarters of a century ago they staidly represented that the expense connected with such illuminations and celebrations as were consequent on their having a ruler was very considerable; and he, hugely amused, agreed to pay them a certain annual concession on this account. Since then the reigning Prince's birthday is a principal fête-day of the year.

A predecessor, similarly impressed by their power of thrifty logicalness, had already relieved the people of the entire expense of the civil administration.

Following the close of the war between Austria and Prussia, in which Liechtenstein allied itself with Austria, there came another gravely presented protest. The citizens were weary of the expense of a standing army; an army which, consisting of eighty men, with a captain and a trumpeter, had bravely marched toward the scene of hostilities, but too late to arrive before the war had come to its swift end.

There could be but one outcome of this new representation. When the men of Liechtenstein proposed, it was not for their prince to dispose otherwise; and since then there has been no army. As a matter of fact, the prince had about decided to disband it in any case, and was glad of so plausible an excuse.

Not only is there no army, but there has been no formal treaty of peace, Liechtenstein having been quite overlooked in the negotiations; and a few old men, oncewhile soldiers, like to say, gleefully, that Liechtenstein and Prussia are therefore still in a state of war!

When Johann the Second, the present prince, came to the rulership he began to build a great new palace near Vienna, and the Liechtenstein folk, fearing that he would follow the example of his immediate predecessor and divide his time among his various estates instead of spending it in his principality, anxiously laid before him the consideration that if he would but spend more of his time at

Vaduz there would be marked benefit to the local business of the country.

He was not prepared to promise definitely in regard to this; and, in fact, he has visited Liechtenstein only at irregular intervals, sometimes two or three years apart; but he gave them an intimation of a scheme which he was perfecting which would be of far greater advantage to them than his frequent personal presence. His desire was to make the government a constitutional monarchy, and he soon carried his plans into effect.

There is now a written constitution. There is a little Parliament of fifteen members. Three members are named by the Prince. Twelve are elected by the people, every man in Liechtenstein over twenty-four years of age having a vote. The little body meets once in every year and remains in session for several weeks, engaged in the very attenuation of discussion of petty things. And the Prince has succeeded in giving the people contentment and personal pride.

Above the Parliament is the Prince's personal representative, the Landesverweser or Governor, a man of standing and ability, chosen from outside the principality; and under his direction, as adjuncts in the practical administration, is an informal cabinet, consisting of the Secretary of State, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Chief Justice, the State Engineer, and the Director of Forests.

And yet, with all this pomp of title, one would look in vain for extravagance or display. On the contrary, there is an air of Spartan simplicity.

Practically speaking, although constitutional formalities are rigidly observed, the government is that of an admirable paternal despotism. The Prince is really the father of his people. The Parliament would never dream of going against his will further than could be expressed by respectful protest. And, as a means of control in case of need, there is far more than the power of the veto; for the Prince having given the constitution, the Prince can take it away.

There are only a few in Liechtenstein who are more than moderately well-to-do. Most of the members of Parliament saw their own wood. There are few men servants or maid servants. There are no poor, except such as are ill or decrepit, and they are kindly cared for. Crime is reduced to a minimum. There are few offenders against the law. "But there are cells for twenty!" says the Governor. The punitive imagination of the government can go no further.

There are kindergartens and admirable advanced schools. In one French is taught to peasant girls. The Prince, a devout Catholic, as is every one of his subjects, has built Gothic churches in the larger towns, that in Vaduz costing him a hundred thousand dollars. The roads are kept in perfect condition.

Scattered through every village are stone fountains, perpetually gushing, to which water is brought down from inexhaustible mountain springs.

As the knowledge of the manifold advantages sifted through near-by parts of other countries, men began to flock to this as to a sort of Promised Land, and largely to avoid military service. But this movement was soon checked. The total population is now about ten thousand.

A cordial-hearted people these. As in parts of the Blue Ridge, men and women alike greet you, whether in village street or mountain path. Peasants though they are, they have a love for flowers, and their windows are filled with them. Meet a peasant woman on the road and pause to admire the rare and beautiful blossoms with which her hands are filled, and she will urge them all upon you—for you are a stranger in the land!—and will dislike to accept any silver in exchange. "No! No!" she will say, with a smile and a shake of the head.

But though all wish to please you, there is never any humbleness, never subservience. And the little kindergarten girls, scarcely more than able to walk, and quite unable to discriminate between the Prince, the curé, and the American, will shyly touch your hand or even softly kiss it.

Spring comes early in Liechtenstein. The valley is sheltered, and even in the brief winter but little snow falls below the mountain slopes. I have

plucked the "starflower" (our hepatica) in February, and the delicate "bellflower" comes peeping through the snow like arbutus, tempted by the genial warmth. But with the coming of the February night a dry and bitter chill creeps down from the peaks, and you are glad of the heat from the enormous stove—a monument of stone blocks, five feet by five in every dimension. And you wake in the night and hear the wind go plunging through the fir woods, and you curl up under the great feather bed which Liechtenstein custom places upon you, and "drink deep of the pleasures of shelter."

There is a glory in climbing these delectable mountains through the snow, following devious trails through the cold clear air, and your blood tingles with the very joy of living. Cliffs plunge downward into darkling gorges, and the mist wavers there fantastically. Or, from a lofty height, you look off at the cool-shadowed valley, at the color-suffused mountains, and a cloud folds itself silently about you, and all at once you see the world as through a glass darkly.

You feel the solemn silence of the soundless winter woods; then the stillness is for an instant broken by an almost imperceptible sound, and you catch a glimpse of some soft-scurrying beast. The fox, the stag, the roebuck are still to be found in the Alps of Liechtenstein, and in the more inac-

cessible parts even the chamois and the seldom-seen white hare.

When warmer weather comes, the country assumes a tender and regal splendor. The vineyards, rich and luscious in their greenery, the orchards, sweeping up to the very houses, the box-bordered gardens, the meadows, deep with grass, the rich-massed verdure of the mountain-side, unite in a soft sumptuousness of glory.

This stretch of valley, now sparsely settled and simply built, has an ancient history, for Roman towns and camps were here. The square tower of the white-perched Vaduz castle is believed to have been built by the Romans, and near where the village of Triesen now stands a Roman settlement was overwhelmed by a fall of rock from the tremendous overhanging cliffs. Somehow such things make one realize anew that this world is very old and gray.

But though there is a history of the Roman times and of the Middle Ages, the average Liechtensteiner interests himself but little in it, nor does he care in the least for the old in architecture. The general ambition is not only to have a new house, but to have a house of new and most modern design. There are a number of old houses here, but, with the exception of one which was anciently a little Benedictine monastery, the trail of the plaster is over them all, and it is hard to distinguish, by any

outward and visible sign, the old from the new, no matter what inward and spiritual old-time grace there may be. And all this is sufficiently reasonable. These folk have never been taught to cater to the demand of the tourist for the crumbling, the ruinous, and the leakily picturesque.

One feels a curious sensation in this principality undiscovered by Americans, untouched by the American invasion, whether of tourist or of trade; one feels as he would if, reaching the moon, he were to find himself in the full tide of twentieth-century improvement.

For in these anomalous country villages there are the telegraph and the telephone. A few of the better houses are heated by hot water. There are "gummi-schuhe." In the Governor's office there is a typewriter. There is electricity. The Vaduz streets are electric-lighted at night, and every house in the town, even the poorest, is supplied. And why not! For a single electric light costs for a year, in this country of unlimited water-power, only five crowns—less than a dollar and a quarter. There are two large "spinnereien" (spinneries), with several hundred operatives.

Modernity has almost destroyed the peasant dress, though still there are suggestions of it in the short, full-waisted skirts, the knitted stockings, the fringed silk aprons, brightly barred, and in the soft green hats and jackets of the men. At a funeral

the body is still carried through the street by the bearers, with the village population straggling deviously behind, with candles flaming faintly in the sunlight. Ox-teams are a familiar sight. As sunset approaches, the cattle, all of black-touched dun, come saunteringly along the main street, stopping at the public fountains for leisurely and thoughtful drink, and placidly shouldering aside the children who may be puffing propulsive breath at diminutive boats. Each Saturday night the house and door-yards are swept and garnished. At Sunday breakfast every Liechtensteiner eats a sweetened coffee-cake. At the close of service the men gather in front of the church, and a wall-perched official reads notices of official action and of private sale.

Curiously sufficient unto itself is little Liechtenstein. Small though it is, its people could comfortably exist if cut off completely from the outside world. The dweller in this tiny principality has bread and cheese and milk, "honey of the mountain," "wine of Vaduz," wood for his fire, material for his clothes. "Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread, whose flocks supply him with attire"; and even, continuing, "whose trees in summer yield him shade, in winter, fire."

German is the tongue that is spoken here, but the people do not give the impression of having come of either Swiss or German stock. Their German is peculiarly soft, and they still retain some

words of Romance origin. One is tempted to ascribe to Southern influence the masculine wearing of earrings—a curious eccentricity for such simple and manly men. A great row of Lombardy poplars, stretching in highly pictorial fashion along the Rhine, is at least an indication of Italian influence of another kind.

Bravely situated is the old castle beetling above the town. Masses of fir and pine and beech rise beyond it, and many of the trees are of great girth and height.

An old sun-dial dominates the court, with a faded Time scything away the centuries. Thick-rooted ivy clings to the ancient walls, and dungeons and subterranean passages tell of the grimness of the deeds of the past. There are walls of enormous thickness; but once, four hundred years ago, the Swiss—hereditary foes—swarmed irresistibly over them, and after burning and destroying, carried away the baron into captivity at Lucerne. Much of the interior is still ruinous, but one sees the line of the great hall of the castle, with window-seats from which high-born ladies looked off over plain and rock and river. And in one of the arched window-embrasures, from which the floor has long since fallen away, are centuries-old frescos, in charming Renaissance designs, bringing back the bright and happy side of that ancient life.

A sweet and noble view from this old pile, for the

THE DELECTABLE VALLEY OF LIECHTENSTEIN

crenelated heights across the valley are superb, and the silver-flashing Rhine lies fair and peaceful—a noble view, of peaks sun-smitten or dimmed by cloud or mist, of rich-hued distances, of ancient castles niched in allurement or standing upon austere cliffs, of houses and orchards, of cattle and of smiling fields.

There is a charming enclosed old garden on the very edge of the cliff, where rosemary and box once grew, and glorious roses, yellow and red and white, and where stately ladies, silk-clad, stately walked. Not open to sight or to attack that garden, for at either end stood a little tower, round and domed, where guards stood watch. Walled about and curtailed was the life of the fine ladies of those bygone days, even as this garden was walled, and they must often have envied the freedom of the village maids whom they could watch, at work or at play, in the plain below.

An old bell still hangs in a tower, overlooking the perpendicular cliff, and one cannot but think of how it clangored its alarm when men-at-arms were seen approaching along the river or when the warlike Swiss descended from their defiles.

A diligence runs the length of Liechtenstein, and I especially remember a ride in it one day with an aged priest whose very look seemed a benediction. I remember how eager he was to explain his country to me, a stranger, and how proud he was of it.

People who live in large and powerful countries are too apt to think that those who live in small and weak ones cannot have national pride. Why, this priest was full of pride!—a charming, quiet, altogether likable pride.

And he took from his pocket a silver coin of Liechtenstein, bearing the Prince's head and his coat-of-arms, and almost shyly, but with a certain formality, presented it to me. "To remember Liechtenstein," he said. It was like my two friends of the diligence in the Cotentin. And he was pleased when I gave him, "to remember an American," a silver coin in exchange.

There are some half-dozen castled ruins within the confines of Liechtenstein, and some half-dozen other ruined piles frown back from the Swiss side of the river—ghosts of the passions of the past. One, on the Liechtenstein side, looms above the village of Balzers, and bears in the neighborhood the fame of never having been captured, although it has stood for a thousand years. It stands on the summit of a rocky mass, rising steeply on every side out of the level land. Never was a grimmer or dourer pile; for so narrowly did it escape capture in 1499, when the Swiss scarred it with a lumbering piece of artillery, that the baron built up all the windows and openings, reducing them to the narrowest of slits.

The "Watch on the Rhine" in the centuries past meant something very different from the present

usage of the phrase. For every merchant with laden pack-horses, every owner of a cargo going toward the Lake of Constance and thence toward the cities of Germany, was likely to have to pay toll to one or another, or to many, of the castle barons, predecessors of the customs-gatherers of to-day, and one is moved to admiration for the business sense of those hard-headed men, who went about their affairs in pot-hats of steel and jackets and trousers of iron, and with swords in their hands instead of umbrellas. For they refrained from taking, as a rule, more than should serve as a stimulating reminder, and so managed the affair as to seem to be giving protection, for a small proportional fee, instead of taking too much and thus putting an end to traffic and to the appearance of the golden eggs. It need not be minced that living upon their neighbors was the general law of life in those olden times.

Shrines are placed at frequent intervals throughout the villages and along the roads; and on a cliff not far from Vaduz castle is a black and weather-beaten cross, bearing a simple little inscription, begging the passer-by to pause for a moment to offer a prayer for a "jungling"—a young man—who long since fell there and was killed. Well, thus his name is kept in lengthening remembrance, and with him has been satisfied that desire, felt by everybody, to be kept in mind, long and honorably, after death,

for he fell suddenly into a degree of remembrance toward which most men climb in vain.

Although Vaduz is one of the capitals of Europe, there is little of life on the streets after the coming of nightfall. Here and there a dog barks. Here and there a man goes hurryingly homeward. Here and there shine lights from cottage windows. The street lights of electricity seem only a whimsical jest.

It is Lilliput ruled by its Gulliver. And although, on account of the fiscal arrangement, Austrian coins and stamps are generally used, the Prince's personal pride in his possession has led him to have his own stamps and coins as well, bearing his name and face and title.

And there is another touch to add to the unreality of it all. Coming to Vaduz only at infrequent intervals, and busied as he is at his private estates or at Vienna—for, besides being Sovereign Prince of Liechtenstein, he bears an Austrian title, by virtue of which he is a member of the Austrian House of Lords—he can at any time call up his principality by long-distance telephone! Never was such a principality, even in the most capricious imagination.

And that one-time army! Following the war with Prussia, the unscarred veterans were not permitted to bear their arms and uniforms home, to be handed down in glory to their descendants. The trappings and equipment were taken up by the government, and are in a lofty room of the Vaduz

castle, adjoining the Roman tower—mementos of the slightest military power in juxtaposition to a ruin of the greatest. There hangs the banner of Liechtenstein, in its colors of red and blue. There, stiffly arranged in rows, are the eighty helmets of leather, brass-embossed. There are the eighty muskets. There are the sword of the captain and the trumpeter's brass horn.

One day I crossed over into Switzerland, and went along the Rhine, and up steep heights to ruined castles—perched high as if to insure getting enemies out of breath before arriving at the castle walls!—and past little mountain-villages and isolated homes. Almost every home, so I found, was a "stickerei"; a house with one or several embroidery frames, for the embroidering of fine linen; for this canton, Appenzell, and the neighboring canton of St. Gall are the center of the embroidery industry of Switzerland.

I went into several "stickereis," for they made the rare and unexpected visitor very welcome. And it is a most interesting feature, that it is not necessary for these embroiderers to be crowded into tight-built towns, but that they live, so many of them, in their own homes, and attend to their farms and herds; and I was particularly impressed with one mountain home, high up in a lonely valley far from a railroad or village, and even far from any other house except a centuries' old castle that frowned down from a neighboring height.

In this house a mountain farmer-grazier-embroiderer—I really do not know what he would consider the order of importance—sat in front of his frame, which had ten handkerchiefs, stretched by basting, upon it. Into the handkerchief directly in front of him he put a stitch with a needle attached to the machine; then he pushed a treadle, and at once a similar stitch was made in all the handkerchiefs. I don't pretend to understand just how it was done, but that is what the very interesting process, half hand-work and half machine-work, looked like.

The handkerchiefs, so the man told me, came from Belfast to be embroidered in Appenzell, and after being embroidered were to go back to Ireland to be bleached and hemstitched, and the particular order upon which he was working was destined in the end for Chicago! It seemed incredible, that shipments could thus be made back and forth on the Continent for work in preparation for America, especially considering that these particular handkerchiefs were of a kind which would sell in the United States for perhaps fifty or seventy-five cents apiece.

This Appenzell "stickerei" man had never before seen an American, and he knew of but four American names; he knew of New York and Chicago; he knew Marshalfield (pronounced as one word) and Zhonvannamakker!

It was dark when I crossed a long bridge over

the Rhine and thus reëntered Liechtenstein. In the middle of the bridge, the boundary line, was a great gate of heavy wooden beams, amply sufficient for the closing of the way, and on either side of this gate, with its great lock and enormous bolts, was stationed a customs' guard. The men were idly chatting with each other across the boundary in friendly fraternization, and it seemed as if the great gate was but a simulacrum of safeguard, that it was an obsolete survival from a hostile past. Yet as I paused on the Liechtenstein side of the barrier, one of the customs' guards said to me, naïvely echoing a long-inherited, ancient dread of mountaineers: "We lock the gate at midnight. There are bad men in Switzerland, and we keep the key on the Liechtenstein side!"

XV. THE PASSES OF THE ALPS IN SNOW AND ICE

A REGION that is frequently visited may through changes of season become a region unvisited; a region so changed, so metamorphosed, so different, as to be a region unrecognizable by those who have known it only under its usually seen aspect. And in particular I have in mind the passes of the Alps, that in summer time are, like that of the St. Gotthard, so crowded that a tourist with a camera is on every rock, or like that of the Dolomites, thronged with eager visitors, but which in winter are stretches of cold and solitary loneliness. People pass through the Alps in Switzerland by train; some gather at the few winter resorts open mainly for enthusiasts of toboggan or ski; and, of course, the natives are there; but the great stretches of picturesque Switzerland are in winter a region unvisited by strangers and unknown.

I remember deciding, on leaving Lucerne one winter day, to go up above the St. Gotthard; up the

ancient road above the railroad tunnel; and, like most of the delightful unusual things, I found it a project easy to carry out.

It was a bright, cold morning, and after a fascinating railroad ride of almost four hours, through a Switzerland all snow and ice, I reached Göschenen, fifty-five miles away, at the entrance of the St. Gotthard tunnel. There is a wonderfully fast train, what we should call an "extra fare" train, that connects Lucerne with Italy at the rate of thirty miles an hour!—they are so proud of it that they call it the Blitzzug: lightning-train!—but all the other trains are of the usual leisurely European type. And, really, one ought not to rush along at thirty miles an hour through a region where every moment there is something charming or wonderful to see.

At Göschenen, after an excellent luncheon—in Europe one can always get excellent eating even where travelers are not looked for—I engaged a man with a sledge; a sledge low-set, almost upon the ground, with steel-shod runners and boat-shaped basket of splints, something like hickory, made as old-fashioned splint-bottom chair-seats were made.

The driver gave me several rugs of goat-skin, for warmth; it occurs to me, now, that likely enough they were chamois-skin, but I have not had close acquaintance with the chamois, except with the bits of yellow leather familiar to all of us at home, and the skins certainly did not resemble those,

and so I thought of them merely as goat or sheep. And I was glad to have them, for we were not making an early start and I knew that with sunset would come greater cold.

The driver himself chose to sit right out upon the shafts; close against the basket but unprotected from the wind.

"But you will be cold!"

"No!" He shook his head and smiled. "I always ride this way. I shall be warm."

He wore a short jacket and no gloves, but had home-knitted wristlets—I don't know what else to call them—that went far above the elbow, and home-knitted leggings that reached far above the knees and were worn on the outside.

There was no bell on his horse. "It might bring down an avalanche," he said, simply; so fearful of jarring the air are the natives in these mountains.

It was a wonderful drive, up a road that is the ultimate achievement of twistiness, between precipices that tower perpendicularly, and up the course of a wild and rushing stream. The Devil's Bridge was reached, and at this part the road reached the extreme of rock-walled savagery. There was considerable fighting right here, in the time of the French Revolution, between the French on the one side and the Austrians and Russians on the other, and the road is always guarded and has been strongly fortified, and solitary sentinels are now and then

caught sight of, standing or pacing isolatedly, in spots that seem startlingly inaccessible. At one place the rock is pierced by a long tunnel, and this has in its heart a mighty steel gate, ready to be closed and locked and held against any possible force!

The fear of avalanches is not an idle one, for the danger is very real and ever-present. At one place a long stone shed is built projective across the road for avalanche protection, and at other points the driver stops and watches and listens warily. My driver had a second horse which followed us, trotting alone and unguided, drawing a sledge loaded with provisions for a garrison. It usually lagged some score of yards, or even more, behind, as if to accent its independence, but at one spot it came hurrying up and overtook us, and actually laid its head across my shoulder as it trotted in pace with our horse.

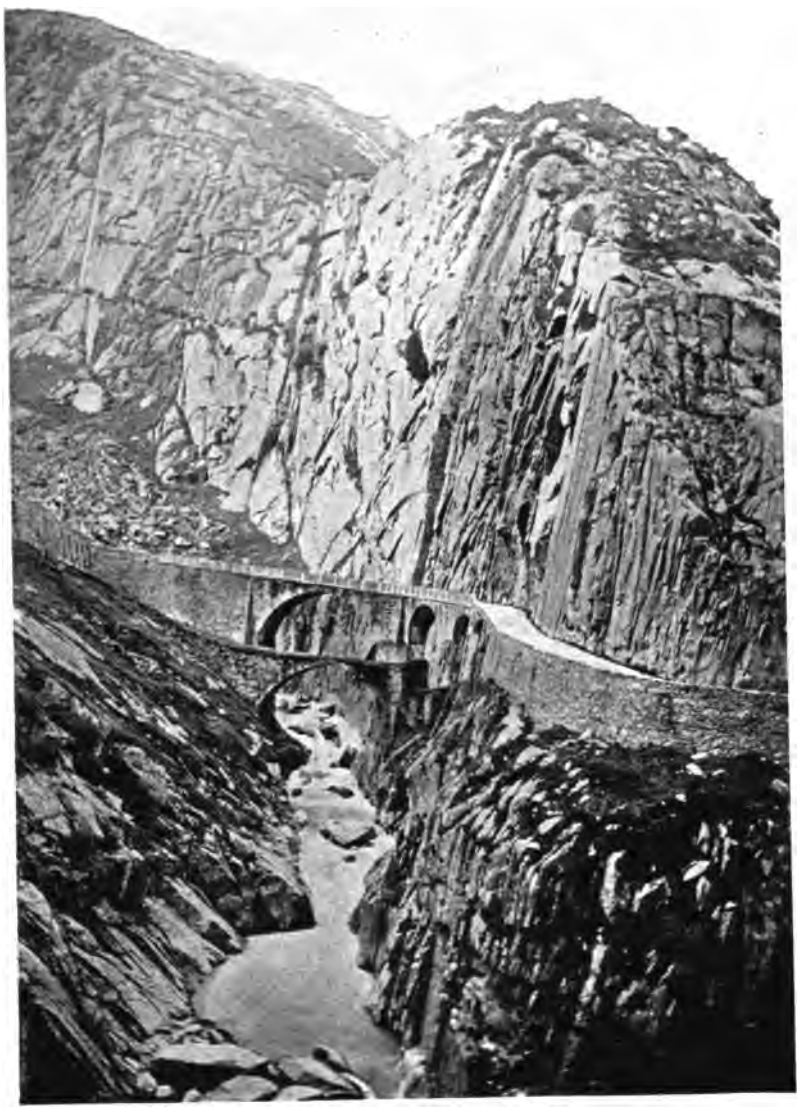
"He is frightened," said the driver; "he comes up for the protection of man! A year ago, I was driving him here, and an avalanche caught us—it came rushing from far, far above, there, and struck us and swept us from the road and carried us down." And he pointed to a spot far down at the foot of the terrible rocks, and then up to a grim height where a steep stretch of savage smoothness showed where the avalanche had scraped a passage clear. "We went down, down, down! And there was a great roaring and a turmoil—I knew nothing except that

I was held and crushed and that there was a great falling. And then came quiet. And I was almost smothered, but I tried to get out. I struggled and panted and tore at the snow. And I got out. And the horse was struggling, and I helped him out. And it was strange, but he was not hurt. But he was so frightened, he, that ever at this point in the road he fears. You have seen! And for me, one cheek was crushed in and forever I shall have this great scar."

We had been steadily mounting, up the terrific road, and the early winter darkness was threatening to fall when we came out upon the summit of the pass, into a high valley where, in the four-months' summer, grass grows and scanty grain, but where now was a wilderness of snow and ice, stretching across the levels and up the mountain-sides. I went through little Andermatt and on to tiny Hospenthal, and, there being no inn open there, the half dozen or so being all closed and deserted for the winter, drove back to Andermatt and put up at the modest Trois Rois, all the others being closed like those of Hospenthal.

I had become so snug among the goat (or chamois) skins that I had not realized that it was particularly cold, but when I got out of the sledge at the Three Kings—these monarchs, meaning the Three Wise Men of the East, popularly naming numerous inns in various mountain places!—I found that I

A Famous Pass that Can Be Crossed in Winter



had become almost too stiff to walk and that there was a hungry, bitter, biting fierceness of cold, and I realized now, too, that the dazzle of the sun upon the snow had given me a painful burning of the face and eyes. But there was such a splendid Alpine glow, such a superb glory of rosy color, as made the cold and its effects forgotten.

The main room of the inn was warm, and there was pleasant company there. There had been no traveler or tourist, of any nationality, for several months, but several officers of the near-by garrison had come in, and it was a friendly and cheerful evening that was spent with them.

In all it was intensely fascinating. I had really achieved the impossible and found an unvisited Switzerland!

It has been a pleasure, in other seasons, to repeat the experience elsewhere, and in two different winters I have gone through the Dolomites—this not being a religious sect, as the name might indicate, but a clump of particularly picturesque mountains of the Eastern Alps!—and have there had even more interesting adventures than in the St. Gotthard. One of the times I went into Italy from Vienna, by way of Toblach and the Dolomites—a long, slow journey, and rather tiresome, as far as Toblach—and the other time from Innsbruck, and also by way of Toblach.

Innsbruck is itself a delightful city, and the inn

where I stayed, which stands beside an old triumphal arch, is an edifice so fascinatingly ancient that it was a case of love at first sight, for I went in as soon as I caught sight of it, although I had chosen, from the long list of hotels, another name.

I was a little disappointed, and a little afraid of poor service, when I found the dining-room, through which the proprietor led me, to have scrubbed and bare-top tables, with only some soldiers and blue-bloused carters there, sitting on rough benches. "The glory of this picturesque old place," I said to myself, "has evidently departed!"

But in a moment I was conducted through a large room filled with substantial-looking diners seated at long tables covered with coarse table-cloths and showing an abundance of food finer than in the other room. "This is not really bad, after all," I said to myself, "and everything in this picturesque old place is at least clean."

And then, to my complete surprise, I was shown into a third dining room, where were ladies, and brilliantly uniformed officers, and where a good orchestra made music, and where, as I was to learn, the food was superlatively delicious.

The charges, too, were so low, as I stayed for a week and was thus out of the transient class, that I had really better not say what they were! And my room had a fascinating old bay window, from which I could look up and down the main street and

almost fancy that I could touch the abruptly rising mountains that so closely hem the city in.

From Innsbruck to Toblach is ninety miles, and this means a journey of from four to five hours, through superb mountains.

At Toblach the train is left, for the Dolomites are reached only by carriage road; at least, that is the usual expression for it, though it would scarcely be called a carriage road in winter time, with deep snow packed underneath the sledge—for by sledge is the winter way—and snow banks rising continuously, several feet above the level of the packed snow of the road. It is not only a wonderfully romantic experience to sledge through the deserted Dolomites in winter time, but there is no more fascinating way of entering Italy for the early spring. For this reason late winter is the preferable time; and the contrast between the cold and the snow of the mountains and the yellow primroses and the lilies of the plains of Lombardy and Venice can never be forgotten.

XVI. THROUGH THE DOLOMITES IN WINTER

IT was not for the sake of reaching Italy through snow and ice that I sledged through the Dolomites in winter, though that would be a powerful stimulus; it was even more for the sake of seeing the region when there were only stretches of cold and solitary loneliness. In the warmer months the pass is so thronged with motors and carriages that one can scarcely see the mountains for the dust, but in winter there are only the local inhabitants, in their isolated villages, and here and there some visiting enthusiast of toboggan or ski.

The Dolomites are part of the Eastern Alps, and so far to the eastward that they are not under the government of Switzerland, but are part Austrian, part Italian. They are mountains of remarkable beauty, mountains of peculiarly jagged and pointed peaks, mountains whose rocks are of strikingly

varied colors. They are not of the very highest Alps; their loftiest peak rises eleven thousand feet; on a clear day they can be seen from distant Venice, rising fine and clear on the horizon.

I entered the Dolomites from the Austrian town of Toblach, which is easily reached from either Innsbruck or Vienna. It was the second year in which I had gone there in winter, and on both occasions the cold at Toblach was intense, and the snow there, and for miles southward, was from five to seven feet in depth on the level and vastly deeper in drift-filled hollows.

I started from Toblach at half-past seven in the morning, and, translated into terms of Fahrenheit, it was two degrees below zero, but fortunately there was no wind. "Drink hot milk; never brandy; brandy makes a man hot first, but then cold," was the friendly advice of the few bystanders who had gathered to see the sledge start off through the dim half-light into the snowy distance.

In a few minutes I was in the heart of a great loneliness. Toblach itself is four thousand feet above the sea, and on either side of the valley, through which the road goes twistingly, mountains rise for thousands of feet higher, incredibly sheer and fantastic. The dry, crisp, powdery snow was of spotless white. The forests of fir were deep and somber. Shadows in the snow were of a blue I have seen nowhere else save in the water of the Grotto of Capri.

Here and there were footprints of wild four-footed haunters of these silences, and spots fluffed by the wings of some bird.

There was a dim and shadowy dawn, but although the light would steadily become brighter and stronger it would be three hours before the sun itself could be seen from this deep-set valley, though long before that the high-hemming heights would be shimmering gloriously.

And even though there was deep snow, many a scarred and wrinkled precipice was bare, and showed its rich coloring of jet black, of silver, of white, of ochre and copper, of bright yellow, of purple, of red.

The sledge was so low as almost to give the impression of sitting on a board. The tails of the horses seemed high above! In an American sleigh the seat is like a chair, but on a Dolomitian sledge your feet must go out almost straight.

A little stream was crossed, and I noticed that in spite of the cold it was not frozen. "No," said the driver, "that never freezes. It is warmer in winter than in summer. Soon you will come to where it is smoking!" And soon, indeed, it was actually sending up a cloud of steam beside the road.

It is a region of avalanches; there is terror here as well as beauty. I passed a spot where, only two days before, a tremendous avalanche had come overwhelmingly down from the jagged heights, sweeping bare a wide swath in its descent. The

mass of débris lay in the bed of the valley, but on the lower slopes of the opposite side from that of the avalanche great trees had been thrown down by the score, though it was clear that the avalanche had not touched them. There seemed no reason for it, and I looked to the driver for an explanation.

"It was not the avalanche but the wind from it," said he; "the wind sent upward on this side as the avalanche struck the bottom. It was as the air in a gun," he added, explanatorily.

"Some avalanches, they come slow, slow," he continued, out of the depths of his avalanche experiences, "and some, like this, come fast, like the wind. And it is toward the end of February and in the early days of March that avalanches most commonly come."

Many of the trees had been thrown right across the road, which was a little above the bottom of the valley on the side away from the avalanche, and a party of soldiers had chopped the way clear; for this is a military road, and must not at any time be impassable.

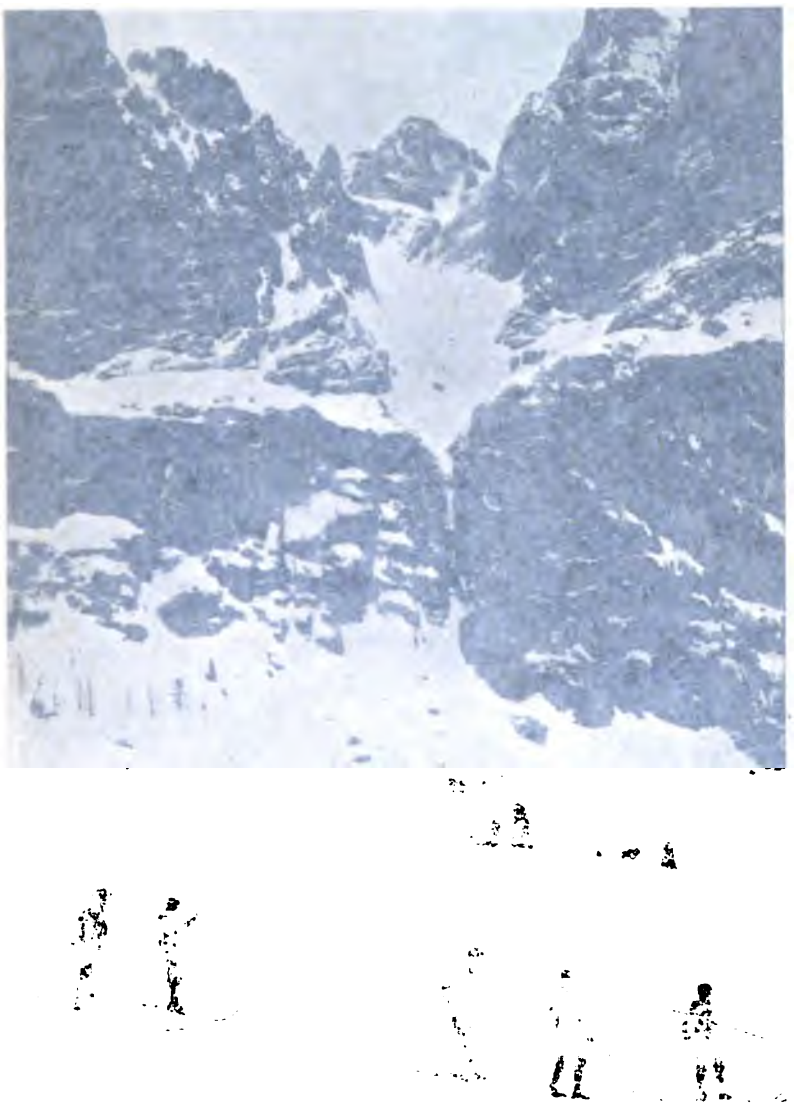
From the cliffs hang masses of huge icicles, which from time to time come crashingly down; it is usually when exposed to the afternoon sun that the icicles fall, and the special danger time is from two to four o'clock.

It is an ancient road, this; it was for ages a great highway of commerce, and remained so until the

coming of railways took traffic away from this unrailroaded region. In the past what bales of silk, what spices and gems, what merchandise of every sort passed over this Strada d'Allemagna; what travelers and merchants, what armies! And perhaps, as showing the indefinable interest that attaches to merchandise from distant and unknown regions, I may mention that at a solitary gast-haus I saw a box labeled with the name of a Michigan fly-paper!

It was fascinating, this road that was a long channel sunk in the deep snow. There was exhilaration in the air. The mountains took on a sumptuous splendor in the mild glitter of sunlight. "Drink deep of the pleasures of shelter"? Yes! But it is fortunate that we may also drink deep of the outdoor pleasures of such a mountain road and such a day.

Ceasing to follow the valley, I found the road mounting and twisting and leading beside great chasms, and offering superbly far-sweeping views. If a high wind had risen or if snow had begun to fall—and it sometimes covers, they will tell you, three feet in an hour—it would have been wise to stay for a while at one of the isolated inns that are open all the year for the accommodation of soldiers, mail carriers, men of the countryside villages. But the weather continued clear and windless, and I merely stopped once in a while, for a few minutes,



SEEN FROM A SLEDGE IN THE DOLOMITES

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to warm myself and drink of the bitter coffee of the countryside. It was served as a compromise between stronger drink and hot milk, and its price, expressed in our money, was about two cents a cup.

In all such inns, in winter time, one has the interesting experience of being shown, not into the rooms for tourists, for that part of the house is now closed, but into the natural living-rooms of the people themselves. At one side will be a great stone stove, set lengthwise, and generally with its stoking door opening into the hallway. A wooden bench is set close against it; sometimes a bed is placed on top!

It was seldom that I met any other traveler; but once, at a stretch of road that was fittingly lonely and grim and stern, I passed a prisoner, marched through the beaten-down snow of the road between two berifled and behelmeted soldiers. He was charged with theft, they told me; and he stood miserably shuffling and stamping, as they stopped to talk with me—a winter visitor being a longed-for break in monotony—and he was gaunt and cold and wretched enough to insure conviction by any plump and well-warmed magistrate.

There were miles and miles of superb loneliness, and I think the effects were finer in the suffused light than they would have been had the sun been shining directly into the valley. There were miles and miles of silence and solitude, broken at rare inter-

vals by coming upon a tiny snow-bound village, with roofs covered deep with snow, with tunnel-like paths cut through the snow, with fir trees emerging out of the snow, with snow, snow everywhere and a general effect as of being quite cut off from the world.

Though it was cold, the ride was not disagreeable. The absence of wind had much to do with this. And as the hours passed the cold gradually lessened.

By noon I came to a delightfully situated town, with its snow-covered houses nestled at the foot of snow-clad slopes and peaks.

Cortina, this—but how different from the familiar Cortina of summer!—Cortina d'Ampezzo—the Magnificent Commune of Ampezzo, as the appreciative Venetians named it when they took possession of this region five centuries ago. But the place is Austrian now.

One never becomes fully accustomed to the contradictions of these mountains. Here, at an altitude somewhat higher than that of Toblach, the sun at mid-day shone with such warmth as to melt snow in the streets, and I ate a delightful luncheon in an oriel-windowed alcove, heated by the genial sunlight alone.

I walked up some of the mountain roads and reveled in effects of snowy glory and white loveliness, and returned to the inn at evening with the fierce cold creeping wolfishly down again from the

heights. Now there was a fire in the dining room and a great fire was heating my bedroom, and I found that, not content with giving me the usual brass hot-water jar of winter Europe, the warm-hearted hostess had put in two, making the bed a thing of coziness. Of the many hotels of Cortina, this was the only one that was open, all the rest being closed and empty. There is always one, even in small and isolated towns, for local and military custom.

There is a pretty general belief among Americans not only that we are the people and political wisdom will die with us, but also that it was born with us. It tends toward modesty, therefore, to see how these ancient communes have been getting along for sundry centuries, with such a degree of popular government and popular rights, as to show that these were not novelties made in America. Cortina was long part of that Italian republic of Cadore which, enduring for centuries, gave great popular freedom and frowned explicitly upon nobles and titles of nobility.

And it is pleasant to find that old records tell of this region sending a gift of larch timbers to Venice when ships were needed for a fleet against the Turks, and sending trees to help in the rebuilding of the Palace of the Doges after a destructive fire, these being probably the very roof-timbers that we see in the Palace to-day.

A pleasant feature of winter travel is that it finds people glad to talk of the things that mean much to them—that is, if they find that a visitor cares to hear. And so I was told that Cortina is ruled by a burgomaster who is chosen by the vote of the male citizens; a citizen being a man, of voting age, who pays taxes; but that there is a droll qualification of this, which is, that a man who still lives at home, in a house which belongs to his mother, is not a master, and therefore has no vote!

The burgomaster holds office for three years, and I found the present incumbent to be a practical, sensible, everyday farmer.

"He sees to everything," the citizens say. And, indeed, he acts as magistrate as well as mayor, and settles, formally or informally, all the disputes of the place. Everything relating to town business, everything relating to marriage or death or to expected marriage or death, every matter of business or building, is in his province. If a man wishes so slight a thing as to change the posts of his porch, the burgomaster must preliminarily inspect and give or withhold consent. "He is our father," said a townsman, simply, to me. And what might be tyranny is checked by his being an elective officer; one of the people, set in place by the people, with a definite term in which to wield the burgomasterial sceptre.

With all this, it would seem as if there were little

room for anyone else, yet there is a Capitano—the people all use this Italian title—who is in charge of the military of the commune. He has an eye on things in general, and his gold-laced uniform seems to keep the people from forgetting that there is a government at Vienna.

There are community forests and community pastures, each citizen having the right to a certain amount of firewood annually and to pasturage for his cows; these privileges coming from the old Italian days. The forests are of great extent, stretching over miles and miles of mountain land, and a few watchmen keep record as the citizens report their woodtaking. In the wild upland pastures, in the midst of an immense loneliness, a few herdsmen, paid a pittance by each owner, care for the high-wandering stock.

Every man is ambitious to own a bit of land of his own; and for this land hunger, old as all time, provision has been wisely made. For, just outside of the close-built town, on the nearly level portions of the long-sloping mountain sides, are numberless little square stones and wooden pegs—boundary marks, separating unfenced patch from patch.

An industrious, hard-working folk, these. When the last tourist disappears they do not begin lethargically to await another tourist season. The men who in summer are guides or waiters or carriage drivers turn in winter to one or another of the many

town industries. There are iron-workers, makers of locks and keys, workers in wood-carving, in furniture, in inlay and filigree, and mosaic. Nor do the shops, tucked into every corner, show any outward or visible sign of their character, except perhaps for some slow-turning water-wheel. There are schools for artisans; sewing-schools for girls; excellent common schools for all. And any tramp, any wanderer without visible means of support, is led to the commune boundary and admonishingly sent on his way.

As in most of Europe, things of the old time have been succeeded largely by the modern; yet the women still wear the little round black-bestreamered hats, which they touch, in saluting, like men, and in their short skirts they walk stridingly. And in spite of a destructive fire of nearly a century ago there are still houses of the charming ancient fashion, with wooden roofs and outside wooden galleries, a kind of building still common in the remoter villages.

Often one is tempted to follow one of the slender, zig-zag roads far up some slope and over a ridge into an adjoining valley. There is the constant beauty of the mountains, merging far away into a soft agglomeration of mistiness; from peaks that tower thousands of feet upward snow blows gently, trailing clouds of glory, bannering the peaks with a perfect white that shimmers against the perfect blue of the sky. And at your feet, where the sun has

cleared an open space, you may see tiny Alpen roses showing in the face of this winter landscape and these stupendous heights. Evening approaches; and long after the valleys and the lower slopes are twilighted in steel cold, a rosy glow lingers on the summits. Then I have seen the light of the young moon give a tender glory to it all; I have watched the snow-wreaths gather thickly around some summit and the snow come falling in soft-sheeted mysteriousness; and I have listened to a great wind stirring among the forests and come roaring fiercely down.

Few of the natives of this region have any desire to emigrate or even the desire to visit other lands. They are prosperous; they are happy; with energy they work and they play. They have sport with sleds, with snowshoes, with skis. Genially gregarious, they love to gather in pleasant parties, love to make music for each other with zithers, with horns, with full orchestra. The world forgotten, they are, in winter, by the world forgot, and all the charm of their nature comes to the surface.

Before feast days they build great fires in the fields. It is still a custom for a young man to set a ladder to a girl's window, mount it, tap, and talk with her—this being a survival of the ancient Italian custom which Shakespeare utilizes in having Romeo go to Juliet's balcony and Valentine plan to meet Sylvia.

Other ancient customs are followed. At a mar-

riage, from eight to twelve young men, dressed as knights of old, with swords and helmets, attend the bride to church. There is seldom a wedding journey. Friends and relatives go to the new-married couple's home for a feast, and always the door is locked so that a man may come and, after crying out that he demands the bride, shall try to break in and carry her off. Wedding gifts are usually of money, a generous gift being from two to five kronen; a krone being of the value of twenty-two cents. But one need not go to the Dolomites to learn that riches is a relative word.

On my first winter visit to Cortina there were just three visitors there: a mother and two sons, North Germans, who were in the Dolomites to ski; and it is a tremendous sight to see a skier come flying—at times literally flying!—down a mountain side. On my second visit there was but one stranger, an Austrian, a well-to-do man, apparently in the Dolomites on business. And with him I had an amusing experience.

My sledge from Toblach returned to that place from Cortina, and when I was ready to go on southward I looked about for another. After I had bargained for it, this Austrian came up and said, with a smile:

"I should like to share your sledge to Pieve di Cadore. You are American. I shall pay one quarter."

WINTER IN THE ITALIAN ALPS

"Why not one-half?" I asked.

"Because you are an American!" he replied; in the calm assurance, that some Europeans still have, that an American should naturally be expected to pay more than his share.

As a matter of course, I declined his company and sledged alone.

When I left Cortina it was to sledge onward over the border and into Italy; and in less than four miles the border-line was reached, where near together stand poles striped with the green and white and red of Italy and poles striped with the yellow and black of Austria. And here the soldiers, acting not only as national sentinels, but as customs' guards, came out, brilliant bits of color, in their uniforms, amid the snow and the evergreens, and they were amazed to see an American, and eagerly talked for a little. They had had enough of snow and solitude!

Proceeding, there are villages precariously huddled between gorge and precipice; there is wider opulence of color in costume; there are women with huge burdens on their heads; clustered about village fountains there are green-kerchiefed women with shiny kettles of copper that they carry dangling from curved yokes of wood; there are lofty forts commanding the road, with sentinels silhouetted against the sky. Steadily the air grows warmer,

and the snow that falls will soon disappear from the heights.

Vastly interesting are the old-time inns in the region that is now entered, for here, as farther north among these mountains, the tourist part of the house is closed and the traveler is shown into the common-room, which is here sitting-room, kitchen, and dining-room combined. And always it is a room low-ceilinged and heavy-beamed, with the fire in its very center on a massive hearth built of stone, some two and a half feet high and eight feet square. The smoke ascends through a great suspended cover, like a square umbrella of wood, and looking up into this one sees hams and sausages, cranes, and iron chains. A high seat is around three sides of this primitive and fascinating fireplace; a seat so high that the men, sitting there, rest their feet on the high stone hearth. There are double-ended and-irons of monumental size. A pot is boiling over the fire. Meat is broiled. The men eat and drink and smoke, and there are little shelves that they draw out for their dishes or tobacco. A low door leads into the wine vault, and there is suggestion of casks and beams, of drink and mystery and romance, strongly remindful of the Three Musketeers. The hostess serving, the light gleaming from rows of polished copper and pewter, the coarse stone floor, the chopped bread for soup, the grated cheese, the walls blackened by generations of smoke, the lights

and shadows—all at once you have been set back for centuries into a centuries-old past.

XVII. A WILLIAM TELL OF UNVISITED MOUNTAINS

MOST interesting of all the Italian towns of the Dolomites is Pieve di Cadore. It is a small and compact place, a village set upon a hill, with houses large, of stone, with wide-projecting eaves. It is a charmingly situated and very ancient town, whose name, Italian fashion, has the softly musical pronunciation, with the accent on the second syllable of each three-syllabled word, of Pee-avay dee Cadoray.

While at Pieve, which is over the border in the Italian Alps, Cortina being Austrian, it came to me that hereabouts there was much fighting back in the troublous times of '48; that in this region the Alpine mountaineers fought to recover their freedom and overthrow the Austrian dominion, as they did in the days of William Tell; and that this race were Italian instead of Swiss, and were fighting not for Swiss government, but to re-establish that

of their beloved Italy, did not in the least lessen the fascination of it all, nor its strange resemblance to the picturesque warfare of centuries ago.

A large part of these Eastern Alps is Italian. For generations the people of this region have been Italian in race, in tradition, and in feeling, but by the division of Europe which followed the Napoleon wars this part of the Alps was given to Austria, regardless of the feelings of the inhabitants. But in 1848, that year of revolutions in Continental Europe, came the opportunity to rebel, and these Alpine mountaineers rose against the Austrians, defeated them, and regained from them much of the mountain territory.

The picture of it all grew more vivid to my fancy. Alpine mountaineers fighting here against the Austrians, as in the days of William Tell, yet within the memory of men now living!—and with this thought there came another. Here, where I was visiting an unvisited Switzerland, how fascinating it would be if I could actually find some ancient veteran who had fought, more than sixty long years ago, just as the early Swiss patriots fought six hundred long years ago!

Instantly I sought out the landlord. "I should like," I said slowly, "to talk with some old man who fought here in 1848 against the Austrians."

His round face lengthened into doubting gravity. "But is there such a man?" he asked.

"Surely," I replied, with matter-of-fact confidence.

He was silent a few moments. Then: "If the signor can wait, I shall inquire," he said. And I thought, as I have often thought, how delightfully helpful a European landlord can be!

He sought me out in the town in an hour or so, and said that he had learned of a '48 veteran living in a village in another valley. "With delight I shall lead you there," he said, beaming as he saw how much he had pleased me. "But"—with a touch of doubt—"It is to walk!—it is a mountain path—and the snow—"

I reassured him as to the walk and the snow, and we set off together over the mountain, and reached a tiny hamlet, a huddle of ancient stone houses, precariously clinging midway against a mountain-side with a precipice dropping far down in sheer abruptness in front, and the mountain towering rugged and steep far above.

He led me to the ancient veteran's ancient house, where the old man greeted me, his eyes glowing with happiness. "*Buon' giorno,*" he said. He tried to draw up his stiff form with soldierly dignity. "I am Natale Tabachi," he said; and then, with pride: "You would have me tell of the fighting?"

We sat down in a low-ceilinged, heavy-beamed room, around a fireplace of the ancient type, built

PIEVE DI CADORE WHEN DEEP IN SNOW

out in the very center of the room, with open space all around it.

We sat down in—or rather climbed up on—chairs with stilt-like legs, made thus high to permit of putting one's feet on top of the fireplace hearth, and the veteran beamed expectantly. But I knew that this was not a case where some slight understanding of ordinary Italian words would be satisfactory, so I said to the landlord:

"This is delightful; and now I should like someone who can translate for me."

His round face lengthened. "But is there such a one?" he asked.

"Surely," I replied.

He was silent for a few moments. Then: "If the signor can wait, I shall inquire," he said. And within fifteen minutes he was back, proudly leading a young Italian who had only the week before returned to his native home after three years spent in Boston and New York!

And then, in that ancient house at the very edge of a precipice, a house looking over a superb view of valley and mountains, we talked together.

"I have never before talked with any but my own people," he began; and I was glad, for it assuredly made him an unvisited mountaineer among these unvisited mountains—practically unvisited even in summer, this village, set off as it is from the tourist track that reaches to Pieve.

Gradually the old man warmed eagerly and more eagerly to his subject, as old-time memories came charging to his mind, and his old voice trembled with emotion.

"I live among these mountains. They are my home. It was among these mountains that I was born—I, Natale Tabachi. And it is here that I shall die. But although I was born as a subject of Austria I shall go to my grave as a free man.

"It was long ago that I was born. I am old, and it is easy to forget. But see—here are my papers. I was still a young man when we fought the Austrians in 1848.

"I do not forget that date. No! For here, on my medal, it is set down. Do you see? Will you read it to me? '*Ai Difensori del Cadore, 1848.*' Yes; that is it; for I was born a man of Pieve de Cadore and I fought for it against the Austrians. Do you wonder that I love this old medal and its little ribbon of green and yellow?

"We are Italians, we; and why should we be under Austria? Italians, all; and our fathers and their fathers were Italian. And we did not like it that the Austrian flag flew over the forts among our mountains. Why should the Austrians hold our great Alps and our valleys and our villages because kings or rulers far away said that the line of boundary should be so and so and so?

A William Tell of Unvisited Mountains

"In the year that was to have the great fighting there was much unrest. Men gathered and talked and said, 'There will be changes.' And rumors came of unrest in the land, and again men said: 'There will be changes here. We will not be under the Austrians.'

"And other men came among us from the South, and quietly they went about, and it was not long before we said that we would be free and that we would no longer obey the Austrians. I do not remember all. I am old and there is much that I forget. But I well remember that we were to fight the Austrians and that some of us were hunters and had guns, and that for others there were guns that came from Venice. And we were gathered together in bands.

"Our leader was the Capitano Calvi. A man of fire, he! A soldier! He was not of these mountains, but was an Italian of the South. I do not remember just how he came to us, but only that he came and was our leader and that we obeyed him with gladness, for he was a brave man and he knew the rules of war. A young man, too: perhaps thirty, perhaps a little more; slender and tall and with a long mustache upon his upper lip; and with eyes that flashed.

"So we gathered in the mountains and we knew that the soldiers would come against us. A few said, 'They will not dare to come.' But the most

of us, we knew that was foolish, for of course the Austrians would not go away without trying to kill us.

"We had no uniforms. We were dressed just as we worked in the villages and on our land. But we could shoot and we would not let the Austrians stay with us.

"I had often seen the soldiers. Well did I know the tall hats and the straps across the breast and the knapsacks and the guns. Often had I said '*Buon' giorno*' when I passed them in the road. But never had I thought to fight them.

"So we gathered; and one day—it was in May—we were near Chiapuzza. You know the place? And the valley is very narrow there, with great heights of mountain, for always the Capitano Calvi he chose such places for us. And, indeed, as you have seen, there is little in this land but great mountains and great depths.

"And we saw the Austrians coming up the valley. We looked, and we said, 'There are two thousand of them.' We watched them, for we had often seen them march through the valleys when there was peace between us. We saw the high hats and the straps across the breasts and the guns. And the sun glistened upon the steel, for it was a bright and sunny day, and it was about the time of noon. I am old, and I forget much, but still there is much that I can remember.

"Our guns were ready, but the Capitano had told us that we must not fire till we were told, and he was a man to obey.

"We saw the Austrians stop; and perhaps two, three, I do not remember, walked forward with a white flag, and men said, 'It is peace, not war, and there will be no fight.' And we were troubled, and we did not understand, and we were very silent as we watched, and we saw that the Austrians were met by our men and that there was talk.

"Afterward, men said that the Austrian leader had sent to tell us to throw down our guns and go home and be sorry and that there would be pardon, but that our Capitano he only laughed and he said, 'We will fight.'

"And did I tell you that the women, many of our women, were with us? For they had said, 'We, too, will fight.' And each of the women had her great field-fork. You have seen them? And each of the women was strong. For our women, they work in the mountain fields and carry heavy loads and toss hay or straw with forks, and they are strong.

"We had put the women behind us to fight if the Austrians came close. For they had said, 'We will fight to save ourselves from the Austrians if they get past you.'

"And now they screamed, high and loud, those women—yes, high and loud. Have you heard

women scream when they would stab and kill? It is not a pretty sound. It is a very terrible sound. For us men, to fight and to kill is a part of our lives. If it comes, it comes. It is right for man. But for women it is different. And they screamed, a laughing sort of scream, as the Austrian men were sent away, and the sound went back and forth among the cliffs.

"And all the time the bells of the village were ringing. They were ringing fast and mad—ringing, ringing, ringing. And in other villages the bells were ringing fast and mad, and the sounds came to us through the valleys.

"The bells they rang so fast and so mad to make the alarm and tell all men to come and help us, and we knew that as they rang our friends and brothers were coming running over the mountains and through the valleys.

"It was over sixty years ago, and I am old, and there is much that I forget, but never can I forget the mad ringing of those bells. It was a sound to make you weep, but also to make you grip your gun and know that you were ready to fight and to die.

"Well, the messengers went back, and the women screamed, and even the boys who were with us to fight cried out, and when we men, watching so anxiously, saw that there was to be a fight, we too made a great, loud cheer.

"The soldiers came on, but they were cautious and they came slowly. They fired at us from distances; and we aimed and we fired at them, for so the command had come to us. We aimed at the men just as we would aim at the chamois, but I do not believe we thought of that at all, even though we had often said '*Buon' giorno*' on the road. We wanted to kill, for we were hunting them, and whenever an Austrian fell we shouted for joy.

"For three hours, four hours—I cannot tell—we aimed and we fired, and the Austrians fired, and sometimes their bullets would hit a rock near us and send splinters.

"But at last they had had enough, and they went off, sullen and slow, toward the north, toward the place from which they had come. They carried their wounded with them, but they left their dead, and we buried them. And, though they were young men, we felt no pity, for we thought only that we were fighting for our land.

"Well, the war went on. And for days together, at a place a little farther south, we fought the Austrians again, and at night we would sleep just where we were, lying down on a rock or in the middle of the great pine woods, and always there were a few who watched to see that no soldiers came upon us in the dark, for so our Capitano told us, and he knew the rules of war.

"Thus we would sleep at night, and in the day-

time we would creep up the cliffs and climb over great rocks to watch the soldiers and to shoot at them.

"And whenever an Austrian was hit and went falling, falling down, tumbling over and over like a great stone that had been rolled over the edge, we shouted for joy.

"For the Austrians they burned our houses; they burned our villages; they killed our children. And they misused our women. And so it was that we shouted for joy whenever we saw one go tumbling and tumbling far down like a great clumsy stone.

"So there, too, the Austrians could not pass us, could not drive us from our mountains, and for some days we marched and climbed and waited for them again.

"Often we were hungry. We shot a little game, but we did not like to waste powder and ball just for food to eat when we needed it for the Austrians. But our women they followed us up the mountain paths, carrying food for us, and we would build fires and cook our polenta and drink from the mountain springs and sometimes tell stories and sing and even dance. But there was not much of that, for we did not know when the soldiers might come, and it was not well to make a merry noise to tell them where we were.

"There was a priest with us, from one of our villages. He was an eager man and he said prayers

over us, far up among the heights, and men would kneel before him for his blessing. And the priest often he would go before us and find a camping-place, and he would say, just like a capitano, 'You will camp here.' He was like a soldier, that priest. An eager man, an earnest, eager man, and he said prayers over us and blessed us when we knelt.

"There were many thousands of the Austrians, and they came against us from the north and from the south and from the east, so that we did not know which way to go. But our Capitano knew, and the priest knew, even though we did not know.

"Sometimes the Austrians attacked us in the night, but always our men who were on guard gave warning, and always we jumped up quick from where we were sleeping on the rocks or beside some fallen trees, and there would be a little firing and the soldiers would go back.

"At last—it was still in that same month of May, but many days had passed—we thought they were coming at us from the south again, for at a place in the valley of the Piave, near a little town called Rivalgo, where the mountains are very high and the river runs swift through a narrow space, our Capitano made us barricade the road. With wood, with rocks, we built a barricade. And while some were building the barricade others were piling loose stones far up on the cliffs above, and others were undermining great rocks for powder to be put under them.

"All this did our Capitano Calvi order, and he was everywhere, and his eyes were flashing, and he was glad like a man who makes ready for a dance. There is much that I forget, but never can I forget our Capitano, and how he made us work to build the barricade and pile stones and undermine the rocks for powder.

"At last there was better than building and piling and mining, for there was a cry, 'The Austrians! They are coming!' And every man went to his place, as our Capitano had directed, for he knew the rules of war.

"The soldiers came on very brave, marching steady, steady, keeping step. Then they halted, and spread out across the narrow valley, and some were set to climb the rocks. And in all there were thousands of them.

"We cheered and we fired, and we shouted when men fell; but the Austrians had a leader who would not easily give up, and his men all fired back at us, and more of them were set to climb the rocks.

"And then we sent the stones rolling down, down upon them. The powder was exploded and the great rocks fell. And they struck the Austrians who were on the mountain-side, and many a man went rolling down with the rocks. And our men fired from behind the barricade.

"And many rocks went down like live things,

leaping from point to point and then springing down and scattering the soldiers in the road.

"But even yet the Austrians would not retreat. We saw their officers urge them on, and the most active tried fast to climb above us on the mountain-side. But always we climbed higher and faster and always we fired our guns and rolled down stones.

"I am old now, and my hands tremble and my voice trembles and it is hard to walk; but I was young then and could climb and shout and roll stones and fire my gun.

"And at last they went back, they. Yes; the Austrians went back. And we shouted for joy, and we gathered around our Capitano and we shouted for love of him.

"Their dead this time we did not bury. No. You have seen how swift is the Piave? You have seen how we men of the mountains float our logs in it, sending them down to the plains? Well, it was so that we did with their dead. We tossed them into the river, those men who had burned our villages and misused our women. We tossed them into the river, and we said, 'You dead men, follow after the living.' And they followed fast, floating, bobbing, tumbling, in the swift waters of the river.

"So it was that the Austrians could not beat us; for though we were not soldiers we could climb and shoot, and we were fighting for our own land, and

our leader was a soldier who knew the rules of war."

He paused for a long time, forgetting everything else in memories of those brave old days. Then he said very gently:

"Men have said to me: 'What was the use of fighting the Austrians? You are an old man and poor. How did it profit you?'

"Am I poor? I do not know. But I do not think so.

"Here I sit in my house, on a comfortable bench, with my feet on the stone hearth built in the middle of the room. And is it not a pleasant heat that comes up from those logs? I have heat and I have shelter and I have food. Here, in this house, live my children. Here are also grandchildren. Soon there will be grandchildren's children, and there will still be room, for we Italians are an easy and a friendly folk and there is always room.

"And whether I sit in the warm sunshine at the door, or whether I look out of my window, I look up at great mountain slopes and I look down into this great valley at my feet, and I know that I, an Italian, am looking at Italian land. And on that fort, far up, is the flag of my country and not an Austrian flag!"

I returned to Pieve di Cadore even more ready than before to appreciate the dearly bought liberties and the broad-minded government of the town

and the region round about, for I now understood that liberty and government had been fought for and maintained for generations by such men as this.

The Sindaco of Pieve, the mayor, serves for five years. He is elected by the Council, which also has supervision of roads and taxes. And the Council members are chosen by those men, over twenty-one years of age, who can read and write. The Sindaco is paid only in honor. "Of course he has no salary," is the way the people quietly express it. The explanation of all this being that Cadore was a real and vital republic long before America was discovered, and that the ancient influence still lives.

There are great forests, the property of the various communes, and lumbering is an active business. Tens of thousands of trees are annually cut and floated down the tumbling current of the Piave to the Italian plain. For centuries these forests supplied masts for the Venetian ships, and long before that gave masts to Roman galleys, and the Romans had a school of forestry here! And several hundred years ago there was a threatened teamsters' strike, which the Council of Ten settled by declaring that, of every hundred loads of wood, seventy might be floated by water, but thirty must be hauled. We need not think that labor troubles are new!

The people are happy. Wine is their water;

every one dances, every one sings, every one plays some musical instrument; there are amateur theatricals; there are frequent holidays and feast days; there is the friendly clink of glasses and the still more friendly three-syllabled "*Salute!*"

There comes the memory of an evening at this town of Pieve di Cadore, when there was an unplanned after-dinner gathering in the large room that was ordinarily used only in the busy season. A piano stood there, and the landlord and his two pretty daughters drifted in, and two girl friends from next door, and two officers from the fort, and a councillor, and the bald-headed waiter, still with his napkin draped over his arm. All at once the piano was playing, a mandolin was twanging, a violin added its notes. Another moment, and the pianist, one of the officers, jumped up and claimed the prettiest girl. The waiter, absent-mindedly stringing his napkin about his neck, slipped into the place at the piano and madly thrummed an infectious tune, while violin and mandolin hummed and tinkled in unison. For an hour everybody danced or played. Everybody was spontaneously happy and natural.

Pieve di Cadore was the birthplace of the mighty Titian, and upon the house is the admirable inscription:

"Cadore points out to its guests the house where Titian was born."

Close by is a statue of Titian, belatedly put up a few years ago; and a heavy snow so covered the head and mantled the shoulders as to make it absurdly simulate the appearance of the late Queen Victoria.

The people love to talk of Titian. It is as if he flourished yesterday. He is the familiar glory of the place. And I remember an old man who, clad in trousers of marvelously patched yellow and coat of marvelously faded blue, swept a comprehensive arm toward the forested mountains, the village-dotted valley, the river down whose current innumerable logs were tumbling, whirling, plunging, rushing tumultuously, as he said: "It was here that Signor Titian sawed wood." But there was no touch of frivolity in this; no Italian echo of a figurative Americanism; to him it was all very literal, very serious.

"You are perhaps interested?" he went on, slowly. "Then it is with pleasure that I shall tell. The Signor Titian, he went from this, his home, to Venice, and there he painted pictures—multo!" —again he waved a comprehensive arm. "But always he kept his share in one of the sawmills of this valley; it was a rich mill with much of business, and it made him many thousand of lire. And every year Signor Titian came back here to his home. It was to see to the money and the business; for, look you, a man must live. Life, it is not all the

making of pictures! And so he came here every summer time. It was also for the good air of these mountains, for it gave him the health and the strength.

"And it was because, one summer, he could not get back here that he died. You have heard? For the plague, it broke out in Venice, and the soldiers had made a line and said that no man should go out of the city. And so the signor died there in Venice, instead of coming back to the mountains and getting more money and health and life."

Fortunately I remembered that Titian was cut off at the age of ninety-nine, but I did not speak of this.

One sees no beggars in this region in the off-season time; and as to crime, or even the suspicion of crime, there is much of strictness. A man merely suspected may remain in prison for months without trial.

"But is that not unfair?" I asked.

"Unfair!" There was only amazement at the thought. "Unfair! Why, a man might be adjudged innocent, and if he were tried and set free promptly where would be his punishment!"

From Pieve di Cadore southward, sledging is impossible. The climate grows steadily warmer. The mail coach is now the means of transit, and a box-seat should be secured. At post inns, where the

horses are changed, the landlady bustles out into the courtyard, and hostlers appear from shadowy stables, and in one such inn there was a great oval wine-cistern, of coppery brass, gloriously shaped, such as Paul Veronese pictured.

It is a region no longer of avalanches, but of floods and land-slides; and they point out a roofless ruin which left its place, high up on the hillside, and came slipping down, land and all, to settle upon another man's land; thus causing a lawsuit—the result of which was long since forgotten—as to who should be considered the owner, and making truth of one of Mark Twain's most whimsical fancies.

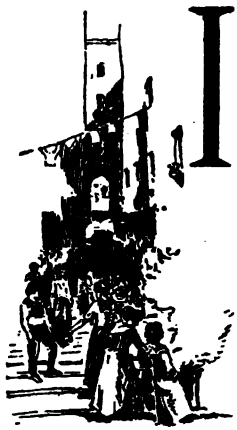
Lower and lower are the mountains, wider and wider the valley; and at length Belluno is reached, whence train may be taken for Venice.

And at Venice, looking back across the intervening miles, I saw the Dolomites, alluring, inviting, full of enticement, rising beautifully on the distant northern horizon, and I was glad that I had found the romance of a winter's journey there.

Titian used to look at these mountains from the window of his house, here in Venice. And one fancies with what longing he gazed in the final hours when, his servants all dead of the plague, he himself mortally stricken, thieves carrying off his most precious belongings under his very eyes and then leaving him to lonely death, he took a last and

lingering look at the mountains which he had loved for a lifetime.

XVIII. AN UNFAMILIAR NAPLES



ITALY is full of the unvisited. The average tourist seldom gets beyond Rome, Florence, Venice, Milan, Naples, if even he sees as much as that. Add those who go to Siena, Perugia, Palermo, or who see Tivoli, Pisa, Assissi, Capri, Amalfi, Verona, and the list of the visited is nearly complete. There are cities and provinces almost unknown; there are ancient carous hill towns, the color of old bones, that never see a stranger.

And there is so much that is unvisited even in the cities that are largely visited! Take Naples, that marvel of a city—most visitors are satisfied with the hotel district along the bay, and see but little of the real city except perhaps for a hasty drive along the Toledo.

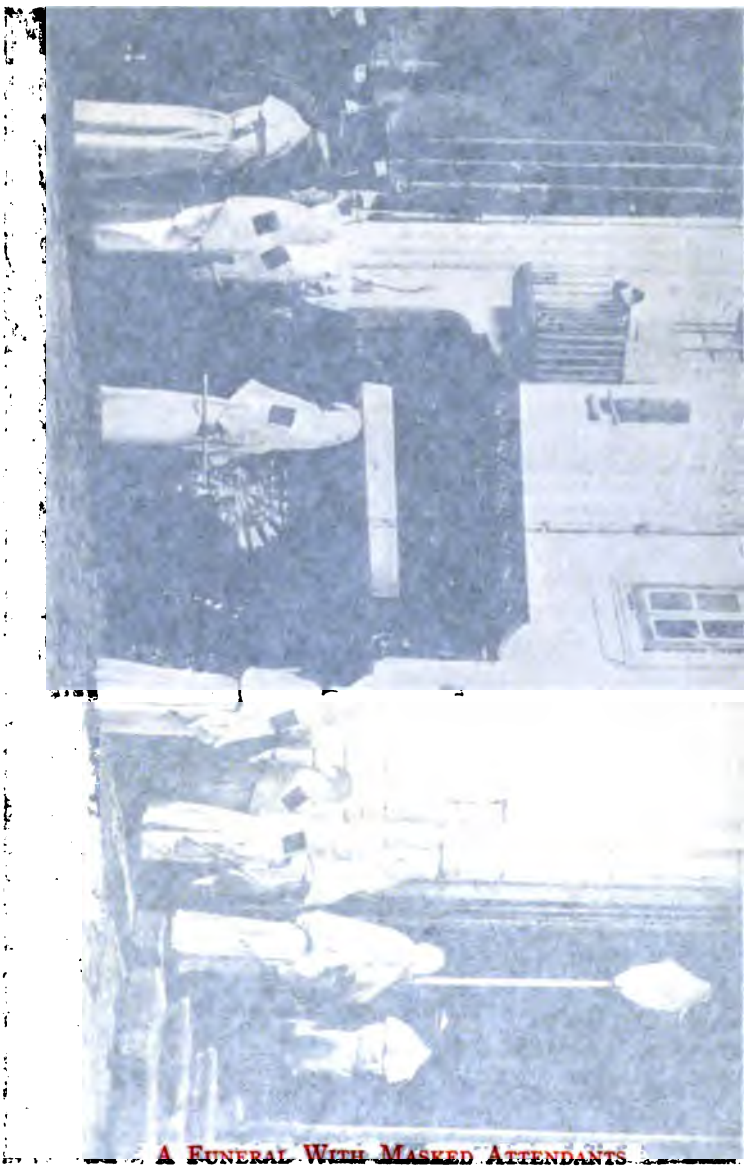
An American friend, a widow, who loves to travel and must perforce travel frequently alone, said to me:

"Every time I go to Naples I so much want to see the true city. And every time I drive out I tell the cabman to take me through the old streets.

But every time, although he says, '*Si, si, signora!*' he drives me to Posilipo!"

I could only tell her that it was because there is only one way to see the real Naples, the real Naples both of the past and of the present, and that is on foot, for the city is built against a mountain-side, and the old streets that are not narrow flights of stone stairs climbing endlessly in score after score of steps, are almost equally narrow and unbelievably cluttered.

The old part of the city, with cañon streets and towering tenements, is full of marvelous life and bustle and endless gayety. Naples lives out of doors! Out of doors women cook on little charcoal stoves or comb their hair in elaborate coiffures, neighbor assisting neighbor, or make upholstery fringe, or chocolate, rolling it primitively in a stone trough, or they pick chickens, wash the children, sew—and always and endlessly gossip. Men and boys work at making shoes and slippers and carving wooden heels, or twist hemp rope and string, and make a hundred other things, and, like the women, always and endlessly gossip. And there are innumerable tiny shops and outdoor stalls, and in and out among the people seated at tables or benches, there move continuously a gay and noisy throng, vivid in costumed colorings; and there are panniered donkeys, and now and then comes a flock of reddish-brown nanny-goats, milked from door to



A Funeral With Masked Attendants

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door! and there are life and gayety and the hum of buzzing talk, and street singers and mandolin players, and innumerable street cries of the strangest, of those who sell charcoal or pumpkin-seed or fresh water or snow! And people carry everything imaginable or unimaginable, as a man that I remember who carried a coffin on his head! He walked so jauntily, letting the coffin gyrate with equal jauntiness, that it was evident that it was empty, and indeed a bystander told me that it was. "It is loaned for the funeral," he said; "it is often so, and will be returned unused! It is a pauper's funeral, but the dead man's friends are following him, for it is honorable to be followed to the grave"—himself forgetting thus, as he spoke, that the coffin was empty and that the body was to be quietly taken away without spoiling anything so expensive! And the friends were a tail of men trying their shuffling best to keep up with their jaunty leader, and each had somehow acquired for the occasion a gleaming patent-leather hat—probably rented from the undertaker. And even all this was not gloomy; even a funeral seemed only to add to the gayety of Naples.

I have often, in the old streets and courtyards, in the narrow stairs of stone, in the theaters, where I was the only one who was not an Italian, had all the feelings of an explorer.

Yet these people are not always gay; they are impressionable, temperamental, excitable, devout,

and can change to a deep or passionate earnestness.

They love pageantry; they love the theatrical; at times they achieve a splendidly beautiful effect, as when they carpet a long street thick with roses for the passing of their King. And some of their funerals, with stately catafalque and masked and hooded and white-robed men, are weirdly impressive.

The particular patron saint of Naples is San Gennaro—St. Januarius—and the city has preserved some of his dried blood for sixteen hundred years, and three times a year this blood liquefies; if rapidly, it is good for the city, but if slowly (or if, rare and terrible occasion, it fails to liquefy at all!) it is an omen of great evil.

I went one night—it was a Saturday, April 30—to see this greatest of Neapolitan events, and it was a memorable experience.

In the course of the day, the silver statue of the saint, with the priceless precious stones that adorn it, gifts from the dying and the devout of centuries, had been taken to the ancient church of King Robert of Sicily—what romantic thoughts the very words conjure up!—and at night was to be returned, through the heart of the oldest part of the city, to the cathedral.

I came upon the parade about nine o'clock, just as it was starting on the return. All Naples seemed to be out, and the cross-streets and little squares

were packed with people, and the doorways and windows and balconies were jammed, and the very roofs were thronged. The narrow streets were kept clear, practically from house to house, as a precaution against any concerted rush by robbers, for an immense fortune in jewels was under convoy.

Following a detail of soldiers, a long line of priests in full canonicals marked the way; then came San Gennaro, surrounded closely by soldiers with drawn swords; then two sedan chairs, each with a great church dignitary; then lines of soldiers and police.

Under a baldachin of rose-silk was the silver statue—or, to be precise, silver bust, for it ended at the waist line. An ancient piece of silver-work this, for it was made six centuries ago. Upon the head was a bishop's mitre, set with jewels, and upon the body was a garment heavily embroidered with gold, and at the shoulder line a collar, glowing with precious stones, held a pendant and a cross, and all over the figure there was the sparkle of myriad diamonds and the gleam of emeralds and the soft glory of pearls.

Four sturdy priests bore the bust, on a base upheld by poles, at shoulder height, and it so swayed as they walked as to look like a living man. And also there was to be seen, carried under the baldachin, the phial of dry blood.

I was at a crossing, and had planned merely to get a general idea of the street scene and then make

my way to the cathedral by some open route, but the procession halted, and I asked some questions of an officer who for the moment was standing beside me, and he courteously answered, and then said, entirely to my surprise, for I had not asked or suggested it, "Come inside the lines; you are a stranger."

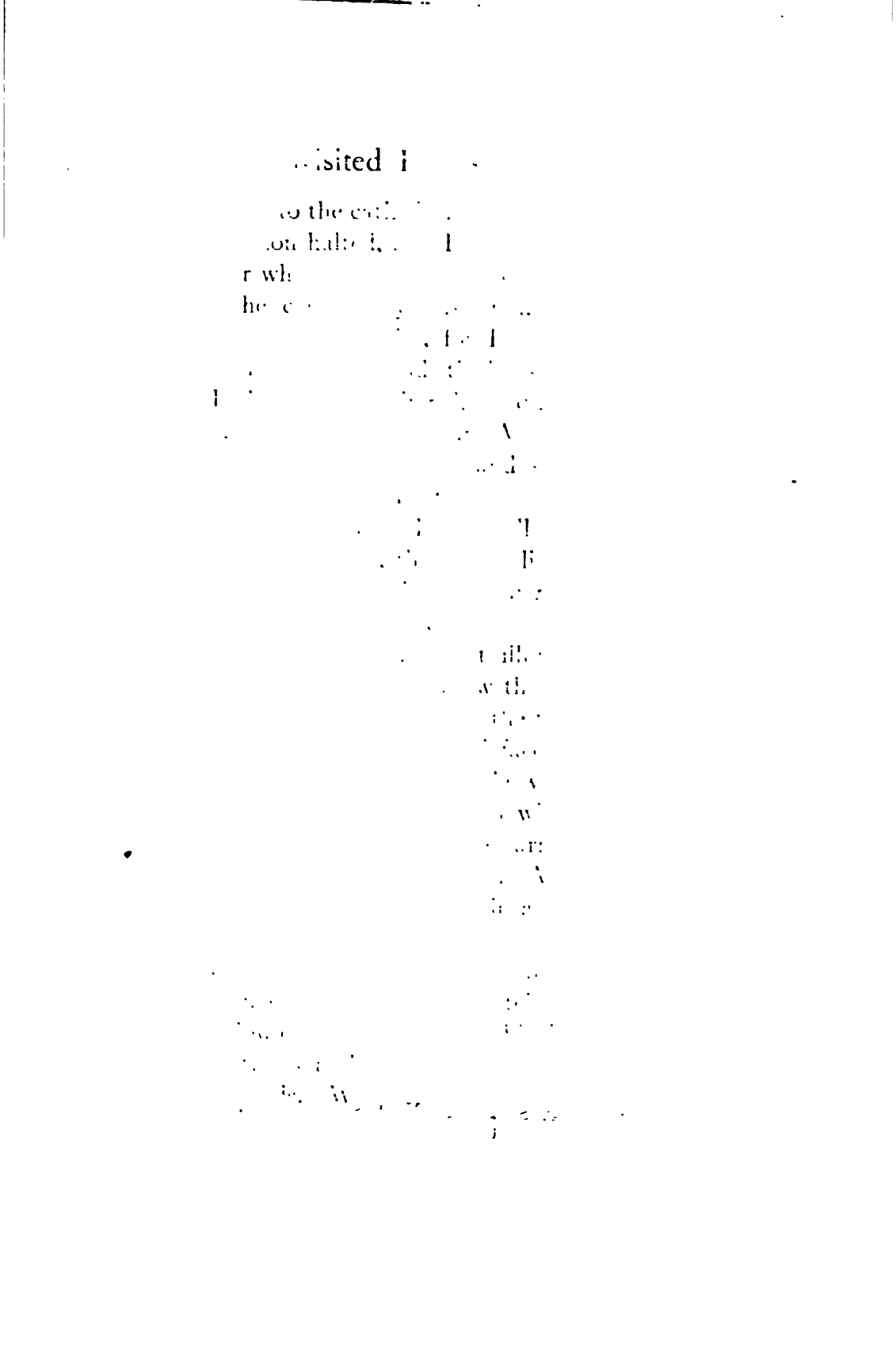
I did so—thinking how differently an Italian would be treated at an American parade!—and went on with the priests and soldiers, close behind the swaying silver bust.

The little shops had small glares of red light along their fronts, there were lights in the windows, there were little lights strung along the houses, there were lights on the balconies and roofs. And yet there was no brilliant illumination, and there was almost more of shadow than of light.

Looking up the fronts of the tall houses there was a curious impression as of faces in the air, for in story above story the people were leaning outward and looking downward from windows and balconies, and the streets were so narrow that these faces seemed to be directly above. And ever there came rose petals fluttering down in a soft and continuous shower.

With two bands playing stately music, the procession went in slow and stately fashion along, and the glow of light touched the blackness of the narrow side-streets and lit dark passages into houses and courtyards. We passed the old, old church where

A Stairway Street of Naples



Boccaccio first met Fiammetta, and it gave an odd feeling to realize that I, an American, was in a religious pageant that had gone through these very streets not only before America was discovered, but long before Boccaccio lived and loved. Always there was the shuffling sound of footsteps on the big, flat stones of the street, and always a murmurous stir of cries that were emotional, but never loud; always there was an impressive air of solemnity; always there were hands stretched out toward the swinging silver figure with ejaculations or prayer.

At length we turned into the Via del Duomo, and reached the cathedral, and the procession moved to the great center doors, and here I would have drawn off to one side had not the officer said to me: "Stay with us."

So through the mighty doorway the saint and the priests and a few of the soldiers entered the immense cathedral, and the great doors were closed, leaving the bands and the greater part of the police and soldiers on the outside, with all of the throng who had massed along behind.

Down the center of the cathedral was a broad space kept entirely clear, but every inch along the sides was packed with massed humanity. There were thousands there.

The priests who had led the line fell behind, and the baldachin and the statue headed the line, and down that central space, an immense length, we

slowly went, the officer still beside me, and as we neared the chancel I saw that it would be far better to go on as if I were an intended part of it all rather than to disturb the quiet orderliness of the ceremony by leaving the baldachin and trying to find a place beyond the guards at the side. And I was glad of the opportunity to see everything in such a way, so long as I knew that I was not intruding, and I looked forward with keen anticipation to a close-range view of the miracle.

We went up the steps to the chancel, where stood a shifting crowd of rich-appareled ecclesiastics. A guard of splendidly uniformed soldiers formed at the chancel rail, and I noticed how the altar lights flashed from their helmets. I would certainly have remained, as inconspicuous as possible, among the many in the broad space inside the chancel rail, especially as here the friendly officer had to leave me, but one of the dignitaries motioned me forward, and there was nothing to do but step to the rail of the high altar and kneel with ten or a dozen whose privilege it was to be there. I think, looking back on it, that there was intent in having a close-at-hand spectator who was not of their faith; I had been in Naples for several months and had often gone about in the ancient quarters, and not improbably I was known as a stranger who was interested in the city, and who would, therefore, look impartially at the evidence of a miracle. In the first place, I

was fortunate in chancing upon an officer of real authority, and he quite likely made some sign, in regard to me, to the churchman who invited me to the very front.

Now, with a quiet shuffling, the people moved forward from the side aisles—there were no chairs in the cathedral—and filled the central nave, and the doors were opened and many came crowding in from the street.

The blood of the saint was in a finely wrought receptacle that in size and shape was not unlike a rolling pin, except that it was three-sided. It was a case of what appeared to be silver, ending in two rod-like silver handles, and it had three faces of heavy glass or, what I supposed the material really to be, rock crystal. Through this crystal could be seen two vials, one about four times as large as the other, and each about one-third full of a dry and sticky-looking mass.

An old, old canon, robed in red and white, took the silver receptacle in a loving reverence of clasp. He held it up, and the priests and prelates knelt and watched, with upturned faces, and the immense audience sank upon their knees. The front rows showed faces eager, anxious, strained; behind them were faces dimly seen, and still farther behind there was nothing but a blackness of outline, vaguely marking massed humanity, far back to the great doors and under the lofty aisles. And from this

massed humanity there came a curious, mingled, whispering sound.

The ancient canon, always holding the silver holder in plain view, turned it constantly around and about, so that the blood was seen through one of the crystals faces after another.

The suspense swiftly became extreme. The very atmosphere became a-tingle with it. Anxiety was on the edge of becoming excitement.

But in precisely three minutes there came the change. The viscous contents of the vials were flowing! There was no doubt of it—the stiff and gummy substance had become liquid!

At once there came a subdued ecstatic outbreak; it was really a thrilling moment; the huge building was filled with a curious murmurous sound of mingled gasps and cries.

I do not pretend to explain what had happened. There had apparently been complete openness. The canon was an old man of particularly fine countenance. The recurrent event had taken place, for there was the reddish liquid. No wonder it is sincerely looked upon as a miracle, and I do not know what to suggest in other explanation except that possibly it was the result of bodily heat, from the hands, or that the constant motion, the tipping and turning, may have had something to do with it. I watched it closely and did not see why it occurred. But it did.

The canon, his face aglow with happiness, walked back and forth, holding the receptacle in plain sight with its liquid, and a peripatetic attendant kept a lighted candle held constantly behind it so that none should be unable to see it or feel a doubt.

Then the canon went from one to another along the altar rail, and gently touched each man's forehead with the holder and presented it to the lips to be kissed. And one cannot, in such a case, think of the germs of the centuries!

Each, as he kissed, arose and quietly stepped to one side, and the vacated places were taken by priests and church dignitaries within the chancel rail.

And the ceremony was not yet over. A passageway was somehow cleared back though the center of the cathedral—this probably being made possible by some of the throng beginning to leave—and along each side of the passage there formed a line of clerics, dressed in black and white and standing shoulder to shoulder, holding great, thick, tall candles that stood on the floor and burned, in lambent yellow, at the height of their heads. It made an immensely impressive scene, and down this torch-lined passage the silver statue was slowly borne, with people eagerly holding out their hands as toward one they loved and from whom they expected benefits, and some spoke to the saint as if he were alive. And everywhere were happy faces because the liquefaction had taken place so soon.

The procession turned into the large chapel of San Gennaro, and through its great brazen gates toward where a garden of silver flowers blossomed on the solid silver altar. Here another priest took the relic and allowed relays of people to kiss it, while some old women called out, weirdly and excitedly, at the statue itself; these women being reputed to be of the family of Saint Januarius (celibacy not being called for in his day), who for centuries have held and exercised the prescriptive family right of calling out at him in angry tones!

I left the benignant saint, all aglow with the sheen and sparkle of his jewels, and the eager devotees, and the marvel and wonder of it all, and walked slowly back through the ancient streets, to the district of hotels, where every one was asleep.

XIX. ALONG THE BRENTA: ONCE A HIGHWAY FOR THE WORLD

IT came to me one day, in Venice, that there was a region near by, entirely neglected by travelers, which had once been known of all the world and had possessed so much of beauty and interest that there must still be much that was eminently worth while to see; and so I sought out this region and was vastly rewarded for the small degree of trouble that was involved.

At the very edge of Venice is a long and once glorious line of villas where the old Venetians revelled in splendor; villas built upon the mainland, along the course of the river Brenta; villas before whose doors ran the landway and waterway, the double highway, between Padua and Venice, which for many centuries was the main approach to the splendid city of the sea. Venice the Beautiful, as a writer quaintly expressed it, stood beside the domes of

St. Mark, but the jewelled train of her mantle stretched along the shores of the Brenta.

The villas, near to Venice though they are, and readily accessible, are now seen by few, for the coming of the railroad, over sixty years ago, made a new approach to the city, and visitors long ago forgot their existence. And Venice herself had first forgotten them. For, when the power of the city dwindled and her riches passed away, there came to an end the golden-robed and silken-shod luxury that had loved to display itself in this suburban life. Many of the villas fell long ago forlornly into ruin, with gardens wrecked and balconies demolished, and halls and ceilings tottering to a fall. Others vanished utterly. Still others, their fair radiance departed, and now shabby and defaced, give corners of their spaciousness to peasants, who thus sit in the seats of the mighty. Only a few of the villas are well maintained: one, literally a palace, because the government preserves it as a national monument, and two or three because they are in the hands of rich and liberal owners.

It is not only that the poor live in some of the ancient abodes of grandeur. The poor the Italian has always with him, and in abundance; and so here, along the Brenta, there are not only ruined homes of the proud, but also little villages of the humble. The neglected mansions would not be nearly so full of interest, nearly so picturesque, were it not for

the accompanying interest and picturesqueness of peasant and village life. For a gossipy, gladsome, gesticulative folk are these, and though poor enough if measured by the standard of money, rich in content and happiness.

For hundreds of years the Brenta was glorious, but perhaps the sixteenth century may be set down as, upon the whole, the period of greatest splendor.

Often and often has the Brenta been the text for enthusiasms. The cultured Evelyn wrote, in his famous diary, of the river so deliciously adorned with villas and gardens. Two hundred years later Disraeli wrote of the number, variety, and splendor of the houses, which even in his day had fallen into the sere, the yellow leaf. D'Annunzio has seized upon the poetry and inspiration in these melancholy remains of former magnificence. And Mrs. Wharton gives the heroine of a powerful short story, set in the Italy of the past, a triumphant season on the Brenta, in a palace of myriad glories.

Building sumptuous houses on the mainland followed as a consequence of landward conquests and acquisitions. And, indeed, it was the realization of landward ambitions that marked the beginning of the end of Venetian power. The discovery of a route around the Cape of Good Hope is generally set down as the reason for decline, but it would not have been of potency had not the city been already weakened by her landward successes. She

conquered Belluno and she conquered Padua, and her warriors loved to ride on horses as well as on vessels of war and gondolas.

And it would really seem—to take the ultimate step in this inquiry of cause and effect—as if the Venetian love for horses lay at the root of their desire to be masters of land. For Venice is an absolutely horseless city. On foot or by water must its people go. And hence there came into operation the yearning, deep-based in human nature, for what is tantalizingly attractive and at the same time attainable only with difficulty. The Venetians put themselves on horseback and, although infinitely distant from beggarhood, went the proverbial way. The best of all the statues of Venice is an equestrian: that of Colleoni, by Verrocchio, an admirable replica of which has been placed in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. And the huge-columned church, that of Saints Giovanni and Paolo, whose portal is guarded by this horsebacked effigy, bears within it stately monuments of old-time doges, bestriding caparisoned steeds. In the sombrely housed libraries of Venice are ancient prints showing Brenta villas in their glory, and in front of the villas the artists loved to place cavaliers upon curvetting horses. For these cavaliers, crossing the lagoon from the city, loved to gallop along the road to Padua, past barges filled with travellers intent on reaching the wonderful city.

Along the Brenta

For centuries the Brenta was fiercely fought for by Padua and Venice. For centuries its stream has been confined as a canal, for its uncontrolled meanderings led it changefully across the plain between the rival cities. For centuries it was a great artery of commerce, and the interests of Padua and Venice were so diverse as to its course that battles were fought for the mere object of demolishing an old dike or constructing a new one. Not until Padua itself was taken and held by Venice were bounds finally set to the river, and then, at its mouth, was set a contrivance of pulleys and inclined planes, long since vanished, for the lifting of river craft over the bar which was always forming. The Brenta firmly secured, the advantages of its banks as a dwelling-place for wealthy Venetians were seen; and patrician after patrician chose his locality and his stately pleasure dome decreed.

"Venice," naïvely wrote dear old Froissart, five and a half centuries ago, "is one of the dearest towns in the world for strangers." He knew Italy and its cities, his principal visit to that country having been to attend, as a guest, a princely wedding, at which —so runs the delightful old tale—two of his fellow guests were Chaucer and Petrarch. Froissart did not set down that Venice was a town of extravagant citizens as well as a town expensive for strangers, for he doubtless took it for granted that the citizens' extravagance was a matter of common knowledge.

And it was but a very few years after he wrote that the city sought a new outlet for luxurious expenditure by beginning this expansion along the Brenta.

Leaving Venice, leaving the Piazza of St. Mark and the Doge's Palace, and setting forth for the forgotten villas and the forgotten highway that was so long a highway for the world, you do not turn down the familiar Grand Canal, but into the broad and forgotten Giudecca, where you pass big gondolas, two-rowered, heavy laden with great logs that stretch out on either side with centipedal effect. You pass boats with sails of yellow and hulls of red and brown. And you pass merchant ships at anchor that have come from distant ports of the world.

And now the marvellous city is behind you, and you are sailing across a broad and shimmering lagoon, and you pass an island with the delightful name of St. George in the Seaweed, and you see the darkened surface and the reed-like wavings that tell that the island is well named. Of note, this island, in the ancient days, though no one ever visits it now; for, midway between mainland and city, it was where ambassadors and other guests of state were often received. The island was long the site of a great churchly establishment, and monks looked out upon a busy world from what is now a crumbled red pile of masonry; and, glancing at it as the boat carries you by, you notice that a few

soldiers militant have replaced the soldiers of the cross.

Farther you go, across the shallow waters of the lagoon; and soon you are nearing a reedy and melancholy shore, where a little patch of tile and plaster, red and yellow, marks ancient Fusina, at the Brenta's mouth.

Following the river inland, there is a great stretch of level country, endlessly ditched and irrigated. Here and there the thatched house of a peasant, here and there a stooping line of toilers in the fields; women and men in clothing of sun-mellowed charm; and soon, above the vine-grown levels and the glimmering canals, a spacious building comes in view.

A palace, this; but its glory has departed, its princely tenants have gone. It is fronted by a row of mighty columns, but below them the carefully wrought work of the artisan has fallen away in ruin, and of the noble stairways, which formed the outer approach, one has altogether vanished and the other has lost its classic balustrade and stands in bare denudedness. This palace, one of the masterpieces of Palladio, was built for two brothers of the house of Foscari; and the name by which it is known —Malcontenta—is the survival of the dark story of a woman who loved not wisely but too well, and here ate out her heart in proud retirement.

The palace is now naked and bleak, and on either

side are apartments exactly alike: one set of rooms for one Foscari brother and one for the other, with a cross-shaped audience-hall between for the common use of both.

There are fireplaces of pink marble, and vaulted ceilings, and in the central hall there are frescoed Muses and Arts, that, regardless of their faded beauty, look down with a smile or with grave regard at the visitor whose echoing footsteps disturb their solitude, even as they looked on the gay throngs of vanished time.

And in another room, long since vandalized by whitewash, the yellow covering has flaked away just enough to show a lovely woman, in the splendid apparel of the time of Venetian glory. She is painted on the wall, with her foot on the level of the floor, and gives a curious impression of standing within the room. A haughty and enigmatical smile is on her lips, and you like to believe the legend of the countryside that this woman, decked with pearls and apparelled in silk and lace, is the one whose history gave the name of Malcontenta.

Push aside the shutters from a window whose leaded glass has long since vanished, and there is a sweet and lovely view. There are the interminable stretches, crowded thick with luscious growth; there, to the northward, rises the Alpine line; there is the lagoon, on whose farther side lies Venice, with the sun glistening on towers and domes.

Along the Brenta

A red-sailed, black-hulled barge comes slowly up the Brenta; a painted ship on water painted marvellously green; and one's mind goes back to the glory of the past, and to that time in the sixteenth century when, with mighty pomp and circumstance, Henry the Third of France came to this house, accompanied from Venice by senators and patricians in barges rowed by slaves.

With stairs and vaultings of solid stone, and roof and floors of tile, the house defies the desolation of the centuries. But there are lichens and mosses on the walls; latticed windows are wrecked; scrolls and ornaments and carving are defaced. And in a perspective avenue of trees I saw an incongruous descendant of the past: a strutting peacock with tail gloriously outspread, owned by the peasants who live in a corner of the palace and who cook their dinner of herbs in an enormous Palladian fireplace with carved lion's feet and fluted pillars of stone.

Beyond Malcontenta are willow trees and orchards, and meadows rich in grass, and endless vineyards, and long vines garlanded between pollarded mulberries; and here and there a great gate of wrought iron tells where a villa stood, or at a cottage door stands a shattered pillar, carried there long ago from the wreck of a noble house.

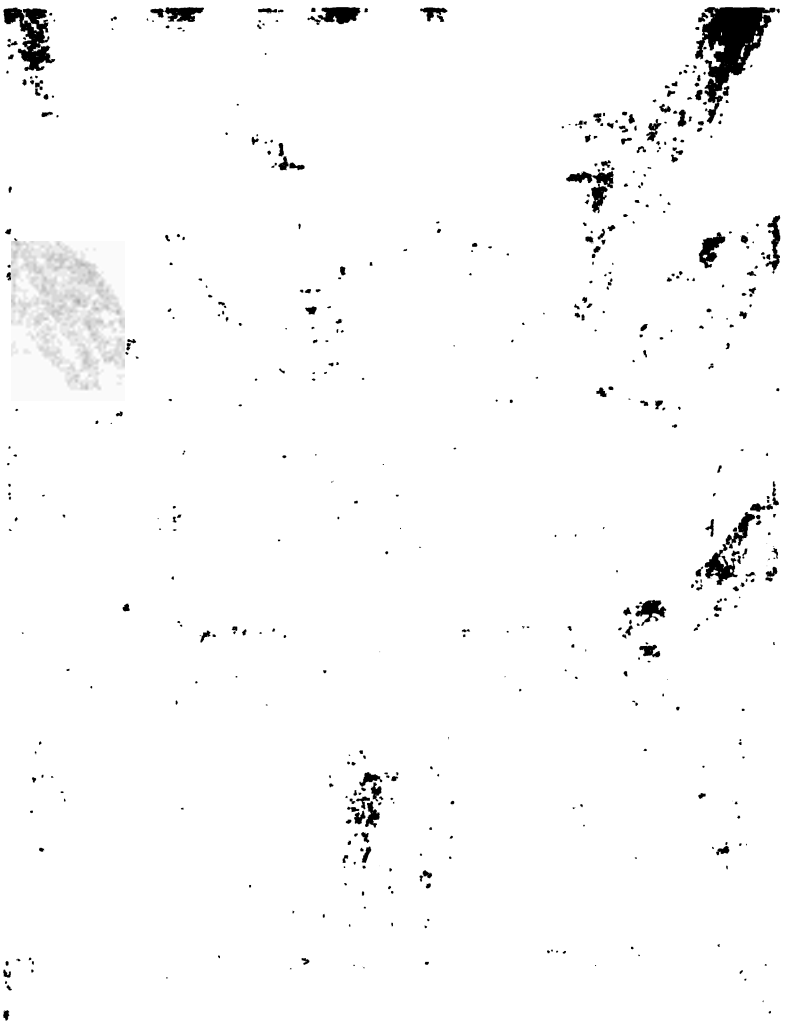
Great numbers of statues are still to be seen. At many of the villas the ancient statues were long since destroyed or carried away, and empty pedes-

tals alone remain; but a host of figures still stand grouped in gardens or extend along old avenues. Smiling or dancing, posing in stateliness, or eternally pouring libations—gods and goddesses, nymphs and heroes, loves and graces, marred, broken, yellowed, lichened—they are doing patiently on their pedestals for the peasants what in old days they did for patricians; and in all this is a grim and theatrical impressiveness, as of broken-down actors and actresses representing the glories of the olden time.

Numbers of the villas have not only the charm of general association with the pride of former days, but have definite legends or history clinging about the great rooms and the window-seats and the charming alcoves. There are tiny canals running up to private landing-places, and loggias from which the procession of boats and horses was watched by languid ladies and from which the snowy Alps are seen, gleaming austere and cold above the steaming plain.

One house, not far from Malcontenta, is honored because it stands upon the site of an earlier one which Dante for a time occupied. Dante wrote of the Brenta, too, but the time of his residence there was before the era of Venetian occupancy.

One must look heedfully if he would see every one of the still existent villas, for there are defaced and cheaply stuccoed houses which might hastily be passed by without interest, but which are shown



IN A PALACE OF THE BRENTA: AT STRÀ

in the ancient prints as the villas of this or that great family whose name is in the Golden Book. The Italians love to stucco any building, old or new; and, so far as apparent age is concerned, a touch of stucco makes all buildings kin.

Less interesting, except as illustrative of human nature, are the few garish houses, comparatively modern, put up by pretentious folk who would fain have the appearance of living here as did the rich and the powerful; but of real interest are the simple houses of the frankly humble. And the villages and those who live in them have a peculiar right to attention, because some of these towns are very, very ancient, having authentic histories running back for many hundreds of years, and because numbers of the village folk are doubtless of ancestry antedating the period of the glory of Venice.

Tradition has it that near one of these towns one of the battles between Venice and Padua took place, and that the Venetians won through setting free large numbers of bees, who flew at the Paduans, and, slipping under their visors, stung them into retreat.

The humble Brenta dwellers are a cheerful and credulous folk. They love music, they love games, they love color, they love the dance. I remember that the little Dutch children of Maarken all seemed men and women; but the men and women of the Brenta all seem children, and all happy ones.

Even the grimness of certain of their beliefs does not give them gloominess. They know that three knockings in the night can come only from the Angel of Death—but (crossing themselves) we ought not to worry, for all of us must die. They know that to spill olive oil or milk brings bad luck, but they also know (praise this or that Italian saint!) that to spill wine means a marriage. To dream of a tooth drawn out means death; but to find a horseshoe or a muleshoe means good luck, and to find a coin with a hole in it insures very good luck, and, on the whole, there is more good than evil in the world, and so let us eat and drink and be merry, for, in spite of dreams prognostic, to-morrow we live!

I have heard Italians of more favored regions deplore the malaria of the Brenta, and say, "The people are yellow of face." But the Brenta folk do not permit even malaria to disturb them. The men contend endlessly at bowls, or perhaps, in the evening, they eagerly play with queer Italian cards, or get out their checkers and their chess; their chess permitting odd moves with the pawns, and their checkers having the rule that a king is immune from capture except by another king, and that (to border on a Hibernianism) these are not kings at all, but queens.

Even in the literature read by the Brentaside there is found a certain amusement; for I have seen one man reading *L'Asino* and another *Il Mulo* and

another *Sigaretta*. Incidentally, it reminded me of having heard, in America, that Italian humor is far beyond our own in purity, delicacy, cleverness, and charm.

The great villas, through the limitless extravagance of their building, their out-fitting and maintenance, were the cause of the breaking of many a fortune, and thus of the subsequent desertion and decay of the buildings. That several were built by Palladio recalls the story that, in revenge for being refused admittance into the order of nobility, he deliberately set himself to ruin Italian nobles through the expense that his building plans entailed. The nobles of this part of Italy, however, were themselves not backward in working for their own ruin; like the one who loved to skip gold pieces, sequins, like pebbles, along the surface of the Brenta, or the one who was in the pleasant habit of throwing the fragile table service out of window to thrill his guests.

At one ruined villa, where I found pigeons roosting in the bare and desolate entrance hall, the peasant who opened doors and gates told me, with deep meaning in his tone, as he showed me into the garden, that oleanders once grew there, but had vanished; it being an ancient Italian superstition that with the decay of oleanders begins the decay of the fortunes of a house.

What is known as the villa of Valmarano, near the town of Mira Porte, is a splendid example of the

glorious extravagance of the past. I reached there, from my last stopping-place, by driving beside a Brenta man in a tiny cart drawn by a pony no bigger than a dog, and I crossed the stream with another Brenta man in a water-logged and leaky dugout, which he looked at in lengthy dubitation before deciding that it would do, and which absurdly sank just as we reached the farther side.

This so-called villa consists of two palaces placed where the river, curving, gives a charming view. They are precisely similar, and each stretches back in a succession of lofty rooms. But to say this is to say only part; for in the space between these two palaces there once stood a still grander structure, every vestige of which has gone; a palace of such noble size that these two served fittingly as appanages. And all these united to make the home of a single patrician!

And these two appanages stand in desolation. They have long and stately colonnades, and they show pillared vistas of great impressiveness, but some of the rooms are heaped with grain, others are littered with wine-presses and carts, in others the plaster has fallen in great pieces; and yet, amid this wreck of past glory, lovely goddesses, whose frescoed faces are still full of beauty and charm, bravely smile as if to assert that the smile of woman is superior to ruin and may even recall the tender grace of a day that is dead.

And the reflection comes, that while nations were quarreling, and armies clashing, artists and sculptors kept calmly at their work. Dante wrote of the Brenta, and Veronese painted ceilings, Palladio erected homes there, and Tintoretto made pictures for their walls, heedless of affairs of peace or war.

To drive beside the river, along the hard firm roads and past the endless stone road-posts, puts one vividly in touch with the past, and it is even more fascinating to go slowly up the stream by boat—for there are boats, for freight, with red and ochre sails; there are boats drawn by horses or drawn by men; there are boats with long ropes running quaintly, as of old, from the stern to the top of the mast and thence to the towing-power on shore; and there are boats propelled by gondoliers.

There are tall poplars which send their shadows far down into the water. There are pretty peasant girls standing under the escutcheons of nobility. Ox teams swing down ancient avenues. There is a shipyard, where barges have for centuries been launched and where a handful of men still work at hull and keel. There are long white roads. There are ditches, thick padded with water-lilies and with yellow primroses on their banks. There are ancient plane trees long since trimmed to fan-shaped flatness and now grown distorted and grotesque. There are old stone wells.

It is of especial interest to notice how different is

the architecture from any in Venice. It might have been expected that the architects would follow familiar Venetian forms, but instead they put up a series of houses of an entirely different character.

The possession of this river and of Padua meant much to the Venetians. Not only did it solve questions of health and commerce, and give them indisputably a line of traffic; not only did it give the longed-for chance for rural homes and gardens for their children's play; but it also gave them the source of supply of a strong dark lime which would resist the action of salt water and sea air. It was in the fifteenth century that Padua was seized; had it been earlier, so you are told, the Campanile of St. Mark's would not have fallen, for it would have been built with Paduan lime.

At no great distance above Valmarano is a fine villa, yellow-fronted and of happy aspect; with white stone lions pawing armorial bearings at the entrance and little lions crouched captivatingly above. It looks like one of the charming modern Florentine villas of to-day, so fresh and clean it is. Yet it is a house of the sixteenth century, and was then inhabited by a Contarini, Procurator of St. Mark's, and was given a visit by a foreign king, who, passing by, was so taken with the charm of its appearance that he stopped his barge and landed there.

Noble old apartments are those in this favored

Contarini villa; but the ancient furnishings and frescoes passed with the passing of ancient ownership, the finest of the wall decorations having been taken long since to Paris. In front of the villa there is a mighty line of gnarled trees, the trunks of which are green with moss. The immediate surroundings were in the past particularly pleasing, although now all is changed.

Here and there, along the line of the Brenta, there are still the remains of ancient gardens; and an ancient and overgrown and high-walled garden must needs be felicitous, especially when still shaded by the cypress and the ilex, and when untrimmed shrubbery has grown into mysterious thickets, with here and there neglected wall-flowers growing from wall crevices where they have found refuge, and here and there a tangle of rosemary hanging like an old man's beard. And as one walks through such a deserted garden a pungent and fascinating odor arises from the gray-green artemisia crushed underfoot, and mingles with the haunting odor of the bay. And now and then one still finds the great terra-cotta pots, three feet or so across, that held oleanders or orange trees.

One sees along the Brenta that color is a poor man's luxury. A red-capped man ploughs a brown field with white oxen. From the blue-shuttered window of a gray house a green-gowned woman lowers a tiny basket for the casual letter or the morn-

ing's milk. A black-hatted priest flourishes a big blue handkerchief. Red-skirted, purple-skirted, maroon-waisted girls sing as they paddle, washing by the waterside. A green-shirted man hammers a tawny dried fish on a gray stone post with a yellow mallet. White ducks go swimming on green water in front of a red-tiled house. It was not an Italian who said that to add another hue unto the rainbow is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

A certain spirit of independence among the peasantry comes largely, I think, from their lifelong familiarity with palaces and coats-of-arms in a state of ruin. It comes, too, from the simple character of their local government. Each man who pays taxes of not less than ten lire—two dollars—a year is privileged to vote for member of the council, and each town council elects the sindaco or mayor. If in a multitude of councillors there is wisdom, wisdom should be rife here, for a single small town is likely to have as many as thirty, who serve without pay, and come together twice a year unless called for some special meeting in addition. "The Brenta is a country of gold!" said a councillor to me, proudly, one day; but he did not mean this in a material sense.

The old woman who sells you—for one cent—a very holy picture, in very gaudy colors, has her feelings really hurt if you give her the desired wealth and then don't care to take the picture, for she fears you will think her a beggar. Yes; and this in Italy!

Most of the poorer folk never get so far as even to visit near-by Venice. "Why should we go? We do not care for the city. We are tillers of the soil," they will say.

But always from contemplation of the people, no matter how simple-hearted and interesting, and of the villages, no matter how ancient in history and in legend, one comes back with renewed and deeper interest to the palaces and the villas.

One of the most interesting of the villas is that of the ancient family of the Foscarini, but as you approach it, boating up the placid stream, you see but a building of plain and almost commonplace aspect, with some shabby greenery peeping over the wall behind it. It has changed since the days of the past, when it was one of the most beautiful and charming villas of the Brenta.

This is the Brenta villa in which Byron for so many years lived, and in connection with his life here there are tales of his love for an imperious peasant beauty, a Brenta girl, who was long an important factor in his life.

A school for peasant children occupies some of the rooms of this villa, and a maker of soap uses the remainder—but there is much in the history of the building which soap cannot wash away, and there is more to learn from it than will be taught to the black-eyed children whose knives serrate the edges of the simple desks and forms. For there are more

than Byronic associations; the villa having been associated with one of the grimmest of Venetian tragedies, that of the love of Antonio Foscarini for an Englishwoman, the Countess of Arundel, wife of the Arundel of the Marbles, Earl Marshal of England.

The Countess had first met Foscarini when he was ambassador at London; and that he held such a post marks him as a man not only of importance, but of manners and presence.

Some time after Foscarini's recall from London to Venice, about 1620, it was noticed that the Countess of Arundel secured a villa on the Brenta, close beside his; but all prudence and conventionality were observed, and it merely appeared as if she were a foreigner who appreciated the fineness and beauty of that riverside life.

The tragedy, when it came, was made to appear the work of an Italian enemy, but it can scarcely be doubted that the absent Earl of Arundel had been aroused to vengeance, and that he found means to deal a distant blow.

One day in 1622 the great Foscarini found himself before the most dreaded tribunal on earth, on a charge of treason, the ground for the accusation being his frequent visits to the English Countess, with whom he was charged to be plotting against the interests of the Republic. It was pointed out that he was a man who walked a good deal by night, and that his steps had often led him to the home

of the Countess, who was deemed an apparent enemy of Venice.

Foscarini found his position eminently embarrassing, for his birth and his manliness prevented him from offering such a defense as would put a different face on the matter. The end, for him, came swiftly. The Ten had heard him in secret, but at least they rewarded him openly, for one morning his dead body was found dangling by the foot from the public gallows.

The English ambassador at Venice, deeply impressed by all this, sent warning to the Countess to escape; but escape was the last thing in her thoughts! Hers was not the first case nor the last in which guilt has been far more bold-faced than innocence could possibly be. She went into the city, and so violently protested her innocence of wrong-doing of any sort, of even wrong intentions, that the Doge was constrained to issue a declaration that her protests were just and that there had been a terrible mistake, the judges having acted on evidence given by a man who, under torture, had now confessed his wickedness.

The Doge also sent to the irate Countess his most contrite personal apologies, and with them, in recognition of the eternal feminine, a magnificent gift of waxworks and sweetmeats. Nor was she content with this. She demanded an exonerative resolution from the Venetian Senate, and it was

promptly voted. She then demanded that the Venetian ambassador in London inform her husband and King James the First that there had been a grave mistake, and that she was an innocent woman who had been deeply maligned—which information one may fancy the Earl looking up from the study of his art treasures to receive, with outward thanks for the care for the reputation of his wife and the inward reflection that at least Foscarini was well killed.

The garden is still as it was, save that the trees and greenery, long untrimmed, have grown wild and thicket-like, and that some of the pedestals are now statueless. There is a bosky avenue, crossed with black shadows, where the ill-fated ambassador, little thinking that the shadows were falling across his life, was wont to pace. There are broken stone seats circled about in a retired nook; and there are violets and flowers of yellow and red, such as have been picked by generations of lovers there.

From Fusina to Padua is a little more than twenty miles, and at the distance of fifteen miles one comes to the town of Strà, and near this town stands a palace, of great size and cost, which was put up in final flaunting arrogance when the Venetian Republic was hastening toward its fall. It was erected by the family of Pisani, distinguished for its doges and generals, and may be deemed almost modern,

for it was begun and finished less than two centuries ago. It is a huge palace of over two hundred rooms—and Italian rooms are always large!—and there was no sparing of expense for pomp and decoration; and whereas most of the other palaces stand so near the river as to be vividly reflected in the water, this at Strà is set in the midst of a great park.

The palace has a host of princely and even royal associations, through the titled folk who have been visitors there. The great Napoleon made his home at this palace for a time, and the people still tell of how he reviewed his troops from a belvedere above a great entranceway which opens into the palace gardens. It is said, too, by the country folk, that the huge gates of the central portal have remained closed since the time of Napoleon's stay, so that it might forever be said that his carriage was the last to be driven through. It is by beliefs such as these that the real greatness of a man may be tested, even more than by the winning of battles. Only a giant can print indentations in memory and legend with his lightest touch.

Napoleon so admired the place that he purchased it, and afterward gave it to Eugène, the son of his beloved Josephine. It is now cared for by the Italian government as a national monument.

Continuing up the Brenta, the city of Padua is reached, where the Venetian lion still stands in front of the palace wherein dwelt the Venetian governor,

and where the famed university still occupies the building whose erection Venice decreed.

To gain a deep and final impression of this strange Brenta land one should drive along the waterside, on a gloomy day, as the evening mist rises toward a blurred sky.

The pallid, sallow houses, the slim campaniles standing above the level plain, the red-stockinged boys clattering in wooden shoes, the women drawing heavy harrows across the fields, the thatched roofs covered with thick moss, the wayside shrines, the eight white oxen yoked together to draw one plough, the kneeling women washing clothes on the river's brink and stooping to paddle them with rock or wood—all seem part of an unreal world.

Villas wrecked and ruined or transformed into tenements, palace windows closed with wattled twigs, gaunt façades, once graced with wings and balustrades and pediments, statues standing like spirits of the past, sculptured heads grinning down in sinister enjoyment, the water softly whispering along the shore, the sun-dials which marked the passage of a time which those patricians thought would last forever, unite in telling of a life that has vanished as a tale that is told.

And as darkness creeps on, and peasants and fisherfolk, gregariously grouped, trudge through this land of shadows, shadowily homeward, one thinks of the old belief that, on the vigil of All Souls, the

past and gone Venetians, shrouded with invisibility, leave their graves and wander to their former homes and seat themselves uncannily by the firesides; and you know that none but ghosts could fittingly go back to the ruined palaces of the Brenta.

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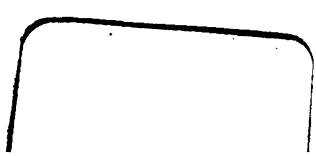
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